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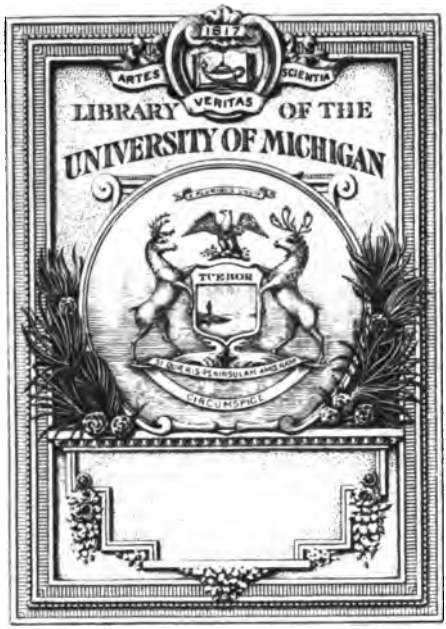
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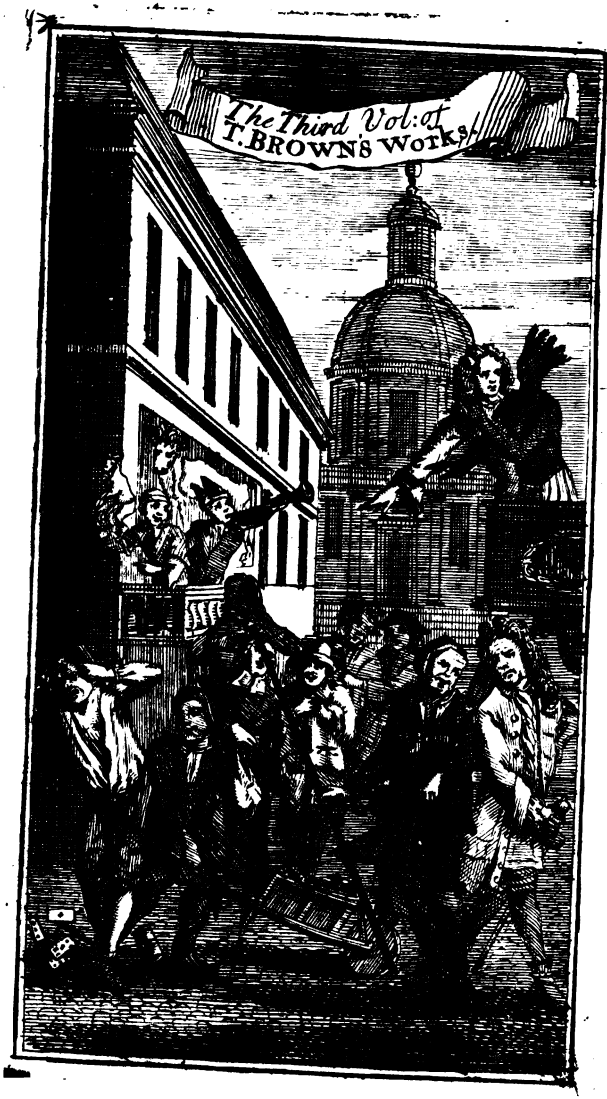
The Third Vol: of
T. BROWN'S WORKS

THE
THIRD VOLUME
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. *Thomas Brown*,
SERIOUS and COMICAL
In PROSE and VERSE.

Adorn'd with Cuts.

LONDON:

Printed for SAM BRISCOE, at the *Bell-Savage on Ludgate Hill.* 1720.

THE

THIRD VOLUME

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

BEING

AMUSEMENTS

SERIOUS and COMICAL

Calculated for the Meridian of *London.*

LETTERS Serious and Comical, to Gentlemen and Ladies.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS's Letters in *Engliſh.*

A Walk round LONDON and WESTMINSTER, expoſing the Vices and Follies of the Town.

The DISPENSARY, a Farce.

The LONDON and LACEDÆMONIAN Oracles.

The Fourth Edition, with large Additions.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Briſcoe*, and Sold by *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1719.

To the Right Honourable the

Lord of *COLERANE*

My LORD,

I AM encourag'd to this Presumption of dedicating these *Amusements* of Mr. *Brown* to your Lordship; upon the Account of his being once a Member of *Christ-Church*-College in the University of *Oxford*, in which the Frst-fruits of his incomparable Genius are not forgotten to this Day; and where your Lordship brings not a little Honour, in being a noble Member of this famous *Academy* your Self. These *Amusements*, Sir, procur'd the Author a great deal of Reputation, whilst on this Side the Grave; and as he has therein naturally drawn the Follies, Vices, and Humours of the Age in a very pathetick manner; we may reasonably presume these *Memorials* of his witty Performances will find a favourable Reception in your Lordship's judicious perusing them, which will be Protection enough to screen our Author's Writings after Death, from the rash Censures which may be pronounc'd against 'em, by invidious Criticks. By what is humbly presented to your Lordship, you may perceive the witty Turns of Thought and pleasing Stile Mr. *Brown*

had in Proſe, neither were his Works in Poetry done with leſs Judgment, inſomuch that his natural Parts made him admir'd by all; and nothing remains now to make him immortal, but your Lordſhip's good Opinion of him. To have your Lordſhip's Favour extended towords theſe *Amuſements*, is, in a Word, to have the Applauſe of all the Learned, who are its nobleſt Ornament, magnificent and eternal Praiſe. Your Patronizing theſe Reliques of Mr. *Brown*, is the greateſt Honour can be paid 'em; and my Gratitude will not ſuffer me to ſmother ſo ineſtimable a Favour in Oblivion. I know, my Lord it is my Duty to delineate here a Character of your unparallel'd Worth and Greatneſs; but being ſenſible how far your Grandeur is above popular Applauſe, I durſt not attempt, for fear of incurring your Lordſhip's Diſpleaſure, to proclaim your Virtues; the which were I to blazon, could not be perform'd without a Compoſition of Negatives; that being the only Indulgence Heaven has given human Ignorance, in allowing us to ſpeak in the Negation of all great Perfections, by ſaying what they are not, when we cannot, as we ſhould, expreſs what indeed they are. But in the mean time permit me to ſay, that no Man is more than I,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Devoted Humble Servant,

S. BRISCOE.

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THE

THE WORKS OF Mr. *Thomas Brown.*

VOLUME III.

AMUSEMENTS SERIOUS and COMICAL, Calculated for the Meridian of *LONDON.*

AMUSEMENT I.

The PREFACE.

THE Title I have conferr'd upon my Book, gives me Authority to make as long a Preface as I pleaſe; for a long Preface is a true *Amuſement.*

However, I have ventured to put one here, under the Apprehenſion that it will be very neceſſary toward the *underſtanding* of the Book; tho' the Generality of Readers are of Opinion, that a Preface, inſtead

stead of setting off the Work, does but expose the Vanity of the Author.

A good General of an Army is less embarassed at the Head of his Troops, than an ill Writer in the Front of his Productions. He knows not in what Figure to dress his Countenance: If he puts on a fierce and haughty Look, his Readers think themselves obliged to lower his Topsail, and bring him under their Sterns: If he affects an humble sneaking Posture, they slight and despise him: If he boasts the Excellency of his Subject, they believe not a Syllable of what he says: If he tells them there is little or nothing in it, they take him at his Word; and to say *nothing* at all of his Work, is an unsufferable Imposition upon an Author.

I know not what Success these Papers will find in the World; but if any amuse themselves in criticizing upon them, or reading them, my Design is answered.

I have given the following Thoughts the Name of *Amusements*; you will find them Serious or Comical, according to the Humour I was in when I wrote them; and they will either *divert*, *instruct*, or *tire* you, after the Humour you are in when you read them.

T'other Day one of the imaginary serious Wits, who thought it a Weakness in any Man to laugh, seeing a Copy of this Book, at the opening of it, fell into a Passion, and wrinkling up his Nostrils like a heated *Stallion* that had a *Mare* in the Wind, said, *The Book was unworthy of the Title, for grave Subjects should be treated with Decorum; and 'twas to prophane serious Matters, to blend them with Comical Entertainments What a Mixture is here*, says he!

This Variety of Colours, said I to my Censurer, appears very natural to me; for if one strictly examine all Mens Actions and Discourses, we shall find that Seriousness and Merriment are near Neighbours, and always live together like Friends, if sullen moody Sots don't set them at Variance. Every Day shews us that *serious Maxims* and *sober Counsels* often proceed [illegible] Mouths of the [illegible] Companions;

[illegible] and

and ſuch as affect to be always grave and muſing, are then *more Comical* than they think themſelves.

My Spark puſhed his Remonſtrance farther: *Are not you aſhamed*, continued he, *to print Amuſements? For you know, that Man was made for Buſineſs, and not to ſit amuſing himſelf like an Owl in an Ivy-buſh?* To which I anſwered after this manner.

The whole Life of Man is but one entire *Amuſement*: Virtue only deſerves the Name of Buſineſs, and none but they that practiſe it can be truly ſaid to be employ'd, for all the World beſide are idle.

One amuſes himſelf by *Ambition*, another by *Intereſt*, and another by that fooliſh Paſſion *Love*. Little Folks amuſe themſelves in Pleaſures, great Men in the Acquiſition of Glory; and I am amuſed to think that all this is *nothing but Amuſement*.

Once more, the whole Tranſactions of our Lives are but meer *Amuſements*, and Life it ſelf is but an *Amuſement* in a continued Expectation of Death.

Thus much for ſerious Matters; let us now make haſte to Pleaſantry.

I have a great Mind to be in Print; but above all, I would fain be an Original, and that *is* a true Comical Thought: When all the learned Men in the World are but Tranſlaters, is it not a pleaſant Jeſt that you ſhould ſtrive to be an Original? You ſhould have obſerv'd your Time, and have come into the World with the *Ancient Greeks* for that purpoſe; for the *Latins* themſelves are but Copiers.

This Diſcourſe has mightily diſcouraged me. Is it true then, that there is ſuch an Embargo laid upon *Invention*, that no Man can produce any thing that is perfectly *new*, and entirely his *own*? Many Authors, I confeſs, have told me ſo: I will enquire farther about it; and if Sir *Roger*, Mr. *Dryden*, and Mr. *D' Urfey* confirm it, then I will believe it.

What need all this Toil and Clutter about Original Authors and Tranſlations? He who imagines briskly, thinks juſtly, and writes correctly, is an

Original in the ſame thing that another had thought before him: The Natural Air and curious Turn he gives his Tranſlation, and the Application wherewith he graces them, is enough to perſwade any *Senſible Man*, that he was able to think and perform the ſame things, if they had not been thought and done before him, which is an *Advantage* owing to their Birth, rather than to the Excellency of their Parts beyond their Succeſſors.

Some of our Modern Writers, that have built upon the *Foundation* of the *Ancients*, have ſo far excell'd in diſguiſing their Notions, and improving the firſt Eſſays, that they have acquir'd more Glory and Reputation, than ever was given to the *Original* Authors: Nay, have utterly effaced their Memories.

Thoſe who rob the *Modern Writers* ſtudy to hide their Thefts; thoſe who filch from the *Ancients*, account it their Glory. But why the firſt ſhould be more reproach'd than the latter, I can't imagine, ſince there is more Wit in diſguiſing a Thought of Mr. *Lock*'s, than in a lucky *Tranſlation* of a Paſſage from *Horace*. After all, it muſt be granted, that the *Genius* of ſome Men can never be brought to write correctly in this Age, till they have form'd their Judgments from the Standard of the *Ancients*, and the Delicacy of their Expreſſion from the Variety and Turns of the *Moderns*; and I know *no Reaſon* why it ſhould be their Diſparagement, to capacitate themſelves by theſe Helps to ſerve the Publick.

Nothing will pleaſe ſome Men but Books ſtuff'd with *Antiquity*, groaning under the Weight of learned Quotations drawn from the *Fountains*. And what is all this but Pilfering? But I will neither rob the *Ancient* nor *Modern Books*, but pillage all I give you from the Book of the World.

The Book of the World is very *Ancient*, and yet always *new*. In all Times Men and their Paſſions have been the Subjects: Theſe Paſſions were always the ſame, tho' they have been deliver'd to Poſterity in *different Manners*, according to the different Conſtitu-

Conſtitution of Ages; and in all Ages they are read by every one according to the Characters of their Wit, and the Extent of their Judgment.

Thoſe who are qualified to read and underſtand the Book of the World, may be beneficial to the Publick, in communicating the Fruit of their Studies; but thoſe that have no other Knowledge of the World but what they collect from Books, are not fit to give *Inſtructions* to others.

If the World then is a Book that ought to be read in the *Original*, one may as well compare it to a Country that one cannot know, nor make known to others, without travelling through it himſelf. I began this Journey very young; I always lov'd to make Reflections upon every thing that preſented it ſelf to my View; I was amuſed in making theſe Reflections: I have amuſed my ſelf in writing them; and I wiſh my Reader may amuſe himſelf in reading them.

Some will think it another Amuſement to find a Book without a Dedication, eſpecially from the Hand which this comes from: For my part, I give them leave to make what Reflections they pleaſe, but I can aſſure them this Omiſſion of mine did not happen ſo much from a Scarcity of *Panegyrick*, as the Want of a *Patron*; for I can flatter as well as I could twenty Years ſince, and ſtill retain the Knack of *dignifying* and *diſtinguiſhing* ſuch as do not deſerve it.

But as the Devil would have it, my Lord ſuch a one has been laughed into Senſe, and has order'd his Porter to ſay he is not at home to a Poetical Viſitant; the Duke of —— loves to be called *Heroe* no where but in the Frontiſpiece of a Play; and the Marqueſs ——civilly *returns his Thanks to the Gentleman for his Preſent*, but without one Piece of Gold to enable him to live up to the Title he compliments him with. The Lady ——— loſes ſuch Sums at Cards, and her good natur'd Husband is under ſuch Apprehenſion of being ruffled by the P——, and taken a Peg lower, that *Elegies*, I am afraid muſt henceforth ſupply the place of *Dedications*; and Men of my Profeſſion will be

more employ'd in writing on the Deaths of the Muſes, than making groſs Comments on the Lives of thoſe who did not think 'em worth living.

However, I am one of the firſt of the Suburbian Claſs that has ventur'd out with an Amuſement of this bulk, without making Application to a Nobleman's Porter, and tiring him out with ſhewing him his Maſter's Name. Which Conſideration I comfort my ſelf with at no ſmall rate; and if I have ſent into the World what may divert the Pleaſant, pleaſe the Serious, and inſtruct thoſe that are willing to be adviſed, it's beyond my Expectance, and conſequently muſt be an *Amuſement* to my ſelf as well as others.

AMUSEMENT II.

The Voyage of the World.

THere is no Amuſement ſo entertaining and advantageous as improving ſome of our leiſure time in Travelling, and giving a Looſe to our Souls that have been upon the Stretch, by diverting 'em with agreeable Reflections on the *Manners* of the different Countries we journey thro', and the *Conſtitutions* of the ſeveral People, the Places we viſit, are furniſh'd with. If any Man therefore has an Inclination to divert himſelf, and ſail with me round the Globe, to ſuperviſe almoſt all the Conditions of human Life, without being infected with the Vanities and Vices that attend ſuch a whimſical Perambulation, let him follow me, who am going to relate it in a Stile and Language proper to the Variety of the Subject: For as the *Caprichio* came naturally into my *Pericranium*, and I am as fond of what is the Product of my Fancy, as a young Woman of the Fruits of her loſt Virginity, I am reſolv'd to purſue it thro' thick and thin, in order to enlarge my Capacity for a Man of Buſineſs.

Where,

Where then shall I begin? In the Name of Mischief what Country will first present it self to my Imagination? *He Bien!* I have hit upon't already: Let us steer for the Court, for that's the Region whose Inhabitants will read us the best Lecture of true Knowledge, and and give the most instructive Ideas that the Prospect of the whole World can possibly *Amuse* us with.

The COURT.

THE *Court* is a sort of a τὸ πᾶν, an Epitome of what is Universal, and abounds with all the Variety of *Amusements* that human Occurrences can present us with, or the Mind of Man is capable of receiving. The Air they breathe there, is very fine and subtile; only for about three Parts and a half of four in the Year, 'tis liable to be infected with gross Vapours full of *Flattery* and *Lying*. All the Avenues leading to it are gay, smiling, agreeable to the Sight, and all end in one and the same Point, *Honour* and *Self-Interest*. Here *Fortune* keeps her Residence, and seems to expect that we make our Addresses to her at the Bottom of a long Walk, which lies open to all Comers and Goers. One would be apt to think at first sight, that he might reach the End on't before he could count Twenty; but there are so many By-Walks and Alleys to cross, so many Turnings and Windings to find out, that he is soon convinc'd of his Mistake. 'Tis contriv'd into such an intricate Maze, and obscure Manner, that the straitest Way is not always the nearest; and indirect Practices and Measures are oftimes very effectual Helps to bring you to your Journey's End, and forward your Designs to reach it. It looks gloriously at a Distance, but when you approach it, its Beauty diminishes.

After all the Enquiry I have made about it, I am not able to satisfy your Curiosity, whether the Ground it stands upon be firm and solid. A *Dutch* Boor can as soon find out the controverted Article of *Predestination*, or an *English* Quaker prove *Infallibility* from

his Wife's lying on her Back, as the moſt *Intelligent Perſons* in Affairs, that are foreign to the Knowledge of it, can never diſcover the *Arcana*'s of it at firſt ſight. I have ſeen ſome New-comers tread as confidently upon it, as if they had been born there; but quickly found they were in a new World, where the tottering Earth made 'em giddy and ſtumble: For tho' they knew Good and Evil were equally uſeful to their Advancement, yet were ſo confounded to know which of the two they ought to employ to make their Fortunes with, that for want of underſtanding only that pretty Knack, they made a Journey to Court only to go back again, and report at Home they had the Honour of ſeeing it. On the other ſide, I have ſeen ſome old Stagers walk upon Court-ground as gingerly as upon Ice or a Quagmire, and with all the Precaution and Fear imaginable, leſt they ſhould fall from a great Fortune by the ſame Defects that rais'd 'em: And not without cauſe, for the *Ground* is hard in ſome Places, and ſinks in others; but all People covet to get upon the higheſt Spot, to which there is no coming but by one Paſſage, and that is ſo narrow, that no ambitious Pretender can keep the way, without juſtling other People down with his Elbows: And the farther Miſchief on't is, that thoſe that keep their Feet will not help up thoſe that are fallen, but make uſe of the ſame Methods that are in Practice amongſt a certain Community of Birds, (Heavens forbid I ſhould ſay *Canary*) that expel the lame and wounded from their Society, and are no manner of Company for thoſe that are helpleſs, while they are ſtill clapping their Wings in Defence of thoſe who have no Occaſion for it, and permit every Privilege to thoſe of their feather'd Acquaintance who have the leaſt need of Aſſiſtance.

Stout ſhould his Heart, and thoughtful be his Head,
That would in ſlipp'ry Paths with Judgment tread,
And tempt the Dangers which on Courts attend,
A ſmiling En'my, and a treach'rous Friend;

As he of great Preferments waits the Call,
Certain to slip, and almost sure to fall.

The Difficulties we meet with in this Country are very surprizing; for he takes the longest way about that keeps the old Track of Honesty and true Merit; for where the Address of some does not help to make the Fortune of others, immediately to eclipse his Desert, Calumny raises the thickest Clouds, Envy the blackest Vapours, and the Candidate is lost in the Fog of Competitors, and must hide himself behind a Favourite's Recommendation, if ever he hopes to obtain what he seeks for: So that Virtue is no longer Virtue, nor Vice Vice, but every thing is confounded and eaten up by particular Interests.

A professed Courtier, tho' he never aims at the *Peace of God*, is past any Man's *understanding*; and if he does Good, it may be wholly attributed to *Chance*; if Evil, you have no reason to impute it to any thing but *Design*. He that holds him by the hand, is in the same condition with him that hath a wet Eel by the Tail, you no sooner think you are sure of him, but you have lost him, and he slips thro' your Fingers with the same Swiftness that he dismisses you from his Memory, after a thousand Promises of *never forgetting* you.

If *Familiarity breeds Contempt*, he ought to be the most despicable Creature living; for *My dear Friend* is the first Title you go by, tho' he never saw you before that Minute; and *the next time you visit me, I shall have nothing to do but to give you Joy of the Possession of what you are now asking me for*, is the Dialect you understand him by; when if you understand him as you ought, you would never lose your time in making Addresses to him.

Would you know what Religion he is of, you must enquire of his Prince? For he is the fittest Person to resolve the Question, provided he can give an Account of his own: But have you a desire to be informed what good he has done for his Country? To deal ingenuously

ously with you, follow my Advice and ask no body, for no Man living can tell you. Other Mens Sins *stare 'em in their Faces*, but these Gentlemens Guilt rides behind 'em, and may be distinguished by the Multitude of their Liveries. If you offer to present one of 'em, *He must be excused, he dare not accept of it, it's Bribery*, &c. But his Man calls you aside, tells you the Business shall be done, gives the Law a milder Interpretation, and telling over the Guineas, has a round Sum of his Master for his Pains, and is sent out of his way to prevent the Detection of such unwarrantable Proceedings.

But tho' the Courtiers seem to tend *one and all* to the same Center, and Honour and Interest are what their Wishes and Endeavours terminate in, there are different Species among 'em, as they have raised themselves by different ways.

Observe that old starched Fop there; his Hat and Peruque continue to have as little Acquaintance together as they had in the Year 65. You would take him for a Taylor by his Mein, but he is another sort of an Animal, I assure you, a *Courtier*, a *Politician*, the most *unintelligible thing* now in being. Ask him his Profession, and you'll puzzle him with the Enquiry; for he has run thro' the whole Circle of Employments, and never has been Master of one grain of Honesty since his Admission into either. *Transubstantiation*, *Non-resistance*, and *Predestination* have *vice versa* been Articles of his Creed; and he is so well provided with Distinctions, that he can prove Infidelity to his Prince to be an Act of Service to his Country, and that the only way to preserve the *Protestant Religion*, is for such as he to abjure it. Of all Trades that are necessary to set up an Antiquated Beau, his *Haberdasher* loses the least by him; for he wears no Hat otherwise than under his Arm, lest his Brain should be over-heated, and his Head be rendred not cool enough for him to over-reach his Master with. In short, he is *Divisible in infinitum*, and you may as soon square the Circle, as reduce the several Branches

of

of the matters of Fact he may be charged with, under one ſingle Head. Your puny unexperienced Courtier fears every thing, but this Gentleman is skilful in Matters of Change, and ſo well read in the Viciſſitudes of ſublunary things, that he diſdains the Reproaches of the Subject; and being wrapt up in the Protection of his Prince, ſeems apprehenſive of nothing, till a Vote of Parliament flings him behind the Curtain, and makes him play at Bo-peep with Politicks: At which Diverſion we will leave him, to take a Proſpect of yonder gay Thing, that basks himſelf in his Sovereign's Smiles, and has elbow'd out as good a Man, and as well deſcended as himſelf, from his Maſter's Intimacy. He wears much ſuch another habit on his Shoulders as he formerly carried upon his Arm; and as an Inſtance of his Conqueſts the laſt War in the *Netherlands*, has ſix as good *Flanders* Mares to his Coach as *Engliſh* Money could purchaſe. Some are apt to blame him for making uſe of a Coat of Arms on it, and maliciouſly try their Wits in making Enquiries how much Money was paid the Herauld for the Purchaſe of it? but I muſt have more Manners, ſince he's a *great Man*; and there's no reaſon to ſuſpect him for any other than a *Wiſe One*, for *keeping* his Ground where the generality of the ſame Profeſſion *loſe* theirs. He has had as many Eſtates as any *Engliſh* P——— of 'em all, yet is endued with that Fore-caſt, as not to have a Foot of Land in a place where one Day his Title may be called in queſtion; and as for the *Dirty Acres*, like Sir *Joſeph* in Mr. *Congreve's Old Batchelor*, he has *waſhed his Hands of 'em*, but in another manner; for he has ſufficiently daubed 'em with fingering what he received in Exchange for 'em. In ſhort, *his Manſion-houſe is not in this World*, i. e. in the Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, tho' his *Abiding-place* is; and there is ſuch a great *Gulph* between his Poſſeſſions and ours, that a *Reſumption Act* has as little regard with him as that againſt *Immorality* and *Prophaneneſs*.

But as this Gentleman has worked himſelf into Favour by his good Looks and Deportment, ſo it will

not be amiſs to take a View of that ſuperannuated Sinner there, who has had other Qualifications to recommend him. Let me tell you, Sirs, it's a brave thing to be a General Officer, without bearing the Fatigues of a Camp; and there's nothing like being paid for a Regiment of *Red Locuſts*, without running the hazard of bearing 'em Company amongſt the Deſolations of War and Famine. It's the happieſt and moſt contented State imaginable, to ſee the Reſemblance of Battles, without the Danger of being wounded in 'em, and hear the *Artillery* roar by Days, without any Apprehenſions of being frightened from *flaſhing in the Pan* at Night with one's Miſtreſs. As for my part, if it were allowed me to chuſe my Condition of Life, I ſhould aſſuredly pitch on ſuch a one as this; only if it was my Fortune to have his Bed-fellow, I ſhould deſire to be without his Age: And in this Wiſh Madam—— would not refuſe to join with me, if Reports ſpeak true of her, as grey Hairs ſeems to demonſtrate in relation to him.

I could purſue my Diſcourſes in the Character of that B—— that has a Pendulum on his Neck, as if he moved by *Mechaniſm*; but poor honeſt indefatigable Pains-taker, he has ſo mortified himſelf with Faſting and Praying, that the *Tranſlation Bill* may not paſs, that it would be a Piece of Cruelty to triumph over his Imperfections, tho' the World is apt to cenſure him for taking another Man's Houſe over his Head, and beſpeaking the Poſſeſſion of it before the Tenant for Life is dead. A Multitude of Obſervations might alſo be made on others that inhabit in this ſlippery Tenement; but as the City is more peopled than the Court, and *conſequently* muſt have a greater Number of *Amuſements*, we muſt reſerve a greater ſpace for Remarks on it, ſince there is Matter enough to employ us, ſhould we take up the whole Duration of Time, and beſpeak *Eternity* for a Life that is equal to it.

AMUSE-

AMUSEMENT III.

LONDON.

LONDON is a World by it ſelf; we dayly diſcover in it more new Countries and ſurprizing Singularities, than in all the Univerſe beſides. There are among the *Londoners* ſo many Nations differing in *Manners*, *Cuſtoms*, and *Religions*, that the *Inhabitants* themſelves don't know a quarter of 'em. Imagine then what an *Indian* would think of ſuch a motly Herd of People, and what a diverting Amuſement it would be to him to examine with a Traveller's Eye, all the remarkable things of this mighty City. A Whimſy now takes me in the Head, to carry this Stranger all over the Town with me: No doubt but his odd and fantaſtical Ideas will furniſh me with *Variety*, and perhaps with *Diverſion*.

Thus I am reſolved to take upon me the *Genius* of an *Indian*, who has had the Curioſity to travel hither among us, and who had never ſeen any Thing like what he ſees in *London*. We ſhall ſee how he will be amazed at certain things, which the prejudice of Cuſtom makes to ſeem reaſonable and natural to us.

To diverſify the Stile of my Narration, I will ſometimes make my Traveller ſpeak, and ſometimes I will take up the Diſcourſe my ſelf. I will repreſent to my ſelf the abſtracted Ideas of an *Indian*, and I will likewiſe repreſent ours to him. In ſhort, taking it for granted, that we two underſtand each other by half a word, I will ſet both *his* and *my Imagination* on the ramble. Thoſe that won't take the pains to follow us, may ſtay where they are, and ſpare themſelves the trouble of reading farther in the Book; but they that are minded to amuſe themſelves, ought to attend the Caprice of the Author for a few Moments.

I will

I will therefore ſuppoſe this *Indian* of mine drop perpendicularly from the Clouds, and finds himſelf all on a ſudden in the midſt of this prodigious and noiſy City, where Repoſe and Silence dare ſcarce ſhew their Heads in the darkeſt Night. At firſt daſh the confuſed Clamours near *Temple-bar* ſtun him, fright him, and make him giddy.

He ſees an infinite Number of different *Machines*, all in violent Motion, ſome *riding* on the top, ſome within, others behind, and *Jehu* in the Coach box, whirling ſome *dignified Villain* towards the *Devil*, who has got an Eſtate by cheating the Publick. He lolls at full Stretch within, and half a dozen brawny Bulk-begotten *Footmen* behind.

In that dark Shop there, ſeveral Myſteries of *Iniquity* have ſeen *Light*; and it's a Sign our Saviour's Example is little regarded, ſince the Money-changers are ſuffered to live ſo near the *Temple*. T'other ſide of the Way directs you to a Houſe of a more ſweet-ſmelling Savour than its Owner's Conſcience; and you can no ſooner prepare your ſelf to make Water near his back Window, but you ſhall have an *obliging* Female look thro' her Fingers to take the dimenſions of the Pipe that emits it. Here ſtands a Shopkeeper who has not Soul enough to wear a Beaver Hat, with the Key of his Small-Beer in his Pocket; and not far from him a ſtingy Trader who has no Small-Beer to have a Key to. One ſide of the way points you out a Bookſeller turn'd Quack, with his *Elixirs* and *Gallipots* ready to poyſon old *Galen*, and the reſt of his Worm-eaten Men of Phyſick's Works, which have taken no other Air than what blows upon his Stall, ſince they unhappily fell into his Hands; and t'other directs you to a *Divinity-monger*, who to the Dean of St. *Paul*'s immortal Credit, is ready to atteſt, that there is one *living* that has got Money by him, and can prove any Man's Opinion to be heterodox, and inconſiſtent with that of the *Chriſtian* Church, if he believes otherwiſe.

Some

Some carry, others are carried: *Make way there,* ſays a gouty-legged Chairman, that is carrying a Punk of Quality to a *Morning's-Exerciſe*; or a *Bartholomew* Baby, Beau, newly launched out of a Chocolate-houſe with his Pockets as empty as his Brains. *Make room there,* ſays another Fellow driving a Wheel-barrow of Nuts, that ſpoil the Lungs of the City Prentices, and make them wheeze over *their Miſtreſſes,* as bad as the Phlegmatick Cuckolds *their Maſters* do when called to *Family Duty.* One draws, another drives. *Stand up there you blind Dog,* ſays a Carman, *will you have the Cart ſqueeze your Guts out?* One Tinker knocks, another bawls, *Have you Braſs-pot, Kettle, Skillet, or a Frying-pan to mend?* Whilſt another Son of a Whore yelps louder than *Homer*'s Stentor, *Two a groat, and Four for ſix-pence Mackerel.* One draws his Mouth up to his Ears, and howls out, *Buy my Flounders,* and is follow'd by an old burly Drab, that ſcreams out the Sale of her *Maids* and her *Soul* at the ſame inſtant.

Here a ſooty Chimney-ſweeper takes the Wall of a grave *Alderman,* and a *Broom-man* juſtles the *Parſon* of the Pariſh. There a fat greaſy *Porter* runs a Trunk full-butt upon you, while another ſalutes your Antlers with a Flasket of *Eggs* and *Butter. Turn out there you Country Putt,* ſays a *Bully* with a Sword two Yards long jarring at his Heels, and throws him into the Kennel. By and by comes a *Chriſtening,* with the *Reader* ſcrewing up his Mouth to deliver the Service *ala-mode de Paris,* and afterwards talk immoderately nice and dull with the Goſſips, the *Midwife* ſtructing in the Front, and young Original Sin as fine as Fippence, followed with the Vocal Muſick of *Kitchen-ſtuff ho' you Maids,* and a damned *Trumpeter* calling in the Rabble to ſee a Calf with ſix Legs and a Topknot. There goes a Funeral with the Men of Roſemary after it, licking their Lips after three hits of White, Sack and Claret at the Houſe of Mourning, and the *Sexton* walking before, as big and bluff as a *Beef-eater* at a Coronation. Here's a *Poet* ſcampers for't as faſt as his Legs will carry him, and at his heels a brace of *Bandog* *Bailiffs,*

Bailiffs, with open Mouths ready to devour him and all the Nine Muſes: And there an *Evidence* ready to ſpue up his *falſe Oaths* at the ſight of the common Executioner.

We were jogging forward into the City, when our *Indian* caſt his Eyes upon one of his own Complexion, at a certain Coffee-houſe which has the *Sun* ſtaring its Sign in the face, even at *Midnight* when the Moon is Queen Regent of the Planets, and being willing to be acquainted with his Country-Man, gravely enquired what Province or Kingdom of *India* he belonged to; but the ſooty Dog could do nothing but grin, and ſhew his Teeth, and cry, *Coffee, Sir, Tea, will you pleaſe to walk in*, Sir, *a freſh Pot upon my word.* Wherefore, to reſt our ſelves a little, and recover our Ears from the Deafneſs which the confuſed Noiſe of the Street had occaſioned in 'em, we follow'd; and at the Entrance of the Room, according to ancient Cuſtom, ſaluted the handſom Woman at the Bar with our Hats, and took our Seats. But we had no ſooner plac'd our ſelves, when a Gentleman whoſe Sword was in Mourning for his Extravagance, and whoſe Wig had outlived every ſuch thing as a Curl in it, came and ſat down by us, and perceiving us to be Strangers, under Pretext of Civility, accoſted us with Diſcourſes relating to the Town, *&c.* The *Indian*, for his part, hearkn'd to him very attentively; but I, who had been accuſtomed to ſuch ſort of Penſioners, took him aſide, and told him I had heard the Story of *Sir John* ſeveral times, that the *Indian* was a Perſon of Philoſophy, *&c.* however he might call for a Diſh of Coffee or two, they were at his Service, provided he would ſpare the Repetition of his *Legend* to us, at a time when there were ſo many young Fops that had both Leiſure and Inclination enough to believe every word he ſaid, and would probably give him a Dinner for his pains.

We were no ſooner got rid of our Impertinent, but we had a Hurry of Objects, whoſe every individual was worthy our ſtricteſt Obſervation: Parſons, Lawyers, Apothecaries, Projectors, Exciſemen, Organiſts, Picture-

Picture-sellers, Fidlers and Bailiffs, were the several Ingredients this Miscellany of Mortality was compos'd of; and it was extremely pleasant to take notice of a certain *Mechanick*, who mov'd like Clock-work, a dandling another *Man's* Children, and as fond of 'em as if they were his *own*. But what call'd for our particular Observation, was a certain Triumvirate of Persons who are always fond of a *particular* Place, and are as constantly to be seen sitting on the Bench near the Fire, as a certain Church-Warden of *St. B*——— in the same Street is giving Audience in his Shop amongst *Old Jack Philip's* merry Politicks, to Beadles, and other Underlings of the Parish, from Eight to Ten in the Morning, in his Night-Cap. These Gentlemen, with very *cogitabund* Aspects, made up the three Degrees of Comparison amongst 'em. The least of 'em, to give the Company a Tincture of his exemplary Sobriety, cry'd, *I'm the most abstemious Man in the World*; the middlemost for his part, as he had nothing in him, so he pretended to emit nothing from him, but contented himself with the Name of an humble Auditor; but the tallest, like the Son of *Kish*, having found his two *Asses*, manag'd 'em accordingly. As he was singular in the Position of his Hat, so he held Opinions contrary to the rest of the World, and he was grown so *scabbed* with the *Itch* of disputing, that for the sake of shewing his Parts, the worst of Perswasions were as Orthodox with him as the best. Sometimes he argu'd on the side of Popery, because it tolerated Pictures; another time *Geneva* was a blessed Place, on account of its Inhabitants not regarding 'em, whence he deduc'd this lucky Inference, that a Man who sold 'em again might buy 'em cheap there. Whatever the Doctrine was, Int'rest was the Application, and *Oliver Cromwell's* Picture was in more Esteem with him than *Charles* the Martyr's, if it bore a higher Price. This worthy Person also desir'd to be amongst the Number of the *Abstemious*, and knew the Method prime well of talking three Hours for a Penny-worth of Tea; but that Man that cannot abstain from *Flesh*

in

in *Lent*, is like to paſs undiſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of his fellow Creatures, whoſe Failings he's ſo apt to take notice of.

So many Contradictions fell from the Mouth of this *would be an Oracle*, with his Hat button'd behind; the judicious *Indian* was in haſte to be gone to a Place where he might have more inſtructive Diſcourſe; wherefore we left him and his *abſtemious* Comrades, and taking our leave of Smoke, Noiſe and Nonſence, made the beſt of our way down to the *Exchange*, without making any other Obſervations, than that there were more *Monthly* Collections in one Shop, than would be ſold in a *twelve Month*, and Malice and Ill-nature in the Owner of another, than he could diſperſe amongſt his Neighbours, ſhould he live to the next Year of Jubilee.

As our way to the great Cathedral lay down Street, ſo we forbore going to ſee the Place where *Peter*'s Wife formerly ſtood, to pay a Viſit to what was conſecrated to *Paul*. Tho' there are People of ſome Perſwaſions that don't ſtick to ſay one *Temple* is full as edifying as the other; and many Women entertain thoſe very Thoughts of Elopement at Church, which they after put in Practice at Taverns. But Buſineſſes of this nature are grown ſo frequent in this City, that in a ſhort time we ſhall ſooner admire at the Continency of a married Woman, than her want of it; and ſince there is no other Puniſhment than for 'em to be depriv'd by Act of Parliament of the Company they fled from, in all Probability we ſhall, in a ſhort time, have more Horns of our Growth here, than are to be found in the *New-Foreſt*.

After a happy Deliverance from the brawling Conſort of Fiſh-Women, and thoſe that ſell Puddings and Pyes on *Fleet-Bridge*, and our Paſſage by good King *Lud*, and his two Sons, where the poor Citizens are confin'd, and ſtarve amidſt Copies of their Freedom, we enter'd in the *Strait Gate*, which is Weſtward of that noble Edifice, and leads us into thoſe Paths which, as our Religion teaches us, tend to Salvation;

The

The Multitude of Work-men, the Bulk of the Stones, and the prodigious Circumference of the Pillars, amaz'd my Companion to ſuch a Degree, that could we have met Sir *Chriſtopher Wren*, he would have paid him that Act of Adoration the Place was built for an Infinite Being to receive. He look'd upon the Labour that was ſpent in building the *Chineſe Wall*, to be nothing to it, &c. however, after he was recovered from his Wonder, he could not but obſerve from the Smallneſs of the Windows, that the Builder was no Enthuſiaſt, and had no Intention to make any great Boaſts of the *Light within*.

He agreed the Choir was very magnificent, the Iron-work exquiſitely fram'd, and nothing could be more agreeable than the Organ; but having met with very little that look'd like Religion before, ſince his Arrival in theſe Parts, he ſeem'd inquiſitive in relation to the numerous Congregation, and Reaſons that brought 'em together. When I return'd, for Anſwer, Theſe dark Souls in *white* Garments here come for the ſake of their Salaries, and are *hir'd* to ask Bleſſings for *themſelves*; thoſe Gentlemen that know nothing of the matter, and carry all their Devotion in their Eyes and Ears, are Strangers, and *come in only to go out again*; and thoſe Ladies that look thro' their Fingers while the Service is *Singing*, had never been here but for the ſake of the *Muſick* and *Long Peruques*.

This ſort of Devotion was a new Manner of Worſhip, to a Perſon who was born in a Country where there were ſuch Bigots to the Profeſſion they were educated in, and he expreſs'd his Diſlike of it in Terms which bore a ſuitable Abhorrence of ſuch unjuſtifiable Proceedings. Wherefore we turn'd our backs on Biſhop *Overall's* tall meagre Diſciple, and ſtaying to ſee him take his Wife, alias his *Reaſons*, in his hand after the Service was done, bad Adieu to the Reſidentiaries Stalls, whoſe Owners made a *Sine-Cure* of 400 *l. per Annum*; while *H——ll* was a ſtretching his Lungs in order to maintain a long white Wig, and a Hackney Coach, and the worthy Subdean was chanting forth

ſuch

ſuch deep Strains, as made it appear to the Female Audience, that tho' he had not a *Chamber-Voice*, his Quail-Pipe ſhewed him excellently well qualify'd for Chamber-practice. But before we got out of this venerable Dome, I chanc'd to hammer out the following Stanza's, in Relation to the rebuilding it.

This Fabrick which at firſt was built
To be God's Houſe of Pray'r,
And not to pamper Prieſts in Guilt,
Or hold a ſleeping Mayor;
Once periſh'd by the vengeful Flame,
Which all its Beauties raz'd,
Nor could its awful Patron's Name
Protect the Pile it grac'd.
But as it fell before, by Fire,
Which then deſtroy'd it whole,
So now to Heav'n its Heights aſpire,
And riſe again by Coal.

Our direct Way to the great Place of Noiſe and Tumult, the *Royal Exchange*, lying down *Cheapſide*, we forbore paying a Viſit to the Bookſellers in the Church-yard, but left one rich old Curmudgeon walking about his Shop in Vindication of a *perpetual Motion*, that having got by the Prieſthood, to ſhew his Gratitude, was perpetually cloath'd like a Pariſh Clerk; another ſitting behind his Compter with Multitudes of Reams of Divinity Waſte-Papers about him, in Expectation of ſome Clergyman or other, whom he had loſt by, to take a hearty Glaſs with; and a third, a tearing thoſe Calculations of Gain in a Fury which he had made, and aſſur'd himſelf of before *Dampier's* laſt unſucceſsful Voyage; to haſten our Arrival at that Fabrick where Mankind ſeems to be epitomiz'd, and the different Tempers of Humanity in its ſeveral Species tend to one Center, *viz.* Self-intereſt, which is accounted the *Summum Bonum*.

But as *Cheapſide* is a Street well furniſh'd with Matter for Obſervation, and the Shopkeepers ſtand here on

on purpoſe to be taken notice of, ſo it may poſſibly be look'd upon as an Indecency offer'd to their Employments, to paſs by 'em without a Compliment, or an Harangue upon their Characters; for they are the fondeſt People living of being made Publick; and rather than not be *known* at all, would be known for what *they are*. However, I muſt *husband* my Obſervations at this time, and ſince a more convenient Opportunity will offer it ſelf hereafter, ſhall only take notice, that my *Indian*, whether out of the ſeveral indigeſted Ideas he had receiv'd from the Diverſity of Objects he met with, or a ſort of a Surprize that had laid hold of him, at the firſt Sight of the Chimney-ſweepers at the Conduit, that look'd ſo much like his own Country-men, was taken ſick in an Inſtant, and I was forc'd to carry him to a Neighbouring Phyſician, whom ſome have falſly aſpers'd with the Name of a *Horſe-Doctor*, becauſe he lives ſo near their *Furniture-Office*.

The Worſhipful Graduate in the noble Art of Manſlaughter, receiv'd us with a Civility that was peculiar to him at the Sight of four Half-Crowns; and, tho' he had made a *Sine-Cure* of moſt of his other Patients, recover'd him from his Indiſpoſition in an Inſtant. But as the Doctor's voluminous Works made no ordinary Figure among the Refuſe of the Learned in *Duck-Lane*, or thoſe redoubted Authors that take the Benefit of the Air upon the Rails in *Moorfields*, ſo the Method he made uſe of towards his Recovery was altogether uncommon and extraordinary. In a Word, we were no ſooner enter'd into his Conſultation-Room, but the Phyſician in Ordinary made his Appearance with two large Folio's in his Hands, and having ask'd me the Nature of my Friend's Diſtemper, (for he was not then capable of giving him an Account of it himſelf) and made ſome Enquiry with his Fingers, in Relation to the beating of the Pulſe, he open'd the *tremendous* Page by way of Exorciſm, and fell a reading one of the Deſcriptions of Prince *Arthur*'s Battles ſo pathetically, that the very Noiſe of the Words awaken'd

awaken'd the modeſt *Indian* out of his Lethargy, and by way of Sympathy recover'd him from one Fright, by putting him into another.

For Heaven's ſake, ſaid the Patient, my dear Friend, where are we, or what Language does that honeſt Gentleman there make uſe of, that rattles ſo mightily in the Throat, and confounds a Man's Underſtanding by endeavouring to improve it? This is one of our *Engliſh* Doctors, cry'd I, that having *Murder'd* the People, is for extirpating the *Language*, and falling foul upon every individual Syllable that compoſes the Vocabulary. He's a Poet, let me tell you, and what is more, makes Verſes in his own Coach too. He tells a Story admirably well in a Coffee-houſe, if Apothecaries and Surgeons are Judges, and has been ſome time ſince made a Fool of at Court, if there are any wiſe Men there. In ſhort, he has been dignify'd with a Title for making a King of a Prince; and whatever you do, you muſt uſe him as the Great ones have done, that is, flatter him, and tell him he's the beſt Man at *Heroicks* in the preſent Age, or he'll diſm ſs you with a Pill to rectify your Judgment, that ſhall ſend you to a Place where a great many bold *Tell-truths* are gone before you. If you intend to dine with him, or ſit within ten Yards of him, up one Pair of Stairs at *Garraway*'s Coffee-houſe, you muſt cry, *Sir* Richard, *your Paraphraſe upon* Job *outdoes your* Arthurs; but for your own dear Health's ſake, don't ſay, in Dulneſs. This Thought put me in mind of ſome Verſes a Friend of mine wrote ſome time ſince on that inimitable Undertaking; which for the Novelty of the Expreſſion, and the Odneſs of Thought, I judg'd proper to communicate, as follows;

When Job *contending with the Devil I ſaw,*
It did my Wonder, *but not Pity draw:*
For I concluded, that without ſome Trick,
A Saint *at any ti e could match* Old Nick.
Next, came a fierçer Fiend upon his Back,
I mean his Spouſe, and ſtunn'd him with her Clack;

But

But ſtill I could not pity him, as knowing
A Crab-tree Cudgel ſoon would ſend her going.

But when the Quack engag'd with Job *I ſpy'd,*
The Lord have Mercy on poor Job, *I cry'd,*
What Spouſe and Satan did attempt in vain,
The Quack will compaſs with his murd'ring Pen,
And on a Dunghill leave poor Job *again.*
With impious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme,
And make the Saint againſt his Will blaſpheme.

From hence we made towards the *Royal Exchange*, and, between *Sadlers-Hall* and *Woodſtreet*, met a Friend of mine that deals in Linnen, ſtanding at a Shop-door; and having Occaſion for his Acquaintance, in Order to take up ſome Shirts and Handkerchiefs which Men under Poetical Circumſtances generally ſtand in need of, I ſtruck into Diſcourſe with him; but the firſt thing, as ill Luck would have it, I caſt my Eyes on, was an Inſcription in ſeveral Places of the Shop, which made me almoſt as mute as a Fiſh, and was, *No truſt upon Retail.* However, I reflected to my ſelf, that this Caveat did not exclude thoſe that would tick upon *Wholeſale*. Wherefore rather than not to be a Cuſtomer, I propoſed to take up ſeveral whole Pieces by way of Credit; but the Cream of the Jeſt was, the Man knew his Trade, as alſo that which I had made Profeſſion of, ſo that I was never the farther from continuing ſhirtleſs for the Propoſal. We were now almoſt come to *Woodſtreet Corner*, when I bethought my ſelf it was more adviſable to go on the other Side of the Street, than to endanger my Corps by coming within reach of the *Men-eaters*, that ſtood not far off *ſeeking whom they might devour*, and deſir'd the *Indian* to croſs over the Way, which he did accordingly. Avoid that Turning, ſaid I, if you would have me for your Companion, for it's a place of no Security for a Man who has made as much Uſe of the Publick Faith as I have. Thoſe Fellows, that give their Attendance a little below, at the Priſon Gate, I muſt be

plain

plain with you, are no Company for Poets. I have been too lately under their Clutches to deſire any more Dealings with them, and I cannot come within a Furlong of the *Roſe* Spunging-Houſe, without Five or Six Yellow Boys in my Pockets, to caſt out thoſe Devils there, who would otherwiſe infallibly take Poſſeſſion of me. With that, I told him how I had once (on Account of damn'd *Noverint Univerſi*'s, and other Heretical Papers, as Notes under my Hand, *&c*). been confin'd there; and that being without Hopes of Releaſe, I had put Pen to Paper and written my own Elegy, which being too long to be repeated, I ſatisfied his Curioſity in ſome Part, by the Rehearſal of the following Epitaph, which was the Cloſe of it.

Reader, beneath this Turf I lye,
And hold my ſelf content,
Piſs, if you pleaſe, pray what care I,
Since now my Life is ſpent:
A Marble *Stone indeed might keep*
My Body from the Weather,
And gather People as I ſleep,
And call more Fools together:
But hadſt thou been from whence I came,
Thou'dſt never mince the Matter,
But ſhew thy Sentiments the ſame,
And hate Stone-Doublets *after.*
I'm dead, and that's enough t' acquaint
A Man of any Senſe,
That if he's looking for a Saint,
He muſt go farther hence.
Between two Roſes *down I fell,*
As 'twixt two Stools a Platter;
One held me up exceeding well,
T' other did no ſuch Matter:
The Roſe *by* Temple-Bar *gave Wine,*
Exchang'd for Chalk, *and fill'd me;*
But being for the Ready Coin,
The Roſe *in* Wood-ſtreet *kill'd me.*

My Companion was pleas'd to see me so merry under my Affliction, but being of a *Genius* altogether full of Speculation, diverted the Discourse to more material Enquiries in Relation to Trade, which he saw was the whole Business of our Citizens.

While I behold this Town of *London*, said our contemplative Traveller, I fancy I behold a prodigious Animal. The Streets are so many *Veins*, wherein the People circulate. With what Hurry and Swiftness is the Circulation of *London* perform'd? You behold, cry'd I to him, the Circulation that is made in the Heart of *London*, but it moves more briskly in the Blood of the *Citizens*; they are always in Motion and Activity. Their Actions succeed one another with so much Rapidity, that they begin a Thousand things before they have finished one, and finish a Thousand others before they may properly be said to have begun them.

They are equally uncapable both of Attention and Patience, and tho' nothing is more quick than the Effects of Hearing and Seeing, yet they don't allow themselves time either to hear or see; but like Moles, work in the dark, and undermine one another.

All their Study and Labour is either about Profit, or Pleasure; and they have Schools for the Education of their Stalking Horse, which they call *Apprentices* in the Mystery of *Trade*: A Term unintelligible to Foreigners, and which none truly understand the Meaning of, but those that practise it. Some call it *Over-witting those they deal with*, but that is generally denied as a heterodox Definition; for Wit was never counted a *London* Commodity, unless among their Wives, and other City Sinners; and if you search all the Warehouses and Shops from *White-chapel* Bars to St. *Clement*'s if it were to save a Man's Life, or a Woman's Honesty, you cannot find one Farthing-worth of *Wit* among them.

Some derive this Heathenish Word *Trade* from a *Hebrew* Original, and call it *Over-reaching*; but the *Jews* deny it, and say the Name and Thing is wholly

Chriſtian; and for this Interpretation quote the Authority of a *London Alderman*, who ſold a *Jew* five Fatts of Right-handed Gloves without any Fellows to them, and afterwards made him purchaſe the Left-handed ones to match them, at double the Value.

Some call *Trade Honeſt Gain*, and to make it more palatable, have lacker'd it with the Name of *Godlineſs*; and hence it comes to paſs, that the Generality of *Londoners* are counted ſuch eminent Profeſſors; but of all Gueſſers he comes neareſt the Mark that ſaid, Trade was playing a Game at *Loſing Loadum*, or dropping *Fools* Pence into *Knaves* Pockets, till the *Sellers* were Rich, and the *Buyers* were Bankrupts.

That magnificent Building there, which ſtands in the middle of *London*, is for the Accommodation of the *Lady Trade*, and her Heirs and Succeſſors for ever, and is ſo full of Amuſements about Twelve a Clock every Day, that one would think all the World was converted into News-mongers and Intelligencers; for that's the firſt Salutation among all Mankind that frequent that Place: What News from *Scanderoon* and *Aleppo*? ſays the *Turkey* Merchant. What Price bear Currants at *Zant*? Apes at *Tunis*? Religion at *Rome*? Cutting a Throat at *Naples*? Whores at *Venice*? And the Cure of a Clap at *Padua*?

What News of ſuch a Ship? Says the *Inſurer*. Is there any hopes of her being caſt away, ſays the *Adventurer*, for I have inſur'd more by a Thouſand Pounds than I have in her? So have I through Mercy, ſays a Second, and therefore let's leave a Letter of Advice for the Maſter, at the New Light-houſe at *Plymouth*, that he does not fail to touch at the *Goodwin Sands*, and give us Advice of it from *Deal* or *Canterbury*, and he ſhall have another Ship for his faithful Service as ſoon as he comes to *London*.

I have a Bill upon you, Brother, ſays one *Alderman* to another. Go Home, Brother, ſays the other, and if Money and my Man be abſent, let my Wife pay you out of her *Privy-Purſe*, as your *Good Wife* lately *paid a Bill at Sight for me*, I thank her Ladyſhip.

Hark

Hark you, Mr. *Broker*, I have a Parcel of excellent Log-wood, Block-Tin, Spiders Brains, Philoſophers Guts, *Don Quixot*'s Wind-mills, Hens Teeth, Elbroad Pack-Thread, and the Quinteſcence of the Blue of Plumbs. Go you Puppy, you are fit to be a Broker, and don't know that the *Greſhamites* buy up all theſe Rarities by Wholeſale all the Year, and Retail them out to the Society every Firſt of *April*.

Hah, Old Acquaintance! Touch Fleſh: I have been ſeeking thee all the *Change* over. I have a preſſing Occaſion for ſome Seeds of Sedition, *Jacobite Rue*, and *Whig Herb of Grace*, can'ſt furniſh me? Indeed lau, no, ſaith the Merchant, I have juſt parted with them to the ſeveral Coffee-houſes about the Town, where the reſpective Merchants meet that Trade in thoſe Commodities; but if you want but a ſmall Parcel, you may be ſupplied by Mrs. *Bald---n*, or *Dar--y*, and his Son-in-Law *Bell and Clapper*, and moſt Bookſellers in *London* and *Weſtminſter*. Da, da, I'll about it immediately. Stay a little, Mr. ——— I have a Word in Private to you. If you know any of our *Whig* Friends that have Occaſion for any Stanch Votes for the Choice of Mayors or Sheriffs, that were calculated for the Meridian of *London*, but will ſerve indifferently for any City or Corporation in *Europe*, our Friend Mr. *Patſ---l* has Abundance that lye upon his Hands, and will be glad to diſpoſe of them a good Pennyworth. Enough, ſaid the other, They are no Winter's Traffick; for though Mayors and Woodcocks come in about *Michaelmaſs*, they don't lay Springs for Sheriffs till about *Midſummer*, and then we'll talk with him about thoſe weighty Matters.

There ſtalks a Sergeant and his Mace, ſmelling at the Merchants Backſides, like a Hungry Dog for a Dinner.

There walks a Publick *Notary* tied to an Inkhorn, like an Ape to a Clog, to put off his Heathen-Greek Commodities, Bills of Store, and Charter-Parties.

That wheeſing ſickly Shew, with his Breeches full of the Prices of Male and Female Commodities,

Projects, Complaints, and all Miſmanagements from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, is the *Devil's Broker*, and may be ſpoken withal every *Sunday*, from Eleven in the Morning till Four in the Afternoon, at the *Quakers-Meeting*, to his Lodging, and not after; for the reſt of his Time on that Day he imploys in adjuſting his Accompts, and playing at *Back-gammon* with his Principal. There goes a *Rat-catcher* in State, brandiſhing his Banner, like a Blackamoor in a Pageant, on the Execution Day of Roaſt-Beef, greaſy Geeſe, and Cuſtards. And there ſneaks a Hunger-ſtarv'd *Uſurer* of a Druggiſt, in Queſt of a crazy Citizen for *Uſe* or *Continuance-Money*, whom the other ſhuns as carefully as a Serjeant, and avoids with as much Induſtry as he does making up his Accompts with God Almighty.

Now ſay I to my *Indian*, Is not all this *Hodge-podge* a pleaſant Confuſion, and a perfect Amuſement? The aſtoniſh'd Traveller replied, Without doubt the indigeſted *Chaos* was but an imperfect Repreſentation of this congregated Huddle. But what moſt amuſes my Underſtanding is, to hear em ſpeak all Languages, and talk of nothing but *trucking* and *bartering*, *buying* and *ſelling*, *borrowing* and *lending*, *paying* and *receiving*; and yet I ſee nothing they have to diſpoſe of, unleſs thoſe that have 'em ſell their Gold Chains, the Braſiers their Leather Aprons, the young Merchants their Swords, or the old ones their Canes and Oaken Plants, that ſupport their feeble Carkaſes. That *Doubt*, quoth I to my inquiſitive *Indian*, is eaſily reſolv'd, for tho' their groſſer Wares are at Home in their Store-houſes, they have many things of Value to truck for, which they always carry about 'em; as, *Juſtice* for *fat Capons*, to be deliver'd before Dinner; a *Reprieve* from the Whipping-poſt for a *Dozen Bottles of Claret* to drink after it; *Licences* to ſell Ale for a *Hogſhead of Stout* to his Worſhip; and *Leave* to keep a Coffee-houſe, for a *Cask of Cold Tea* to his Lady. Name but what you want, and I'll direct you to the Walks where you ſhall find the Merchants that will furniſh you. Would you buy the *Common Hunt*, the *Common Cryers*, the *Bridge-maſter's*,

or

or the *Keeper of Newgate*'s Places? Stay till they fall, and a Gold Chain and great Horſe will direct you to the Proprietors. Would you buy any naked Truth, or Light in a dark Lanthorn? Look in the *Wet-Quakers* Walk. Have you Occaſion for Comb-bruſhes, Tweetzers, Cringes or Compliments *A la mode*? The *French Walk* will ſupply you. Want you old Cloaks, plain Shoes, or formal Gravity? You may fit your ſelf to a Cow's-Thumb among the *Spaniards*. Have you any Uſe in your Country for upright *Honeſty* or downright *Dealing*? You may buy Plenty of 'em both among the *Stockjobbers*, for they are dead Commodities, and that Society are willing to quit their Hands of 'em. Would you lay out your *Indian Gold* for a *new Plantation*? Enquire for the *Scotch Walk*, and you'll buy a good Pennyworth in *Darien*. Three of your own Kings for as many new Hats, and all their nineteen Subjects into the Purchaſe, to be delivered at the *Scotch Eaſt-India-Office*, by Parſon *Paterſon*, or their Secretary *Wiſdom Webſter*. If you want any Tallow, Rapparees Hides, or *Popiſh* Maſſacres, enquire in the *Iriſh Walk*, and you cannot loſe your Labour: But I am interrupted.

Look yonder's a *Jew* treading upon an *Italian*'s Foot, to carry on a Sodomitical Intrigue, and Bartering their Souls here for Fire and Brimſtone in another World.

See, there's a Beau that has played away his Eſtate at a Chocolate Houſe, going to ſell himſelf to *Barbadoes*, to keep himſelf out of *Newgate*, and from ſcandalizing his Relations at *Tyburn*.

There's a Poet reading his Verſes, and ſqueezing his Brains into an amorous Cit's Pockets, in hopes of a Teſter to buy himſelf a Dinner.

Behind that Pillar is a *Welch Herauld*, deriving a Merchant's Pedigree from *Adam*'s Great Grandfather, to entitle him to a Coat of Arms, when he comes to be an Alderman.

Take notice of that tall black Gentleman; there is ſcarce a Merchant Ship at Sea, but he has a Share in her, and ſcarce a Corporation in *England* that he has

not been tampering with for the Choice of M---b--rs of P———. Would you think a Man of his Appearance had been brought upon his Knees before the H—— of C———, or that a Perſon of ſo goodly and wiſe an Aſpect could be ſpew'd out of a Place, where only *wiſe Men* ſhould meet together? But more unlikely things have come to paſs, witneſs that Merry A—— } ortune there, who has neither Parts nor Countenance to recommend him to any Converſation but that of the Fair Sex, yet he keeps his Place, and *repreſents* the Town that chuſe him to a Miracle. Say that he came in by Bribery if you dare, h's Gifts are Acts of Charity, and 'tis Heretical to ſay that he is not a godly, conſcientious Man, in making himſelf *Great* by providing for the Poor. He give Money! 'Tis no ſuch thing, he *builds Houſes*, in order to get *into one*, and pull down our Conſtitution. A pleaſant ſort of a Spark! the Mayor and Aldermen of *R---d---g* can never want a Repreſentative while ſpinning of Flax goes on ſo merrily among 'em, nor the City of *L*—— want a M---, while ſuch as he are ſuffer'd to ſet up for Chief Magiſtrates. However, his Wife has another Opinion of him; and ſhe that ſhew'd *her* Wiſdom in the Choice of ſuch a *Husband*, thinks he ſhews *his* in being choſen for ſuch a *C---p---ration*. But that unaccountable Knight there has more Comedy in him than all his Fellow Citizens beſides. Ask on what Day the New War with *France* and *Spain* is to be proclaim'd? he'll tell you he knows the Time to a Second of a Minute; deſire to know of him when the King comes over from *Holland*, or whereabouts in the *Netherlands* the firſt Hoſtilities will break out? and he'll lay *Ten* to *One* he points out the *Time* and *Place* to you. Would you be told what he is worth? you are to be inform'd he is better ſtock'd with Projects than any *New-Eaſt-Indian* of 'em all; and where he chiefly ſignaliz'd his Courage? you'll be anſwer'd, in the famous Campaign the City Regiment made, and at *Tunbridge*, where a damn'd unlucky Pippin made him *ſave himſelf* after he had *loſt his Money*. As he was made a *Knight* from a *News-*

News-monger; ſo he is again become a Gameſter from a Sh———, and if I were to venture a Wager on his Side, it ſhould be, that the firſt thing he did was to *lay* one, neither would I refuſe to go his Halves, would he make theſe Conditions on which he ventur'd his Money, *viz.* That the Corporation of *B--b--r* in *Suſſex*, and *S-- d---ch* in *Kent* don't know his Abilities ſo well as I do: That he is not Maſter of thoſe Fortunes which the World thinks him to be, nor Poſſeſſor of that Magazine of Brains he himſelf would have us think he is; That whatever he has done by Way of Stock-jobbing other Commodities, the L—ds D—S— and *H* —— can witneſs from his Converſation at *Garraway*'s. He never monopoliz'd Wit, or engroſs'd any thing like it to his own Uſe. Theſe Propoſitions would bring us both in Money, and his *Sagacity* would run a leſs riſque in laying on their Side, than he did ſome Years ſince about the Siege of *Namur*. But he has got ſome Wager in his Head, and is march'd off with his Chapman to a *Publick Notary* to confirm it: And ſo much for Sir *H*———

Why firſt here is a *Ship* to be ſold, with all her Tackle and Lading. There are virtuous Maidens that are willing to be tranſported with *William Penn* into *Maryland*, for the Propagation of *Quakeriſm*. In another is a *Tutor* to be hir'd, to inſtruct any Gentleman's, or Merchant's Children in their own Families: And under that an Advertiſement of a *Milch-Aſs*, to be ſold at the Night-Man's in *White-chapel*. In another Column in a *Gilded Frame* was a Chamber-Maid that wanted a Service; and over her an Old Batchelor that wanted a Houſekeeper. On the Sides of theſe were two leſs Papers, one containing an Advertiſement of a Red-headed Monkey, loſt from a Seed-Shop in the *Strand*, with two Guineas Reward to him or her that ſhall bring him Home again with his Tail and Collar on. On the other Side was a large Folio fill'd with wet and dry Nurſes; and Houſes to be lett; and Parrots, Canary-Birds, and ſetting Dogs to be ſold.

Having no Occaſion for Wet-Nurſes, *&c.* ſince my Children ſat by other Folks Fires; and being deſirous to give my *Indian* a ſight of the moſt remarkable things my time would allow me, we ſqueez'd out of a Throng of Cuckolds, and went to make a Viſit to the *Madmen* in *Moorfields*.

Bedlam is a pleaſant Piece, that it is, and abounds with Amuſements; the firſt of which is the building ſo ſtately a Fabrick for Perſons wholly unſenſible of the Beauty and Uſe of it: The Outſide is a perfect Mockery to the Inſide, and admits of two amuſing Queries, Whether the Perſons that ordered the Building of it, or thoſe that inhabit it, were the maddeſt? And whether the Name and thing be not as diſagreeable as Harp and Harrow? But what need I wonder at that, ſince the whole is but one entire Amuſement? Some were praying, others curſing and ſwearing. Some were dancing, others groaning. Some ſinging, others crying, and all in perfect Confuſion. A ſad Repreſentation of the greater *Chimerical World*! only in this there's no whoring, cheating, or ſleeping, unleſs after the *Platonick* Mode, in Thought, for want of Action. However, any Gentleman that is diſpos'd for a *Touch* of the Times may take his Choice for the Price of a Penny, which is *Cerberus*'s Fee at the Entry; or any Lady that has got the *Frurigo Copulandi* has a Spark at her Service to be found walking here any time of the Day. Is your Wife, or your Daughter *mad* for ſomething that ſhall be nameleſs? Send 'em hither to be made *ſober*; or has any one a Relation Male or Female that's over-baſhful? Let not either him or her deſpair of a Cure, for here are Gueſts enough to teach 'em to part with their Modeſty. As the Buildings took their Magnificence from a Palace at *Paris*, ſo the Company that reſort to make Aſſignations within 'em, very often bring off the *Pariſian* Diſtemper from the Bottled Ale and Cheeſcakes, which are eaten after they are coupled and gone out of 'em; and if we have been

wit-y

witty upon the *French* in giving *Bedlam* the Resemblance of the *Louvre*, they have been even with us to a Witness, by making a Present of a Disease to us, which may be bargain'd for with no more Difficulty than half a Turn in the *Long Gallery*. Here were *Persons* confined, that having no Money nor Friends, and but a small Stock of Confidence, run mad for want of Preferment. A *Poet* that, for want of Wit and Sense, run mad for want of Victuals; and a Hard-favour'd *Citizen's Wife*, that lost her Wits because her *Husband* had so little as to let her know that he kept a handsom Mistress. In this Apartment was a *Common Lawyer* pleading; in another a *Civilian* sighing; a third enclosed a *Jacobite* ranting against the Revolution; and a fourth a morose Melancholy *Whig*, bemoaning his want of an Office, and complaining against Abuses at Court, and Mismanagements. A fifth had a comical sort of a Fellow, that was laughing at his Physician Doctor *Tyson*, for his great Skill in *Taciturnity*; and a sixth, had a *Cantabrigian* Organist for his Tenant, that had left Sonnet and Madrigal for Philosophy, and had lost his *Senses* for a Fool while he was in pursuit of *Knowledge*. How now! said I, honest Friend, what dost thou think of *Materia Prima*, and the rest of the pretended *Entities*? I think, said he, if you thought of 'em at all you would ask a more pertinent Question, for I am mad because I know nothing of the Matter, when thou art so much in love with Ignorance, thou wouldst have lost thy Wits if thou hadst. I expected not such a home Reply from a *Bedlamite*, and without any more to do with such a touchy Spark, left him railing against the Sin of murthering Lice, and shewing his Detestation against eating good Roast Mutton, as a Cruelty to the Creatures, to take a Sight of a young Fellow quite dumfounded with Love. Poor Lad, his Mother and two Sisters that are Milliners in *Oxford*, I dare swear, will never keep him Company; for they know a Trick worth two of his, and have often experimented that *if one won't, another will*. Here was *Bishop* the Quaker

preaching, and an Audience of *modeſt* Women peeping thro' their Fingers, to ſee whether his Notes were written in *Legible Characters* or no; and there was a Shopkeeper's Wife retailing out the Sight of the beſt in Chriſtendom, for a Half-Penny a Head to young Templers, *Moreſields* Sharpers, and old Citizens that had taken the Opportunity of their Wives being abroad, and being ready to run mad themſelves, were come to divert themſelves with the Sight of thoſe that were actually ſo.

Miſſing many others, who I thought deſerved a Lodging among their Brethren, I made Enquiry after them, and was told by the Keeper, they had many other Houſes of the ſame Foundation in the City, where they were diſpoſed till they grew *Tamer*, and were qualifyed to be admitted Members of this *ſoberer* Society. The Projectors, who are generally broken Citizens, were coop'd up in the *Counters* and *Ludgate*. The Beaux, and Rakes, and Common mad Jilts, that labour under a *Furor Uterini* in *Bridewell*, and Juſtice *Long's* Powdering-Tub; and the *Virtuoſi* were confined to *Greſham College*. Thoſe, continued he, in whoſe Conſtitutions Folly has the Aſcendant over Frenzy, are permitted to reſide, and be ſmoaked in Coffee-Houſes; and thoſe that by the Governours of this Hoſpital, are thought utterly incurable, are ſhut up with a pair of Foils, a Fiddle, and a Pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their Fire and Spirits are exhauſted, and they begin to dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain Hoſpital built for that Purpoſe near *Amen-Corner*.

Walking from hence, I had Leiſure to ask my *Indian* his Opinion of theſe Amuſements? who after the beſt Manner his Genius would ſuffer him, harangued upon Deficiency of Senſe, as the only beneficial Quality, ſince the bare Pretence to *Wit* was attended by ſuch Tragical Misfortunes, as Confinement to Straw, ſmall Drink, and Flogging.

Hearing a Noiſe, and ſome Approaches of Nonſenſe that always bears it Compauy, where ſhould we ſtep but

but into *Cripplegate* Church, and whom ſhould I ſee perch'd up in a Pulpit, but honeſt *Orthodox E--S--*, as knowing a Divine as ever P——— with a Bible in his Pocket, a ſpreading the Word very dexterouſly. Hey day! cry'd I, nonjuring *Man* has left off cheating People in a *Coat*, to put Tricks upon the World in a *Gown!* I wiſh his *Dutch* Merchant were here to be one of his Auditors, that he might be ſatisfy'd the Reverend Dr. is not ſuch a Man as he reports him to be. He laid forth the Bleſſings of a handſom Wife moſt emphatically, and I expected every Minute to hear when the City Knave would have *invited* his Male Auditors home to ſee *his*, according to ancient Cuſtom; but he's grown more Politick ſince he had father'd *Æſop* at *Tunbridge*, and was abundantly more reſerv'd, ſince he had read over thoſe two laborious Works, the *Whole Duty of Man epitomiz'd*, and *Dr. Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*: And 'twould have done a Man under Poetical Circumſtances good, to think how powerfully he laid himſelf out, to perſwade his Hearers to be charitable to the Poor, as if he was begging for himſelf, and reading his own Wants to the Audience in the Life of his own *unhappy Mendicant*. 'Slife, thought I, we muſt drink together, but imagining from the Drift of his Diſcourſe the Parſon was Pennyleſs, away went I up *Redcroſs-ſtreet*, leaving him to come down from his *borrow'd* Pulpit, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his *borrow'd* Harangue, to make the beſt of his Way to his Eloquent and Reverend Brother, and deliver the *Gown* he *borrow'd* of him, on ſuch an emergent Occaſion, as ſhewing his Parts.

Now I, that am always more ſcared at the Sight of a *Sergeant* or *Bailiff*, than at the Devil and all his Works, was mortally frighted in my Paſſage thro' *Barbican* and *Long-lane*, by the Impudent *Rag-ſellers* in thoſe ſcandalous Climates, who laid hold of my Arm to ask me *what I lack'd?* At firſt it made me tremble worſe than a Quaker in a Fit of *Enthuſiaſm*, imagining it had been an Arreſt, and was juſt asking the Cuſtomary Queſtion, *At whoſe Suit?* But their Rudeneſs con-

tinuing at every Door, relieved me from thoſe Panick Fears; and the next that attacked my Arm with *What d' ye buy, Sir, What d'ye lack?* I threw him from my Sleeve into the Kennel, ſaying, tho' I want nothing out of your Shops, methinks you all want good Manners and Civility, that are ready to tear a new Suit from my Back, under Pretence of ſelling me an old one; Avant Vermine, your Cloaths ſmell as rankly of *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, as the Bedding to be ſold at the *Ditchſide* near *Fleet-bridge* ſmells of a *Bawdy-houſe* and *Brandy*.

Smithfield would have afforded us a great Variety of Objects, but it being neither *Bartholomew-Fair* time, nor any of the chief Market-days, I paſſed thro' the Quarters of the Jockeys and Graziers, and taking the clancular Roads, that were moſt agreeable to my Circumſtances, I went thro' *Baldwin's Gardens*, and whom ſhould I ſee ſtanding at the Door of the *Hole in the Wall*, but an old Acquainance of mine, an honeſt *Dear Joy*, that had taken the Houſe; and as the Gentlemen of that Country are famous for being Men of particular Ceremony, ſo the firſt Word that came from him, was, *Maſter, I am your very Humble Servant*; and the next, *Hey, you Baſtard you*, on Account of my putting a Civil Queſtion, relating to two young Ladies looking thro' their Fingers at him.

He was immediately for *preſenting me with a Tankard*; and down my Fellow-Traveller and I ſat our ſelves, when I found my Neighbour *K*—— had been new chriſtened ſince I ſaw him laſt, and was made a Commiſſion-Officer by the Name of Captain *Whip 'em*, I made no Enquiry after the *Etymology* of his new Title, but judged he had been *whipping* it in with the Gentlewomen before mentioned, tho' 'twas not convenient to tell him ſo, leſt his Wife ſhould watch his Waters more narrowly than ſhe had done, which might have been no ſmall Grief to the two virtuous Ladies, and a great Diſappointment to a Man of his own Modeſty. I'll ſay that for the Man, his Liquor was the beſt of the ſort that ever I drank, had his Company

pany been anſwerable to it, but but there was ſuch a Jargon of Contradictions among 'em, ſuch a Difference of Trades and Opinions, and ſuch an unintelligible Captain among 'em, that my poor *Indian* and I were in a perfect Wilderneſs. *To pay there*, ſaid I, and ſo left the witty Dogs by themſelves, and a Bookbinder talking about the Adventures of *him and two or three more Gentlemen*, to make the beſt of my Way thro' *Gray*'s-*Inn*, where I met with nothing material.

This was all we entertained our ſelves with, before we came to the *Play-Houſe*.

AMUSEMENT IV.

The Play-Houſe.

THE *Play-Houſe* is an inchanted Iſland, where nothing appears in Reality what it is, nor what it ſhould be. 'Tis frequented by Perſons of all Degrees and Qualities whatſoever, that have a great deal of idle Time lying upon their Hands, and can't tell how to employ it worſe. Here *Lords* come to laugh, and to be laughed at for being there, and ſeeing their Qualities ridiculed by every Triobolary Poet. Knights come hither to learn the amorous Smirk, the *Alamode* Grin, the antick Bow, the neweſt faſhioned Cringe, and how to adjuſt their Phiz, to make themſelves as ridiculous by Art as they are by Nature.

Hither come the Country Gentlemen to ſhew their Shapes, and trouble the Pit with their Impertinence about Hawking, Hunting, and their handſom Wives, and their Houſewifery.

There ſits a *Beau* like a Fool in a Frame, that dares not ſtir his Head, nor move his Body, for Fear of incommoding his Wig, ruffling his Cravat, or putting his Eyes or Mouth out of the Order his *Maitre de Dance* ſet it in, whilſt a *Bully Beau* comes drunk into the Pit, ſcreaming out, *Damn me*, Jack, *'tis a confounded Play, les's*

let's to a Whore *and ſpend our time better.* Here the Ladies come to ſhew their Cloaths, which are often the only things to be admired in or about 'em. Some of them having ſcabbed, or pimpled Faces, wear a thouſand Patches to hide them, and thoſe that have none, ſcandalize their Faces by a fooliſh Imitation. Here they ſhew their Courage by being unconcerned at a *Husband* being *poiſoned*, a *Hero* being *killed*, or a Paſſionate Lover being jilted: And diſcover their Modeſties by ſtanding buff at a baudy Song, or naked obſcene Figure. By the Signs that both Sexes hang out, you may know their Qualities or Occupations, and not miſtake in making your Addreſſes. Men of *Figure* and Conſideration are known by ſeldom being there, and men of *Wiſdom* and Buſineſs, by being always abſent. The L—D— is known by his Ribbon, and *T— D——* or ſome other Impertinent Poet, talking Nonſenſe to him; the L——— by ſitting on the *Kit-Cat* Side; and *Jacob Tonſon* ſtanding Door-keeper for him; the reſt of the Witty No—ity have their ſeveral diſtinguiſhing Characteriſticks; and thoſe that are the eaſieſt things to be *underſtood* in the Univerſe: As for Inſtance, that *Toaſter* there, is it poſſible he can give a Judgment of the Beauties of a Play, while he is wholly taken up in ſurveying thoſe of the Ladies? Or that incorrigible Fop know any thing of the Matter, that is taking ſuch Pains not to know himſelf, as to be carried away with the Thoughts that all Eyes were fixed upon him on Account of his amazing Perfections, when the quite contrary Cauſe diverts the Audience from what they came to take a View of?

Would you think that little *Lap-dog* in Scarlet there, has Stomach enough to digeſt a Guinea's worth of Entertainment at *Pontack's* every Dinner-time, or that odoriferous *Time-ſerver* there had nothing he ſo much laid to Heart, as the Diſappointment of not having his Whore brought to him at the *Fountain Tavern*, after the Curtain is let down again?

Hey-

Hey day! what have we here? A Dutcheſs and a Dutchman together, *Pepper* and *Vinegar* on my Conſcience, only 'tis a difficult time of the Year, and People that lye ſo cloſe together are warm enough without any ſuch Matters to heat 'em. But that *Poet* there that ſhews his Aſſiduity by following yonder Actreſs, is the moſt entertaining ſort of an Animal imaginable. But 'tis *the Way of the World*, to have an Eſteem for the fair Sex, and ſhe looks to a Miracle when ſhe is acting a Part in one of his own Plays. Would not any one think it pity ſhe ſhould not have an Humble Servant, when that Mrs. *Abigail* there, who is one of her Attendants, can be brought to bed of a Living Child without any Manner of notice taken of her. Look upon him once more? I ſay, if ſhe goes to her *Shift*, 'tis Ten to One but he follows her, not that I would ſay for never ſo much, to take up her *Smock*; he dines with her almoſt ev'ry Day, yet ſhe's a *Maid*; he rides out with her, and viſits her in Publick and Private, yet ſhe's a *Maid*; if I had not a particular Reſpect for her, I ſhould go near to ſay he lyes with her, yet ſhe's a *Maid*. Now I leave the World to judge whether it be his or her Fault that ſhe has ſo long kept her *Maidenhead*, ſince Gentlemen of his Profeſſion have generally *a greater Reſpect for the Ladies than that comes to.*

Now for that Majeſtical *Man* and *Woman* there, ſtand off, there is no coming within a Hundred Yards of their High Mightineſſes. They have revolted like the *Dutch* from their once Lords and Maſters, and are now ſet up for Sovereigns themſelves. See what a Deference is paid 'em by the reſt of the cringing Fraternity, from fifty down to ten Shillings a Week; and you muſt needs have a more than ordinary Opinion of their Abilities. Should you lye with her all Night, ſhe would not know you next Morning, unleſs you had another five Pounds at her Service; or go to deſire a Piece of Courteſy of him, you muſt attend longer than at a Secretary's of State. His Gravity will not permit him to give you Audience till the Stateli-

neſs

neſs of his Countenance is rightly adjuſted, and all his high ſwelling Words are got in Readineſs: Nor will her celebrated Modeſty ſuffer her, almoſt to ſpeak to an Humble Servant, without a Piece or two to rub her Eyes with, and to conceal her Bluſhes, while ſhe *ſluggiſhly* goes through a Vacation ſhe might take more Pains in, did ſhe not grudge a *Pennyworth* for a *Penny*.

There are two Setts of theſe Hiſtrionical Entertainers, and I ſhould be too partial ſhould I not divide my Thoughts equally between 'em; both are called his *Majeſty's Servants*, yet neither have done any *Service* to their *King* or *Country*, if we may take Mr. *Collier's* Word, or the Affidavits of a Multitude of decay'd *Beaus*, who have been undone, and afterwards laughed at by 'em.

Do but take notice of that ſcornful Piece of Fleſh there; does not ſhe tread the Stage as haughtily as if ſhe knew no ſuch thing as Condeſcenſion to the Deſires of any Man breathing, yet ſhe was ſoundly beaten by a Spark of hers, for *opening her Legs to another* Humble Servant. I would not for the Wealth of the *Indies*, divulge any Harm to her, but a Perſon might ſay without the help of a Prophetick *Caſſandra*, that it will not be for want of ſhewing her Endeavours for the Publick good, that ſhe does not bring his Majeſty a new Subject into the World this Year, as ſhe did the laſt; and I dare ſwear that her ingenious Friend Mr. *S*———, tho' his Modeſty will not permit him to be the Father of it, will be ready at all times and Seaſons to fetch out the Velvet Petticoat, that may occaſionally be in Trouble, on Account of the Decency of her next Lying-in.

From this Lady, that is always quarrelſom with the Prompter, and who has enough of that Grand Iſſue in the middle of her, without any other Diſturbances of that Nature about her, it falls out of Courſe, that we pay our Reſpects to that bewitching Creature, that has entangled a very great Man into her Nooſe; and from ſo mean a Beginning as Pippins, ſmall Nuts and Gingerbread, has the Honour to have a Noble-

man

man wear her Chains. The virtuous Gentlewoman before mentioned was lineally deſcended from a Retailer of *Rumps* and *Kidneys*, and had greater Pretentions from her Birth to the Smiles of *Fortune*, than her hypocritical *Ladyſhip* that owes her being to a *Mother*, who, poor Woman, would not be forced to beg, were ſhe as *young* a bit of Fleſh as her Daughter, had ſhe as much natural Affection for a *Parent* as ſhe has for a *Gallant*.

Away with her, cryed out the Indian, *if ſhe's unnatural, ſhe's no Miſtreſs for me*; *but it's a Cuſtom among you* Europeans *to forget Father and Mother, and cleave to your own Intereſt: Your People of the higheſt Rank practiſe it daily*; *and would you think this Woman, that mimicks 'em in their Cloaths and Faſhions, would behave her ſelf ſo vulgarly, as not to imitate 'em?* As my Companion had nothing but Truth in his Obſervations, ſo I could not contradict his Opinion of us, but turned my Eye upon the Boxes, to let him know there were ſome of the Fair Sex in that bright Circle, that were *Exceptions* to his *General Rule*. Let us loſe no more time about her, ſaid I, you have ſeen all ſhe has, but the Furniture of her Chamber, and that ſhe may thank the *D*——— for; as to her clean Gloves and Finery here, they are owing to the old good-natured Mr. *R*——, who from his drowſy Conſtitution in the Day-time, makes it appear that ſome or other has diſturbed his Reſt in the Night. That *Beau* there, is known by the decent Management of his *Sword-knot* and *Snuff-box*; a *Poet*, by his empty Pockets; a *Citizen*, by his Horns and Gold Hat-band: a *Whore*, by a Vizor-mask and the Multitude of Ribbons about her Breaſt; and a *Fool*, by talking to her: A *Play-Houſe Wit* is diſtinguiſhed by wanting Underſtanding; and a *Judge of Wit*, by nodding and ſleeping till the Fall of the Curtain, and crowding to get out again awake him.

I have told you already, that the *Play-houſe* was the *Land of Enchantment*, the *Country of Metamorphoſis*, and performed it with the greateſt Speed imaginable. Here, in the twinkling of an Eye, you ſhall ſee Men tranſ-

transformed into *Demi-Gods*, and *Goddeſſes* made as true Fleſh and Blood as our Common Women. Here *Fools* by ſlight of Hand are converted into *Wits*, *Honeſt Women* into *arrant Whores*; and which is moſt miraculous, *Cowards* into *Valiant Heroes*, and rank *Coquets* and *Jilts* into as chaſt and virtuous *Miſtreſſes* as a Man would deſire to put his *Knife* into.

Let us now ſpeak a Word or two of the *Natives* of this Country, and the Stock of *Wit* and *Manners* by which they maintain themſelves, and ridicule the whole World beſides. The People are all ſomewhat *whimſical* and *giddy-brain'd*; when they *ſpeak* they *ſing*, when they *walk* they *dance*, and very often do both when they have a mind to it.

The *Stage* has now ſo great a Share of Atheiſm, Impudence, and Prophaneneſs, that it looks like an Aſſembly of *Demons*, directing the Way *Hellward*; and the more blaſphemous the *Poets* are, the more are they admir'd even from huffing *Dryden* to ſing-ſong D' *Urfey*, who always ſtutters at *Senſe*, and ſpeaks plain when he ſwears. What are all their new Plays but damned inſipid dull *Farces*, confounded toothleſs *Satyr*, or plaguy *rhimy Plays*, with ſcurvy Heroes, worſe than the *Knight of the Sun*, or *Amadis de Gaul*? They are the arrant'ſt *Plagiaries* in Nature; and, like our common *News writers*, ſteal from one another.

When a *Humour* takes in *London*, they ride it to death e'er they leave it: The *Primitive Chriſtians* were not perſecuted with half that Variety as the poor *Unthinking Beaus* are tormented with upon the Theatre: *Characters* they ſupply with a ſmutty *Song*, *Humour* with a *Dance*, and *Argument* with *Lightning* and *Thunder*, which has oft reprieved many a ſcurvey Play from *Damning*. A huge great Muff, and a gaudy Ribbon hanging at a Bully's Backſide, is an excellent Jeſt, and new-invented Curſes, as, *Stap my Vitals*, *Damn my Diaphragm*, *Slit my Windpipe*, *Sink me Ten Thouſand Fathom deep*. Rig up a new Beau, tho' in the Main 'tis but the ſame everlaſting Coxcomb, and there's as much Difference between their *Rhimes* and *ſolid Verſe*,

as

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as between the Royal *Pſalmiſt* and *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, with their Collars of *Ay*'s and *Eke*'s about 'em. Wherefore let us take a Voyage into the *Land of Wit*, ſince there is ſo little ſtirring now-adays in the *Play-houſe*, and make an Inſpection into the Growth of that Commodity elſewhere.

A MUSEMENT V.

Weſtminſter-Hall.

A Magnificent Building, which is open to all the World, and yet in a Manner is ſhut up, by the prodigious Concourſe of People, who crowd and ſweat to get in or out; and happy are they that don't leave their *Lives*, *Eſtates*, or *Conſciences* behind 'em. Here we entered into a great *Hall*, where my *Indian* was ſurprized to ſee, in the ſame Place, Men on the one Side with Baubles and Toys, and the other taken up with the Fear of *Judgment*, on which depends their inevitable Deſtiny.

In this Shop are to be ſold *Ribbons*, *Gloves*, *Towers* and *Commodes*, by Word of Mouth; in another Shop *Lands* and *Tenements* are diſpos'd of by Decree. On your left Hand you hear a nimble-tongu'd painted *Seamſtreſs*, with her charming Treble invite you to buy ſome of her Knick-knacks; and on your right a deep-mouth'd Cryer commanding Impoſſibilities, *viz.* Silence to be kept among Women and Lawyers. What a fantaſtical Jargon does this heap of Contrarieties amount to? While our Traveller is making his Obſervations upon this motly Scene, he's frighted at the terrible Approaches of a Multitude of Men in black Gowns and round Caps, that make betwixt 'em a moſt hideous and dreadful Monſter called *Petty-fogging*, of which there is ſuch Store in *England*, that the People think themſelves oblig'd to pray for the *Egyptian* Locuſts and Caterpillars, in Exchange for this kind of Vermin:

Vermin: And this Monſter bellows out ſo pernicious a Language, that one Word alone is ſufficient to ruine whole Families.

Here's honeſt, good natur'd, modeſt Mr. *S———l*, that has done by the Council on the oppoſite Side, as the *King of* France *did by the Confederates*; and there a worſhipful R——— drawing up *Indictments*; with no leſs than twenty Flaws in 'em at a time: That Breach directs you to a Judge's Favourite fingering the Pence, as if he deſerv'd it from his great Knowledge in the Law, rather than his Intereſt; and that C——t of J—ce there up in the Corner, points Men of ſome Characters out to you, that are for holding out their Hands to *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*. At certain Hours appointed, there appear grave and dauntleſs Men, whoſe very Sight's enough to give one a *Quartan Ague*, and who lay this *Monſter* on his Back; ſcarce a Day paſſes over their Heads but they reſcue out of his greedy Jaws ſome Thouſand of Acres half devoured.

This curſed *Petty-fogging* is much more to be fear'd than *Injuſtice* it ſelf; the latter openly undoes us, and affords us at leaſt this Comfort, That we have a Right to bewail our ſelves; but the former by its dilatory Formalities, robs us of all we have, and tells us for our eternal Deſpair, that we ſuffer by Law.

Juſtice, if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf, is a beautiful young Virgin diſguis'd, brought on the Stage by the *Pleader*, purſu'd by the *Attorney*, cajol'd by the *Counſellor*, and defended by the *Judge*.

Some pert Critick will tell me now, that I have loſt my way in Digreſſions: Under Favour, this Critick is in the wrong Box, for Digreſſions properly belong to my Subject, ſince they are all *nothing but Amuſements*; and this is a Truth ſo *uncontеſted*, that I am reſolved to *continue* 'em.

By way of *Digreſſion* I muſt here inform you, that in all thoſe Places of my Voyage where the *Indian* perplexes me with his Queſtions, I will drop him, as I have already done, to purſue my *own Reflections*; upon this *Condition* however, that I may be allow'd to take him

him up again when I'm weary of travelling alone. I will likewiſe make bold to quit the Metaphor of my Voyage, whenever the Fancy takes me; for I am ſo far from *confining* my ſelf, like a Slave, to one particular Figure, that I will keep the Power ſtill in my Hands, to change, if I think fit, at every Period, my Figure, Subject and Stile, that I may be leſs tireſome to the Modern Reader; for I know well enough, that Variety is the *predominant Taſte* of the preſent Age.

Altho' nothing is durable in this *tranſitory World*, yet 'tis obſerv'd that this Saying proves falſe in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where there are things of *eternal Continuance*, as Thouſands have found true by woful Experience; I mean *Chancery Suits*. Certain Sons of Parchment, call'd *Sollicitors* and *Barriſters*, make it their whole Buſineſs to keep the *Shuttlecock* in Motion, and when one Hand is weary, they play it into another: 'Tis the chiefeſt Part of their Religion to keep up and animate the Differences among their Clients, as 'twas with the *Veſtal Virgins* in the *Days of Yore*, to maintain the ſacred Fire.

'Tis a moſt ſurprizing thing, that notwithſtanding all the Clamour, Squauling and Bauling there is in the Courts, yet you ſhall have a Judge now and then take as comfortable a Nap on the *Bench*, as if he were at *Church*; and every honeſt *Chriſtian* has Reaſon to pray, that as often as a Cauſe comes to be heard, the Judges of ancient Times were awake, and the modern faſt aſleep. However, this muſt be ſaid for them, that they are righteous enough in their Hearts; but the Devil on't is, that they can't tell which Way to take to inſtruct themſelves in the Merits of the Cauſe. The *Contending Parties* are ſuſpected by them, the *Sollicitor* embroils them, the *Counſellor* deafens them, the *Attorney* importunes them, and the *She-Sollicitor* diſtracts them. Well, let what will happen on't, give me for my Money the *Female Sollicitor*.

A certain Judge in the *Days of Yore* made his boaſt, that *the moſt charming Woman in the World was not able to make him forget that he was a Judge. Very likely, Sir,*

Sir, ſaid a Gentleman to him, *but I'll lay Twenty to One on Nature's ſide.* The Magiſtrate was a Man before he was a *Judge*; the firſt Motion he finds is for the *She Sollicitor*, and the ſecond is for *Juſtice.*

A very beautiful *Counteſs* went to a moroſe ſurly Judge's Chamber, to prepoſſeſs him in Favour of a very unrighteous Cauſe, and to ſollicite for a *Collonel* againſt a *Tradeſman* that ſued him: This *Tradeſman* hapepned that very Moment to be in his Lordſhip's Cloſet, who found his Cauſe to be ſo juſt and clear, that he could not forbear to promiſe him to take care he ſhould carry the Day.

The Words were no ſooner out of his Mouth, but our charming *Counteſs* appear'd in the Antichamber. The *Judge* immediately ran as faſt as his gouty Legs would give him leave, to meet her Ladiſhip; her *Eyes*, *Air*, and *graceful Deportment*, the Sound of her *Voice*, ſo many *Charms*, in ſhort, pleaded ſo powerfully in her Favour, that at the firſt *Moment* he found the *Man* too powerful for the *Judge*, and he promiſed our *Counteſs* the *Collonel* ſhould gain his *Cauſe*. Thus you ſee the poor *Judge* engag'd on *both ſides*. When he came back to his Cloſet, he found the *Tradeſman* reduc'd to the laſt Deſpair. *I ſaw her*, cries the Fellow almoſt out of his Wits; *I ſaw the Lady that ſollicits againſt me, and, Lord, what a charming Creature ſhe is! I am undone, my Lord, my Cauſe is loſt and ruin'd. Why*, ſays the *Judge*, not yet recover'd from his Confuſion, *imagine your ſelf in my Place, and tell me if 'tis poſſible for frail Man to refuſe any thing ſo beautiful a Lady asks?* As he ſpoke theſe Words, he pull'd a Hundred Piſtoles out of his Pocket, which amounted to the Sum the *Tradeſman* ſued for, and gave them to him. By ſome Means or other the *Counteſs* came to the Knowledge of it, and as ſhe was virtuous even to a Scruple, ſhe was afraid of being too much oblig'd by ſo generous a Judge, and immediately ſent him an Hundred Piſtoles. The *Colonel*, full as gallant as the *Counteſs*, was ſcrupulous, and paid her the Sum aforeſaid; and thus every one did as he ought

to do. The *Judge* was afraid of being unjuſt, the *Counteſs* fear'd to be too much oblig'd, the *Collonel* paid, and the *Tradeſman* was ſatisfied: Or, according to our old *Engliſh* Adage, all was well; *Jack* had *Joan*, and *the Man had his Mare again.*

Shall I give you my Opinion of this *Judge*'s Behaviour? The firſt Motion he found in himſelf, was for the charming *Sollicitrix*, which I cannot excuſe him for; the Second for *Juſtice*, for which I admire him.

While I thus amus'd my ſelf, my Traveller was loſt in a Fog of Black Gowns: I'll go and find him. Oh, yonder he is, at the farther end of the *Hall*, I call to him, he ſtrives to come to me, but his Breath fails him, the Crowd over-powers him, he's carried down the Stream, he ſwims upon his Elbows to get to ſhore; at laſt, half ſpent, and dripping from every Pore of his Body, he comes up to me, and all the Relation I could get of him of what he had ſeen, was, *Oh, this confounded Country! let us get out of it as ſoon as poſſible, and never ſee it more.*

Come, come, ſays I too him, let's go and refreſh our ſelves after this Fatigue; and to put the Idea of the *Hall* out of our Heads, let's go this Evening into the delicious Country, the *Walks* and Places apart for the Publick Refreſhment.

AMUSEMENT VI.

The WALKS.

WE have divers Sorts of *Walks* about *London*; in ſome you go to ſee and be ſeen, in others neither to ſee nor be ſeen, but like a Noun Subſtantive, to be ſeen, heard, and underſtood.

The Ladies that have an Inclination to be private, take Delight in the cloſe Walks of *Spring-Gardens*, where both Sexes meet, and mutually ſerve one another

ther as Guides to *loſe* their Way; and the Windings and Turnings in the little Wilderneſſes are ſo intricate, that the moſt experienc'd Mothers have oft loſt themſelves in looking for their Daughters.

From *Spring-Garden*, we ſet our Faces towards *Hide-Park*, where Horſes have their Diverſion as well as Men, and neigh and court their Miſtreſſes almoſt in as intelligible a Dialect. Here People coach it to take the Air, amidſt a Cloud of Duſt able to choak a Foot-Soldier, and hinder'd us from ſeeing thoſe that come thither on purpoſe to ſhew themſelves; however we made hard Shift to get now and then a Glance at ſome of them.

Here we ſaw much to do about nothing; a World of brave men, gilt Coaches, and rich Liveries; within ſome of them were upſtart Courtiers, blown up as big as Pride and Vanity could ſwell them, ſitting as upright in their Chariots as if a Stake had been driven through them. It would hurt their Eyes to exchange a Glance upon any thing that's vulgar, and that's the Reaſon they are ſo ſparing of their Looks, that they will neither bow, nor move their Hats to any thing under a *Duke* or a *Dutcheſs*; and yet if you examine ſome of their Originals, a covetous Soul-leſs Miſer, or a great Oppreſſor, laid the Foundation of their Families, and in their Retinue there are more Creditors than Servants.

See, ſays my *Indian*, *what a Bevy of gallant Ladies are in yonder Coaches; ſome are ſinging others laughing, others tickling one another, and all of them toying and devouring Sweetmeats, March-pane, and* China *Oranges. See that Lady*, ſays he, *Was ever any thing ſo black as her Eye, and ſo clear as her Forehead?* One would ſwear her Face had taken its Tincture from all the Beauties in Nature; and yet perhaps, anſwered I to my Fellow-Traveller, all this is but Impoſture; ſhe might, for ought we know, go to Bed laſt Night as ugly as a Hag, tho' ſhe now appears like an Angel; and if you did but ſee this Puppet taken to Pieces, ſhe ſall but Paint and Plaiſter.

From

From hence we went to take a Turn in the *Mall*: When we came into theſe pleaſant Walks, my Fellow-Traveller was raviſh'd at the moſt agreeable Sight in Nature; there were none but Women there that Day as it happen'd, and the Walks were cover'd with them. *I never* (ſaid he to me laughing) *beheld in my Life ſo great a Flight of Birds; bleſs me! how fine they are! Friend,* reply'd I, *theſe are Birds to amuſe me, they change their Feathers two or three times a Day.*

They are fickle and light by Inclination, weak by Conſtitution, but never weary of Billing and Chirping. They never ſee the Day till the Sun is juſt going to ſet, hop always upright with one Foot upon the Ground, and touch the Clouds with their proud Toppings. In a Word, the Generality of Women are Peacocks when they walk; Water-Wagtails when they are within Doors, and Turtles when they meet Face to Face.

This is a bold Deſcription of them, ſays my *Indian*. Pray tell me, Sir, ſays he, is this Portrait of them after Nature? Yes, without Queſtion, anſwer'd I; but I know ſome Women that are ſuperiour to the reſt of their Sex, and perhaps to Men alſo. In relation to thoſe, I need not ſay much to diſtinguiſh them, they'll do it by their virtuous Diſcourſe and Deportment. Nothing is ſo hard to be defined as Women, and of all Women in the World, none are ſo undefinable as thoſe of *London*. The *Spaniſh* Women are altogether *Spaniſh*, the *Italians* altogether *Italian*, the *Germans* altogether *Germans*, the *French* Women always like themſelves; but among the *London* Women we find *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Germans*, and *French*, blended together into one individual Monopoly of all Humours and Faſhions. Nay, how many different Nations are there of our *Engliſh* Ladies. In the firſt Place, there is the *Politick* Nation of your Ladies of the Town. Next the *Savage* Nation of the Country Dames. Then the *Free* Nation of the Coquets. The *Inviſible* Nation of the faithful Wives, (the worſt Peopled of all.) The *Good-Natur'd* Nation of Wives

that Cuckold their Husbands, (they are almoſt forced to walk upon one another's Heads, their Numbers are ſo prodigious.) The *Warlike* Nation of Intriguing Ladies. The *Fearful* Nation of——, but there are ſcarce any of them left. The *barbarous* Nation of Mothers in Law. The *Haughty* Nation of Citizens Wives, that are dignified with a Title. The *Strowling* Nation of your regular Viſitants, and the Lord knows how many more: Not to reckon the *Superſtitious* Nation that run after Conjurers and Fortune-Tellers. 'Tis Pity this latter ſort are not lock'd up in a Quarter by themſelves, and that the Nation of *Cunning* Women are not rooted out that abuſe them, and ſet them upon doing ſome things which otherwiſe they would not.

I have ſuffer'd my ſelf to be carried too far by my Subject. 'Tis a ſtrange thing that we cannot talk of Women with a juſt Moderation: We either talk too much, or too little of them: We don't ſpeak enough of *virtuous* Women, and we ſpeak too much of thoſe that are not ſo. Men would do Juſtice to them all, if they could talk of them without Paſſion; but they ſcarce ſpeak at all of thoſe that are indifferent: They are prepoſſeſſed for them they love, and againſt them by whom they cannot make themſelves to be beloved. They rank the latter in the Claſs of *Irregular* Women, becauſe they are wiſe, and indeed wiſer than they would have them be. The Railing of the Men ought to be the Juſtification of the Women; but it unluckily falls out, that one half of the World take delight to raiſe ſcandalous Stories, and t'other half in believing them. Slander has been the Product of all Times, and all Countries; it is very near of as ancient ſtanding in the World as Virtue. Defamation ought to be more ſeverely puniſh'd than Theft. It does more Injury to Civil Societies, and 'tis a harder Matter to ſecure one's Reputation from a Slanderer, than one's Money from a Robber. All the World are agreed, that both one and the other are Scoundrels; yet, for all that, we eſteem them when they excel in this

this Art. A Nice and a witty Railer is the moſt agreeable Perſon in Converſation; and he that dexterouſly picks another Man's Pocket, as your Quacks and Attornies, draws the Veneration even of thoſe who live by cutting of Purſes. When one obſerves in what Reputation both of them live, one would be apt to ſay that 'tis neither Defamation nor Robbery, that we blame in others; but only their *Awkwardneſs* and want of Skill. They are puniſh'd for not being able to arrive at the Perfection of their Art.

Come, come, ſays my *Indian*, you ramble from your Subject; you ſpeak of Back-biting in general, whereas at preſent we are only talking of that Branch of it, which belongs to Women. I would bring you back to that Point, which puts me in the Mind of certain Laws, which were heretofore propoſed by a Legiſlator of my Country. One of theſe Laws gave Permiſſion for one Woman to ſlander another; in the firſt Place, becauſe it is *impoſſible to prevent it*; and beſides, becauſe in Matters of Gallantry, ſhe that accuſes her Neighbour, might her ſelf be accuſed of it in her turn, purſuant to the ancient and righteous Law of returning a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*. But how would you have a Woman quit Scores with a Man, who has publiſh'd diſadvantageous Stories of her? Muſt ſhe ſerve him in the ſame Kind? By all Means; For if Men think it a Piece of Merit to conquer Women, and Women place theirs in well defending themſelves, ſhe that gets a Lover, ſings a Triumph; and ſhe that loves, confeſſes her ſelf to be conquer'd. If it were true, that the Ladies were more weak than we are, their Fall would be more excuſable; but I think we are weaker than our Wives, ſince we expect they ſhould pardon us, and not we them. One would think that when a Man had got a Woman into a Matrimonial Nooſe, 'twas enough for her to be wholly his: And by the ſame Reaſon ſhould not the Man be wholly hers? What a Tyranny is this in the Men, to monopolize Infidelity to themſelves?

But if Men will be ſlandering Women, let them ent their Fury againſt thoſe only that are ugly, for at is neither ſlandering nor calumniating, though it a Crime the Ladies will never forgive; for the geerality of them are more jealous of the Reputation f their Beauties, than of their Honours; and ſhe that ants a whole Morning at leaſt to bring her Face to erfection, would be more concern'd to be ſurpriz'd : her *Toilet*, than to be taken in the Arms of a allant.

I am not at all ſurpriz'd at this Notion, for the hief Virtue in the Ladies Catechiſm is, to pleaſe; nd Beauty pleaſes Men more effectually than Wiſdom.)ne Man loves Sweetneſs and Modeſty in a Woman; nother loves a jolly Damſel with Life and Vigour; ut Agreeableneſs and Beauty reliſhes with all human 'alates. A young Woman who has no other Portion han her Hopes of pleaſing, is at a Loſs what Meaſures o take that ſhe may make her Fortune. Is ſhe Simple? We deſpiſe her: Is ſhe Virtuous? We don't like ier Company: Is ſhe a Coquet? We avoid her: Therefore to ſucceed well in the World, 'tis neceſſary that ſhe be Virtuous, Simple, and a Coquet all at once. Simplicity invites us, Coquetry amuſes, and Virtue retains us. 'Tis a hard Matter for a Woman to eſcape the Cenſures of the Men. 'Tis much more ſo to guard themſelves from the Womens Tongues. A Lady that ſets up Virtue, makes her ſelf envied; ſhe that pretends to Gallantry, makes her ſelf deſpiſed; but ſhe that pretends to nothing, eſcapes Contempt and Envy, and ſaves her ſelf between two Reputations. This Management ſurpaſſes the Capacity of a young Woman, ſhe being expoſed to two Temptations: To preſerve themſelves from them, they want the Aſſiſtance of Reaſon; and 'tis their Misfortune that Reaſon comes not in to their Relief, till their Youth and Beauty, and the Danger is gone together. Tell us why ſhould not Reaſon come as ſoon as Beauty, ſince one was made to defend the other? It does not depend upon a Woman to be handſome; the only

only Beauty that all of them might have, and ſome of them, to ſpeak modeſtly, often part with, is *Chaſtity*; but of all Beauties whatſoever, 'tis the eaſieſt to loſe. She that never was yet in Love, is ſo aſham'd of her firſt Weakneſs, that ſhe would by all Means conceal it from herſelf: As for the ſecond, ſhe deſires to conceal it from others; but ſhe does not think it worth the while to conceal the third from any body. When *Chaſtity* is once gone, 'tis no more to be retriev'd than Youth. Thoſe that have loſt their Chaſtities, aſſume an affected one, which is much ſooner provoked than that which is real: Of which we had an Experiment in the cloſe Walk at the Head of *Roſamond's Pond*, where for one poor equivocal Word, a brisk She was ready to tear a Gentleman's Cravat off; who, after a farther Parley, diſcover'd her ſelf to be ſenſible of ſome things which ſhe ought to have been ignorant of, for *Modeſty* Sake. A Lady of this Character was ſitting on the Side of this *Pond* upon the *Graſs*, with her young Siſter newly come out of the Country, to whom a Spark ſitting by, entertain'd her with a Relation of an amorous Adventure between my Lord ——and my Lady *Love it*; but expreſſing himſelf in ſuch obſcene ambiguous Terms, that a Woman that did not know *What* was *What*, could as ſoon fly with a hundred Weight of Lead at her Heels, as tell what to make of it: The more obſcurely the Gentleman told his Story, the more attentively did our young Creature liſten to it, and diſcover'd her Curioſity by ſome ſimple harmleſs Queſtions. The elder of the two Siſters deſirous to let the Gentleman, and others that ſat by him, underſtand that ſhe had more Modeſty than her younger Siſter, cry'd out, *Oh fie, Siſter, fie; can you hear ſuch a wicked Story as this without Bluſhing? Alas, Siſter,* ſays the young Innocency, *I don't yet know what it is to bluſh, or what it is you mean by it.*

The Gentleman ſoon took the Hint, and whiſpering the elder Siſter in the Ear, ſhe immediately ſends home the young ignorant Creature by her Footman,

and tript away Hand in Hand with the Gentleman. Her cunning Management ſhew'd her an experienc'd *Coquet*, who obſerv'd a ſort of *Decorum* to uſher in a greater Liberty.

Every thing is manag'd in good Order, by a Woman that knows her Company, and underſtands her Buſineſs. He that loſes his Money out of Complaiſance, yields place to him who lends the Lady his Coach to take the Air in. The young *Heir* begins where the ruin'd *Cully* ended. He that pays for the Collation, is ſucceeded by another that eats it; and when my *Lord* comes in at the Gate, poor Sir *John* muſt ſcamper out at the Window.

The green Walk afforded us Variety of Diſcourſes from Perſons of both Sexes. Here walk'd a Beau *bare-headed* by a Company of the common Profeſſion in Diſhabile and Night-dreſſes; either for want of Day-Cloaths, or to ſhew they were ready for Buſineſs. Here walk'd a *French* Fop with both his Hands in his Pockets, carrying all his pleated Coat before to ſhew his Silk Breeches. There were a Cluſter of Senators talking of State-Affairs, and the Price of Corn and Cattle, and were diſturb'd with the noiſy *Milk-Folks*, crying, *A Can of Milk, Ladies*; *a Can of red Cow's Milk, Sir*. Here were a Bevy of Buxom Laſſes complaining of the Decay of Trade, and Monopolies; and there viruous Women railing againſt Whores, their Husbands, and Coquetry.

And now being weary of walking ſo long, we repoſed our ſelves upon one of the Benches, and digeſting ſeveral Dialogues between the modeſt Ladies and Coquets made this Obſervation, that tho' the Coquets were deſpiſed by the Generality of *Ladies*, yet they imitate them to a Hair's-bredth in their whole Conduct. They learn of them the *Winning* Air, the *Bewitching* Glance, the *Amorous* Smirk, and the *Sullen* Pout. They *Talk*, and *Dreſs*, and *Patch* like them: They muſt needs go down the Stream. It is the Coquets that invent the new Modes and Expreſſions; every thing is done for them, and by them; though with

with all theſe Advantages, there's a vaſt Difference between them: the *Reputation of virtuous Women* is ſolid, that of *Coquets* is more extended. But I am ſenſible I have made too long a Stay in this Part of my Voyage; a Man always amuſes himſelf longer with the *Women* than he is willing. Well, ſince we are here, let's ſhew our *Indian* the Horſe-Guards, the Country of Gallantry. In our way thither was nothing worth our Obſervation, unleſs 'twas the Bird-Cage inhabited by Wild Fowl; the Ducks begging Charity, the Black-Guard Boys robbing their own Bellies to relieve them, and an *Engliſh Dog-kennel* tranſlated into a *French Eating-Houſe*.

GALLANTRY.

LET's enter this brave Country, and ſee——. But what is there to be ſeen here? Gallantry and Bravery, which was formerly ſo well cultivated, ſo flouriſhing and frequented by many Perſons of Honour is at preſent deſolate, unmanur'd and abandon'd; What a Deſart 'tis become! Alas, I can ſee nothing at all in it but a disbanded Soldier mounted upon a Pedeſtal, ſtanding Centinel over the Ducks and Wild Geeſe, and to prevent an Invaſion by O——'s *Spaniſh Pilgrims*, or *Webſter's Darcinus*.

Why, ſays my *Indian*, *is that a Soldier? He has ne'er a Sword, and is naked.*

I ſuppoſe, reply'd I to the *Indian*, ſince the Peace he has pawn'd his Sword to buy him Food; and for his being naked, who regards it? What ſignifies a *Soldier* in time of *Peace*? Piſh! A Soldier naked, is that ſuch a Wonder? What are they good for elſe but hanging or ſtarving, when we have no Occaſion for them; as has been learnedly determined by the Author of that Original Amuſement, *Arguments againſt a Standing Army*.

Our God and Soldier we alike adore,
Juſt at the brink of Danger, not before;
After Deliv'rance, they're alike requited,
Our God's forgotten, and our Soldier's ſlighted.

Come, this is a Melancholy Country, let's leave amuſing our ſelves about Gallantry and Bravery, and all at once, like Men that have nothing to Do, nor nothing to Have, take a Trip into the Land of Marriage, and ſee Who and Who are together: But firſt, What are theſe Soldiers doing? They look like brave Fellows.

They are (ſays I) drawn up to Prayers, and would be brave Men indeed, if they were half as good at Praying and Fighting, as they are at Curſing and Swearing.

AMUSEMENT VII.

MARRIAGE.

THIS a difficult Task to ſpeak ſo of Marriage, as to pleaſe all People. Thoſe who are Noos'd in the Snare, will thank me for giving a Comical Deſcription of it. The Grand Pox eat this Buffoon, ſays the ſerious wary Husband, if he was in my Place, he would have no more Temptation to *Laugh*, than to break his Neck. If I moralize gravely upon the Inconveniences of Matrimony, thoſe that have a Longing to enter into that Honourable State, will complain that I diſſwade them from ſo charming a Condition. How then ſhall I order my Diſcourſe? For I am in great Perplexity about it.

A certain Painter made a Picture of *Hymen* for a young Lover. *I would have him drawn*, ſays this Paſſionate Gentleman, *with all the Grace your utmoſt Skill can beſtow upon him: Above all remember, that* Hymen *ought to be more beautiful than* Adonis: *You muſt put into his Hands a Flambeau more brilliant than that of* Love. *In ſhort, give him all the Charms that your Imagination and Colours can beſtow. I will pay you for your Picture, according as I find you uſe my Friend* Hymen, The Painter, who was well acquainted with his Gene-

rous

rous Temper, was not wanting, you may be sure, to answer his Expectations, and brought him home the Piece the Evening before he was married. Our young Lover was not at all satisfied with it. *This Figure,* says he, *wants a certain* Gay Air, *it has none of those* Charms *and* Agreements. *As you have painted him, he makes but a very indifferent Appearance, and therefore you shall be but indifferently paid.*

The Painter, who had as much Presence of Mind, as Skill in his Profession, took a Resolution what to do that very Moment: *You are in the right on't, Sir,* said he, *to find fault with my Picture, it is not yet dry: This Face is* soak'd, *and to deal freely with you, the Colours I use in Painting don't appear worth a Farthing at first. I will bring you this* Table *some Months hence, and then you shall pay me, as you find it pleases you: I am confident it will appear quite another thing then,* Sir, your Humble Servant, I have no Occasion for Money.

The Painter carried his Piece home; our young Lover was *married* the next Day, and some Months went over his Head before the Painter appear'd. At last he brings the Picture with him, and our young Husband was surpriz'd when he saw it. *You promised,* says he, *that time wou'd mend your Picture, and you are as good as your Word. Lord, what a Difference there is? I swear I scarce know it now I see it again. I admire to see what a strange effect a few Months have had upon your Colours; But I admire your Ingenuity much more. However, Sir, I must take the Freedom to tell you, That in my Opinion his Looks are somewhat of the* Gayest, *these* Eyes *are too brisk and lively: Then to deal plainly with you, the* Fires *of* Hymen *ought not to be altogether so bright as those of* Love: *for his is a solid but heavy Fire: Besides, the Disposition of your Figure is somewhat too* Free *and* Chearful, *and you have given him a certain Air of Wantonness, which let me tell you, Sir, does not at all sit well upon . . . . . In short, this is none of* Hymen.

Very well, Sir, said the Painter, *what I foresaw is now come to pass.* Hymen *at present is not so beautiful in your Idea, as in my Picture. The Case is mightily alter'd*

from what it was three Months ago. 'Tis not my Picture, but your Imagination that is changed: You were a Lover then, but now a Husband.

I underſtand you very well, ſays the Husband interrupting him, *let us drop that Matter. Your Picture now pleaſes, and here is more Money for it than you could reaſonably have expected. By no means,* ſays the Painter. *you muſt excuſe me there; but I will give you another Picture, wherein by certain* Optick Rules *and Perſpectives, it ſhall be ſo contrived, as it ſhall pleaſe both the* Lovers *and the* Husbands: *And perform'd it accordingly, placing it at the end of a long Gallery, upon a kind of an Alcove; and to come to this Alcove, one muſt firſt paſs over a very ſlippery Step. On this Side of it was the Critical Place, where the Piece look'd ſo lovely and delicious; but as ſoon as you were gone beyond it, it made a moſt lamentable Figure.*

If you underſtand how difficult a thing it is to paint *Matrimony* to the Guſt of all People, pray ſuſpend your Cenſure here, I am going to preſent my Picture, chuſe what Light you pleaſe to view it in. To come back to my travelling Stile, I muſt tell you at firſt daſh, that *Marriage* is a Country that Peoples all others: The *Commonalty* are more fruitful there than the *Nobility*, the Reaſon of which perhaps is, That the Nobility take more delight to ramble Abroad, than to ſtay at Home. *Marriage* has this peculiar Property annext to it, that it can alter the Humours of thoſe that are ſettled in it. It frequently transforms a jolly Fellow into a meer *Sot*, it often melts down a *Beau* into an arrant *Sloven*, and on the other Hand it ſo happens ſometimes, that a *Witty* virtuous Woman will improve a *Dull* heavy Country *Booby* into a Man of Senſe and Gallantry.

People marry for different Motives: Some are led by Portion, and others by Reaſon; the former without knowing what they are going to do, and the latter knowing no more, but that the thing muſt be done. There are Men in the World ſo weary of Quiet and Indolence, that they marry only to divert themſelves. In the firſt place the *Choice* of a Woman employs them, for

for ſome time: Then Viſits and Interviews, Feaſts and Ceremonies; but after the laſt Ceremony is over, they are more tired and weary than ever. How many Hundred married Couples do we ſee, who from the ſecond Year of their coming together, have nothing more in common than their Names, their Quality, their Ill-Humour, and their Miſery. I don't wonder there are ſo many unhappy Matches, ſince Folks marry either wholly of their own Heads, or wholly by thoſe of others. A Man that marries of his own Head, not ſeeing that in his *Spouſe* which all the World ſees in her, is in Danger of ſeeing much more in her than others ever did.

Another that has not Courage enough to truſt his own Judgment, fairly applies himſelf to the next *Match-maker* in the Neighbourhood, who knows to a Tittle the exact Rates of the Market, and the Current Price of young Women that are fit to marry. Theſe Marriage-*Huckſters*, or *Wife-Brokers*, have an admirable Talent to ſort Conditions, Families, Trades and Eſtates: In ſhort, every thing together, except Humours and Inclinations, about which they never trouble themſelves. By the Procurement of theſe experienc'd Matrons, a *Marriage* is ſtruck up like a *Smithfield* Bargain: There is much *Higling* and *Wrangling* for t'other to beat down the Market-price. At laſt, after a World of Words ſpent to a fine purpoſe, they come to a Concluſion.

Others that have no time to truck and bargain ſo, go immediately to a Scriviner's, to find out a *Rich Widow*, as they go to the Office of Intelligence to hearken out a Service. It is not altogether the Match-maker's Fault, if you are deceived in your Woman. She gives you an Account of her *Portion* to a Farthing: You examine nothing but the Articles relating to the *Family* and the *Fortune*; the Woman is left in the Margin of the Inventory, and you find her too much at long run.

After

After all that I have ſaid, I am not afraid to advance this Propoſition; that *'tis poſſible for thoſe that marry to be happy.* But you muſt call it Trucking or Bartering, and not marrying, to take a Woman merely for her Fortune, and reckon her Perfections by the Number of *Pounds* ſhe is like to bring with her. Nor is it to marry, but to pleaſe one's ſelf, to chuſe a Wife as we do a *Tulip*, merely for her Beauty. It is not to marry, but to *doat* at a certain Age, to take a *Young Woman* only for the ſake of her Company. What is it then to be marry'd? Why, 'tis to chuſe with Circumſpection and Deliberation, by Inclination, and not by Intereſt, ſuch a Woman as will chuſe you after the ſame manner.

Beſides other things in common with all the World, the Country of *Marriage* has this Particular to it ſelf; That Strangers have a Deſire to ſettle there, and the Natural Inhabitants wou'd be baniſh'd out of it with all their Hearts. A Man may be baniſh'd out of his Country by certain things call'd *Separation*; but the true Way of getting out of it is by Widowhood, and is much to be preferred before Separation; for the ſeparated are *ſavage* Animals, uncapable of the prettieſt Ties of Society. The uſual Cauſe of Separation is aſſign'd as the Fault of the Wife, but often the Husband is the Occaſion that the Wife is in the Fault; and he himſelf is a Fool to proclaim to the World that his Wife has made a falſe Step.

It will be expected now, that I ſpeak a few Words of Widowhood. 'Tis a copious and fertile Subject, that's certain: But a Man may burn his Fingers by meddling with it. For if I deſcribe them as but little concern'd for the Death of their Husbands, I ſhall offend the Rules of Decency and good Manners, and if I exaggerate their Afflictions, I ſhall offend the Truth. Whatever our Railers pretend to the contrary, I ſay, there's no Widowhood without a ſprinkling of Sorrow in it. Is it not a very ſorrowful Condition to be obliged to counterfeit a perpetual Sorrow? A very doleful Part this, that a Widow muſt play, who would not

not give the World Occaſion to talk of her. There are ſome Widows in the World ſo mightily befriended by Providence, that their Sighs and Tears coſt them nothing. I know one of a contrary Temper to this, who did honeſtly all that in her lay to afflict her ſelf, but Nature it ſeems had denied her the Gift of Tears: She deſir'd to raiſe the Compaſſion of her Husband's Relations, for All depended on them.

One Day her Brother-in-Law, who lamented exceedingly, reproach'd her for not having ſhed one Tear. Alas, reply'd the Widow to him, my poor Heart is ſo overwhelm'd with this unexpected Calamity, that I am as it were become inſenſible by it! Great Sorrows are not felt at firſt; but I am ſure mine will kill me in the End. I know very well, ſaid her Brother-in-Law to her, that Griefs too great don't make themſelves at firſt to be perceived; and I know as well, that violent Griefs don't continue long. Thus Madam, you will be ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, that the Grief of your Widowhood will be paſt before you are aware.

Another Widow was reduced to the laſt Pitch of Deſpair, nor was it without a very ſorrowful Occaſion. She had loſt upon the ſame Day the beſt *Husband*, and the prettieſt little *Lap-Dog* in *London*. This double Widowhood had brought her to ſo low a Condition, that her Friends were afraid of her Life. They durſt not ſpeak to her of Eating and Drinking; nay, they durſt not ſo much as offer to comfort her. 'Tis a dangerous Matter, you know, to combat a Woman's Grief. The beſt way is to let Time and their natural Inconſtancy work it off. However, to accuſtom our Widow by little and little to ſupport the Idea of her two Loſſes, a good Friend ſpoke to her firſt of her *little Dog*. At the bare Name of *Dony* there was ſuch a howling and crying, ſuch tearing of Hair, and beating of Breaſts; in ſhort, ſuch a Noiſe, and ſuch a Pother, that one would have thought Heaven and Earth had been coming together: At laſt ſhe fainted away. Well, ſays this prudent Friend of hers, God be

the Grief of one Man, gives Joy and Satisfaction to his next Neighbour.

The *Grecians* met together in former Times, to ſee their Gladiators ſhew their Valour, that is, to flaſh and kill one another; and this they called Sport; What a curſed Barbarity was this? But are we a Jot inferiour to them in this Reſpect, who chriſten all the Diſorders of *Lanſquenet* by the Name of Gaming; or, to uſe the Gameſters own Expreſſion, where a Parcel of *Sharks* meet, *to bite one anothers Heads off.*

It happened one Day, that my Traveller dropt into a Chocolate-Houſe in *Covent-Garden*, where they were at this noble Recreation; he was wonderfully ſurprized at the Oddneſs of the Sight. Set your ſelf now in the Room of a ſuperſtitious *Indian*, who knows nothing of our Cuſtoms at Play, and you will agree that his Notions, as abſtracted and viſionary as they may ſeem, have ſome Foundations in Truth. I preſent you here with his own Expreſſions as I found them ſet down in a Letter which he ſent into his own Country.

The Fragments of an Indian *Letter.*

THE *Engliſh* pretend, that they worſhip but one God, but for my Part I don't believe what they ſay: For beſides ſeveral living Divinities, to which we may ſee them daily offer their Vows, they have ſeveral other inanimate ones to whom they pay Sacrifices, as I have obſerved at one of their publick Meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this Place there is a great Altar to be ſeen, built round and covered with a green *Wachum*, lighted in the midſt, and encompaſſed by ſeveral Perſons, in a ſitting Poſture, as we do at our domeſtick Sacrifices. At the very Moment I came into the Room, one of thoſe, who I ſuppoſed was the *Prieſt*, ſpread upon the Altar certain Leaves which he took out of a little Book that he held in his Hand. Upon theſe Leaves were repreſented certain Figures very awkardly painted; however, they muſt needs be the Images of ſome Divini-

Divinities, for, in Proportion as they were diſtributed round, each one of the Aſſiſtants made an Offering to it, greater or leſs, according to his Devotion. I obſerved that theſe Offerings were more conſiderable than thoſe they make in their other Temples.

After the aforeſaid Ceremony is over, the Prieſt lays his Hand in a trembling Manner, as it were, upon the reſt of the Book, and continues ſometime in this Poſture ſeiz'd with Fear, and without any Action at all: All the reſt of the Company attentive to what he does, are in Suſpenſe all the while, and the unmoveable Aſſiſtants are all of them in their Turn poſſeſt by Different Agitations, according to the *Spirit* which happens to ſeize them: One joins his Hands together, and *bleſſes Heaven*, another very earneſtly looking upon his Image, *Grinds his Teeth*, a third *Bites his Fingers, and ſtamps upon the Ground with his Feet*. Every one of them, in ſhort, make ſuch extraordinary Poſtures and Contortions, that they ſeem to be no longer Rational Creatures. But ſcarce has the Prieſt returned a certain Leaf, but he is likewiſe ſeiz'd by the ſame Fury with the reſt. *He tears the Book, and devours it in his Rage, throws down the Altar, and curſes the Sacrifice.* Nothing now is to be heard but *Complaints* and *Groans*, *Cries* and *Imprecations*. Seeing them ſo tranſported, and ſo furious, I judge that the God that they worſhip is a jealous Deity, who to puniſh them for what they ſacrifice to others, ſends to each of them an evil *Dæmon* to poſſeſs him.

I have thus ſhewed you what Judgment an *Indian* would be apt to paſs upon the Tranſports he finds in our Gameſters. What wou'd he not have thought then if he had ſeen any of our *Gaming Ladies* there? 'Tis certain that Love it ſelf, as exttavagant as it is, never occaſion'd ſo many Diſorders among the Women as the unaccountable Madneſs of *Gaming*. How come they to abandon themſelves thus to a Paſſion that diſcompoſes their Minds, their Healths, their Beauty, that ruines ——— What was I going to ſay? But this Picture does not ſhew them to Advantage, let us draw a Curtain over it.

Is

In ſome Places they call Gaming-Houſes *Academies*; but I know not why they ſhould inherit that honourable Name, ſince there's nothing to be learn'd there, unleſs it be *Slight of Hand*, which is ſometimes at the Expence of all our Money, to get that of other Mens by Fraud and Cunning. The Perſons that meet are generally Men of an *Infamous* Character, and are in various Shapes, Habits, and Employments. Sometimes they are Squires of the *Pad*, and now and then borrow a little Money upon the *Kings High-Way*, to recruit their Loſſes at the *Gaming-Houſe*, and when a Hue-and-Cry is out, to apprehend them, they are as ſafe in one of theſe Houſes as a *Prieſt* at the *Altar*, and practiſe the old Trade of *Croſs-biting-Cullies*, aſſiſting the Frail *ſquare Dye* with high and low *Fullums*, and other *Napping* Tricks, in Compariſon of whom the common Bulkers, and Pick Pockets are a very honeſt Society. How unaccountable is this way to *Beggary*, that when a Man has but a little Money, and knows not where in the World to compaſs any more, unleſs by hazarding his *Neck* for't, will try an Experiment to leave himſelf none at all; or, he that has Money of his own, ſhould play the Fool, and try whether it ſhall not be another Man's? Was ever any thing ſo nonſenſically pleaſant? One idle Day I ventur'd into one of theſe *Gaming-Houſes*, where I found an *Oglio of Rakes* of ſeveral Humours and Conditions met together. Some that had left them never a Penny to bleſs their Heads with. One that had play'd away even his Shirt and Cravat, and all his Clothes but his Breeches, ſtood ſhivering in a Corner of the Room, and another comforting him, and ſaying, *Damme* Jack, who ever thought to ſee thee in a State of Innoceney: Cheer up, Nakedneſs is the beſt Receipt in the World againſt a Fever; and then fell a ranting, as if Hell had broke looſe that very Moment. What the Devil have we here to do, ſays my *Indian*, does it rain Oaths and Curſes in this Country? I ſee Gameſters are Shipwrackt before they come to underſtand their Danger, and loſe their *Clothes* before they have paid their *Taylors*. They ſhould

should go to School in my Country to learn Sobriety and Virtue. I told him, instead of *Academies*, these Places should be call'd *Cheating-Houses*: Whereupon a Bully of the *Blade* came strutting up to my very Nose, in such a Fury, that I would willingly have given half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition, crying out, Split my Windpipe, Sir, you are a Fool, and don't understand *Trap*, the whole World's a Cheat.

The *Play-House* cheats you of your Time, and the *Tradesmen* of your Money, without giving you either Sense or Reason for't. The *Attorney* picks your Pocket, and gives you *Law* for't; the *Whore* picks your Purse, and gives you the *Pox* for't; and the *Poet* picks your Pocket, and gives you nothing for't. *Lovers* cozen you with their *Eyes*, *Orators* with their *Tongues*, the *Valiant* with their *Arms*, *Fidlers* with their *Fingers*, *Surgeons* with *Wooden Legs*, and *Coursiers* and *Singsters* empty your Pockets, and give you *Breath* and *Air* for it: And why should not we recruit by the same Methods that have ruin'd us.

Our Friends, continued he, give us good Advice, and would fain draw us off from the Course we are in, but all to no purpose: We ask them what they would have us do? Money we have none, and without it there is no Living: Should we stay till it were brought, or come alone? How would you have a poor *Individuum Vagum* live, that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him, and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a *Tavern*, a *Bawdy-House*, or a *Gaming-Ordinary*? No, we are the Men, says he, that Providence has appointed to live by our Wits, and will not want while there is Money above Ground. *Happy Man catch a Mackeril.* Let the worst come to th' worst, a *Wry* Mouth on the Triple Tree puts an end to all Discourse about us. From the Gaming-House we took our Walk through the Streets, and the first Amusements we encountred, were the Variety and contradictory Language of the *Signs*, enough to perswade a Man there were no Rules of Concord among the Citizens. Here we saw *Joseph's* Dream,

Dream, the *Bull* and *Month*, the *Hen* and *Razor*, the *Ax* and *Bottle*, the *Whale* and *Crow*, the *Shovel* and *Boot*, the *Leg* and *Star*, the *Bible* and *Swan*, the *Frying-Pan* and *Drum*, the *Lute* and *Tun*, the *Hog* in *Armour*, and a Thouſand others, that the wiſe Men that put them there can give no Reaſon for.

Here walk'd a Fellow with a long white Rod on his Shoulder, that's aſham'd to cry his Trade, though he gets his Living by it; another bawling out *Todd*'s Four Volumes in Print, which a Man in reading of wou'd wonder that ſo much *Venom* ſhould not tear him to Pieces, but that ſome of the ancient Moraliſts have obſerved, that the rankeſt *Poyſon* may be kept in an *Aſſes* Hoof, or a *Fool*'s Boſom. Some ſay, the firſt Word he ſpoke was *Raſcal*, and that if he lives to have Children, they will all ſpeak the ſame Dialect, and have a natural Antipathy of *Eggs*, becauſe their Father was palted with hundreds of 'em, when he was dignified on the Pillory.

Other Amuſements preſented themſelves as thick as Hops, as *Moſes* pictur'd with *Horns* on his Head, to keep *Cheapſide* in Countenance. The Sign of the *Three Nuns* very diſmally painted, to keep up young Womens Antipathy to Popery and Maidenheads. Here ſat a Fellow ſelling *little Balls* to take the Stains out of the Citizens Wives Petticoats, that ſhould have been as big as *Foot-Balls*, if applied to that Purpoſe. Under that Bulk was a *Projector* clicking off his *Swimming Girdles*, to keep up Merchants Credit from ſinking. A pretty *Engine* to preſerve Bankers and Inſurers from breaking, and prevent publiſhing it in the *Gazette*, when they are broke, that they will pay all their Debts as far as it may ſtand with their Convenience. In that Shop was an indebted Lord talking of his *Honour*, and a Tradeſman of his *Honeſty*, things that every Man has; and every thing is in ſome Diſguiſe or other; but duly conſider'd, there are ſcarce any ſuch things in the World, unleſs among Pawn-Brokers, Stockjobbers, and Horſe-Courſers; ſo that the *Lord* and the *Tradeſman* were diſcourſing about nothing; and

and ſignified no more than the Parſon's Preaching againſt *Coveteouſneſs* to the maim'd, blind, and ſuperannuated Soldiers in *Chelſea-College*, nor Dr. *Salmon*'s preſcribing *Cow-Heels* to a married Couple, as a conglutinating Aliment. But there the *Weaver* had the Aſcendant of the *Doctor*.

As we paſs'd along, I could not forbear looking into ſome of the Shops to ſee how the Owners employed themſelves in the Abſence of Cuſtomers, and in a Barber's Shop I ſaw a *Beau* ſo overladen with Wig, that there was no Difference between his Head, and the Wooden one that ſtood in the Window. The Fop, it ſeems, was newly come to his Eſtate, though not to the Years of Diſcretion, and was ſinging the Song, *Happy is the Child whoſe Father is gone to the Devil*; and the Barber all the while keeping Time on his Cittern; for you know a Cittern and a Barber is as natural as Milk to a Calf, or the Bears to be attended by a Bagpiper.

In the Scrivener's Shop I ſaw a Company of *Sparks* that were Selling their Wives and their Portions, and purchaſing Annuities; and old *Ten-in-the Hundred* Fathers damning themſelves to raiſe their Poſterities.

In the Tobacconiſts Shop Men were ſneezing and ſpauling as if they were all clapt, and under a Salivation for the Cure on't: They that ſmoak'd it were perſecuting others to follow their Example; and they that ſnuff'd it up in Powder, were drawing on themſelves the Incommodities of Old Age, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of Rheum and Drivel.

Purſuing my Voyage through the City, and caſting a Leer into the Shops of the rich *Drapers*, *Mercers* and *Lacemen*, I ſaw them haunted by many People in Want, eſpecially young *Heirs* newly at Age, and *Spendthrifts* that come to borrow Money of them. *Alas*, ſaid the Traders, *Times are dead, and little Money ſtirring; all we can do, is to furniſh you with what the Shop affords; and if a Hundred Pounds or Two in Commodities will do you any good, they are at your Service.* Theſe the Gallants take up at an exceſſive Rate, to ſell imme-

immediately for what they can get, and the Trader has his Friend to take them off Underhand at a Third Part of the Value, by way of helping Men in Diſtreſs. Theſe are they that inveigle unthinking Animals into all Sorts of extravagant Expences, and ruin them inſenſibly, under Colour of *Kindneſs* and *Credit*; for they ſet every thing at double the Value, and if you keep not Touch at the Day, your Perſons are impriſon'd, your Goods ſeized, and your Eſtates extended; and they that help'd to make you *Princes* before, are now the forward'ſt to put you in the Condition of *Beggars*.

Among other *Amuſements*, let us ſpeak a Word or two of *Lombard-ſtreet*, where *Luxury* ſeems to carry us to *Peru*, where you behold their Magazines, Ingots of Gold and Silver as big as Pigs of Lead; and your Ladies, after they have travell'd thither with ſome liberal Interloper, carry Home with them more than their *Husbands* are worth, and drag at their long Tails, the whole Subſtance of a Herd of Creditors. Here are Jewels and Pearls, Rubies and Diamonds, Broad-pieces, Guineas, *Lewis d'Or's*, Crown-pieces, and Dollars without Number: Nay, in ſome of their Shops is nothing to be ſeen or ſold but great Heaps of Money, that would tempt a Man to think the whole *Indies* were emptied into one ſingle Shop, 'tis ſo full of Gold and Silver; and yet it often happens, that he who is poſſeſt of this vaſt Treaſure is not worth a Braſs Farthing; to Day his Compter bends under the Weight of Caſh, and to Morrow the Shop is ſhut up, and you hear no more of our Goldſmith, till you find him in a *Gazette*, tore to Pieces by a Statute of Bankrupt, and he and his Creditors made a Prey by a Parcel of devouring Vermin call'd *Commiſſioners*.

The Neighbouring Country is *Stocks-Market*, where you ſee a large Garden pav'd with *Pebble-Stones* in all the Beds and Alleys, indifferently open to all Comers and Goers, and yet bears as good Herbs, Fruits and Flowers, as any in the World: Here is *Winter* dreſs'd in the Livery of *Summer*; every Day a Crop is ga-

gher'd, and every Night are ſtock'd up in Baskets till the next Day's Sun does open them.

About the Garden great Numbers of Nymphs reſide, who each of them live in their reſpective Tubs; they have not only that in common with *Diogenes*, but, like that Philoſopher alſo, they ſpeak out freely to the firſt Comer whatever comes uppermoſt. A farther Deſcription I would give you of their Parts and Perſons, only I cannot endure the Smell of the *Sergeants* at the *Compter-gate*, who ſtink worſe than *Aſſa fœtida*, and would poiſon the Country, if *this* pleaſant Garden was not an *Antidote* againſt their *Infection*: And therefore I'll go back again into the *Country* of

COFFEE-HOUSES.

WHere being arriv'd, I'm in a Wood, there are ſo many of them, I know not which to enter: Stay, let me ſee, where the Sign is painted with a *Woman's Hand in't*, 'tis a Bawdy-houſe; where a *Man's*, it has another Qualification; but where it has a *Star* in the Sign, 'tis calculated for every lewd Purpoſe.

Every Coffee-houſe is illuminated both without and within Doors; without by a fine Glaſs Lanthorn, and within by a Woman ſo light and ſplendid, you may ſee through her without the help of a Perſpective. At the Bar the good Man always places a charming *Phillis* or two, who invite you by their Amorous Glances into their ſmoaky Territories, to the Loſs of your Sight. This is the Place where ſeveral *Knights Errant* come to ſeat themſelves at the ſame Table, without knowing one another, and yet talk as familiarly together as if they had been of many Years Acquaintance: They have ſcarce look'd about them, when a certain Liquor as black as Soot is handed to them, which being foppiſhly fum'd into their Noſes, Eyes and Ears, has the Virtue to make them talk and prattle together of every thing but what they ſhould do; Now they tell their ſeveral Adventures by Sea

and

and Land; how they conquer'd the Giant, were overcome by the Lady, and bought a Pair of wax'd Boots at *Northampton* to go a Wooing in. One was commending his *Wife*, another his *Horſe*, and the third ſaid he had the beſt *ſmoak'd Beef* in *Chriſtendom*. Some were diſcourſing of all Sorts of Government, *Monarchical*, *Ariſtocratical*, and *Democratical*; ſome about the Choice of *Mayors*, *Sheriffs* and *Aldermen*; and others of the tranſcendant Vertues of *Vinegar*, *Pepper* and *Muſtard*. In ſhort, I thought the whole *Room* was a perfect Reſemblance of *Dover Court*, where *all ſpeak*, but *no Body heard* or anſwer'd.

To the Charms of *Coffee* the wiſer Sort join'd *Spirit of Clary*, *Uſquebaugh*, and *Brandy*, which compleatly enchants the Knights: By the Force of theſe *Soporiferous Enchantments*, you ſhall find one ſnoaring heartily on a *Bench*, another makes Love to beautiful *Phillis* at the Bar, and the third as valiant as *Orlando Furioſo*, goes to ſignalize his Valour in ſcouring the Streets.

I ſhould never have done, if I ſhould attempt to run through all the ſeveral Countries within the Walls of *London*, as the *Long Robe*, the *Sword*, the *Treaſury*. Every State, in brief, is like a ſeparate Country by it ſelf, and has its particular Manners and Gibberiſh. Here you may view the fruitful Country of *Trade*, that has turn'd Leather Breeches into Gold Chains, blue Aprons into Furr Gowns, a Kitchin-ſtuff-tub into a gilded Chariot, a Dray-Man into a Knight, and Noblemens Palaces into Shops and Warehouſes. Here is alſo the barren Country of the *Philoſopher's Stone*, inhabited by none but Cheats in the Operation, Beggars in the Concluſion, and now is become almoſt deſolate, till another Age of *Fools* and *Knaves* do people it. To this may be added the *cold Country* of the *Newſmongers*, that report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and ſwear more than they believe, who rob one another, and lie in *Sheets* for want of a *Coverlid*. The *hot Country* of the *Diſputers* that quarrel and raiſe a Duſt about nothing. The *level Country* of bad *Poets* and Presbyterian *Parſons*, one of which

which is maintain'd by a good Stock of *Confidence*, and the other by *Flattery* and *Canting*. The *desart uninhabited Country* of *Virtuous Women*. The *Conquer'd Country* of *Coquets*, and an infinite Number of others; not to reckon the *Loſt Country* inhabited by Strollers, who aim at nothing but to lead others out of their Way: They are of eaſy Acceſs, but 'tis dangerous to traffick with them. Some of them have the Art to pleaſe without Managment, and to love without Loving.

But how have I forgot my own *dear Country*, that is conſecrated to *Bacchus*, that abounds with *Nectar*, the Wonder-working Liquor of the World, that makes a *Poet* a *Prince* in his own Conceit, a *Coward* valiant, and a *Beggar* as rich as an *Alderman*. Here I live at Eaſe, and in Plenty, ſwagger and carouſe, quarrel with the *Maſter*, fight the *Drawer*, and never trouble my ſelf about paying the *Reckoning*, for one Fool or other pays it for me: A *Poet* that has Wit in his Head never carries Money in his Breeches, for fear of creating a new *Amuſement*.

In *Leiceſter-fields* I ſaw a *Mountebank* on the Stage, with a Congregation of Fools about him, who, like a Maſter in the Faculty of *Lying*, gave them a Hiſtory of his Cures, beyond all the Plays and Farces in the World: He told them of Fifteen Perſons that were run clear through the Body, and glad to carry their Puddings in their Hands for a matter of three Days together, but in four and twenty Hours he made them as whole as Fiſhes, and not ſo much as a Scar for the Remembrance of the Orifice. If a Man has been ſo bold as to ask him *when* and *where*, his Anſwer would have been ready without ſtudying, that it was ſome twelve Hundred Leagues off, in *Terra incognita*, by the Token that at the ſame time he was Phyſician in Ordinary to a great Prince, who died about five and twenty Years ago; and yet the *Quack* was not forty.

All theſe Subjects, tho' very amuſing, were not equally edifying, and therefore in my Voyage towards the City, I call'd in at a *Quaker's Meeting*, where a Fellow

was talking *Nonſenſe* as confidently as if he had got a Patent for it, and confirm'd the Popiſh Maxim, that *Ignorance was the Mother of Devotion.* The Women were the oddeſt Creatures in the World, neither Fiſh nor Fleſh, but like *Frogs*, only their lower Part were Man's Meat.

From thence I ſail'd into a *Presbyterian Meeting* near *Covent-Garden*, where the vociferous *Holder-forth* was as bold and ſawcy, as if the Deity, and all Mankind, had ow'd him Money. He was ſhewing the way *to be rich when Taxes riſe and Trading falls*, and deſcanting upon all Humours and Manners: *He* (ſays the Tubſter) *that would be rich according to the Practice of this wicked Age, muſt play the Thief or the Cheat; he that would riſe in the World, muſt turn* Paraſite *or* Projector; *he that marries, ventures for the Horn, either before or afterwards: There is no Valour like Swearing, Quarrelling or Hectoring: If you are poor, no body owns you; if rich, you'll know no body: If you die young, what Pity 'twas, they'll ſay, that he ſhould be cut off in his Prime? If old, he was e'en paſt his beſt, there's no great miſs of him: If you are religious, and frequent Meetings, the World will ſay you are a* Hypocrite: *And if you go to Church, and don't make a liberal Contribution to us, we ſay you are a Papiſt.* To which I make bold to add, if you are gay and pleaſant, you paſs for a Buffoon; and if penſive and reſerv'd, you are taken to be ſowre and cenſorious. Courteſy is call'd colloguing and currying Favour; downright Honeſty and Plain-dealing is interpreted to be Pride and ill Manners. And ſo I took my Leave of Dr. ——, and peep'd into a fine *Church* in my way to *Fleet-ſtreet*, where a huge double belly'd Doctor was ſo full of his *Doubtleſſes*, that he left no room for one Grain of *Scepticiſm*, and made me ſo perfect a *Dogmatiſt*, that I made theſe innocent Reflections: The Doctor does not love butter'd Buns, *Doubtleſs*, he is glad his firſt *Lady Wife* is under Ground, for he married again within two Months after her Death; *Doubtleſs*, he is carnally inclin'd, he has got his ſecond Wife with Child; *Doubtleſs*, a Man of his ſanguine

Appea-

Appearance had no Body to help him: He is very fat, *Doubtleſs*, he is rich; he looks very grum and ſurly, *Doubtleſs*, he is not the beſt humour'd Man in the World. But I ſoon gave over theſe *Remarks*, for being a Stranger to his Worſhip, *Doubtleſs*, I might have been ſometimes in the right, and *Doubtleſs*, I ſhould ſometimes have been in the wrong; and therefore I remov'd my Corps to *another Church* in my Road to *London*.

Here, before Sermon began, the Clerk (in a ſlit Stick contriv'd for that Purpoſe) handed up to the Desk a Number of Prayer-Bills, containing the humble Petition of divers Devotees, for a Supply of what they wanted, and the Removal of their Afflictions. One was a Bill from a *Courtier*, that having a good Poſt, deſir'd he might keep it for his Life, without being call'd to account for *Neglect* or *Miſmanagement*; and that he might continue God's *Servant in Ordinary*, and the King's *Special* Favourite. A young *Virgin*, apprehenſive of her Wants and Weakneſſes, being about to enter into the Holy State of Matrimony, pray'd for proportionable *Gifts* and *Graces*, to enable her for ſuch an *Undertaking*.

Some pray'd for good Matches for their *Daughters*, and good Offices for their *Sons*; others begg'd Children for themſelves; and ſure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will be ſo civil as to take them home when they are given him.

Now came Abundance of *Bills* from ſuch as were going Voyages to Sea, and others that were taking long Journeys by Land; both praying for the Gift of Chaſtity for their *Wives*, and Fidelity for their *Prentices*, till they ſhould return again. Then the Bills of Complaint coming in thick and threefold, *Humbly ſhewing*, that many Citizens Wives had hard Hearts, and artful *Husbands*, and diſobedient Children, which they heartily pray'd to be quit of; I diſcharg'd my Ears from their Attendance on ſo melancholy a Subject, and employed my Eyes on the Variety of *Diverting Faces* in the Gallery.

Where you might ſee in one *Pew* a Covey of handſom, buxom *Bona Robas* with high Heads, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* of Ornament and Dreſs about them, as merry as Hawks in a Mew, as *Airy* as their *Fauns*, and as light as a *Beau's* Head, or his *Feather*.

In another *Pew* was a Neſt of ſuch hard-favour'd *She's*, that you would have bleſt your ſelf. Some with their Faces ſo pounced and ſpeckled, as if they had been *ſcarified*, and newly paſs'd the *Cupping-Glaſs*; with a world of little Plaiſters, *large*, *round*, *ſquare*, and briefly cut out into ſuch Variety, that it would have poſed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure. They employ'd themſelves while the Bills were reading about ——— Huſh, huſh.

The *Wou'd be Biſhop* is beginning, and 'tis a Sign of a *Clown*, as well as an *Atheiſt*, *Ludere cum Sanctis*; for though I expoſe the Foppery of Perſons, I have a great Veneration for Holy Offices. Our *Doctor*, I grant it, has ſome of the Qualifications of an *All-Souls* Candidate, *Bene Veſtiti & Mediocriter Docti*; and in good earneſt fills a Pulpit very well, but that he ſo often hauls in his *Common-Place Book* by Neck and Shoulders, that he cloys his Auditors with that unpalatable *Ragouſt*, call'd in Latin, *Cramben bis cotſum*, and in plain Engliſh, *Twice-boil'd Cabbage*; for having in every Harangue, let the Subject be what it will, marſhal'd his Diſcourſe by the help of the *Warlike* Joſephus, *and by the Aſſiſtance of the Learned* Grotius, *and Pious* Dr. Hammond, *our own Countryman*, *puzzled* Aquinas, *confuted* Bellarmin, *and baffled* Origen, *paſs we on* (ſays he) *to the next thing as conſiderable*.

The *Clark* is ſuch an affected C. C. C———, that he ſings out of Tune, repeats out of Order, and does nothing as he ſhould do: For inſtead of ſaying *Amen*, he ſcreams out, *A Main*, which had like to have put me into a confounded Fit of Laughter; for a Spark who had been over Night at 7 or 11, falling aſleep

in

in the Church, and being awaked by the Noiſe of *A Main*, he ſtarts up, and cries out aloud, *I'll ſet you Half a Crown.*

Crowding to get out to breathe my Spleen at this Adventure, I put the *Bilk* upon a *Pick-Pocket*; who meaſuring my Eſtate by the Length and Bulkineſs of my *new Wig, which (God knows) is not paid for*, he made a Dive into my Pocket, but encountring a Diſappointment, rubb'd off, curſing the *Vacuum*; and I as heartily laughing at his Folly, that could think a *Poet* ever went to Church when he had Money to go to a Tavern. *Poets* are better principl'd than to hoard up *Treaſh*; and could they as well ſecure themſelves from the *Fleſh* and the *Devil*, as they do from the World, there would not be a Hairs-bredth betwixt them and Heaven. This Pains-taker of a Divine has ſome time ſince, I hear, been oblig'd to his kind Pariſhoners, for letting him make a ſure Cure of his Care of Souls, by pulling down that. Church he gave ſuch Inſtances of preternatural Endowments in, and have *rebuilt* it to *pull it down* again, or one of the Churchwardens does not talk ſo much like an Apothecary as he's reported to do, the 'other takes as much Care of other People's Money, as he does of his own. But Talk is but Talk, and the Gentlemen of the Veſtry would never ſhew their own Heads to be heavier than their Bodies, by building a greater Superſtructure to that of the Church, than its Foundations will bear: Tho' *W——K——* to be ſure knows more of the Matter than Sir *Chriſtopher Wren*, and the Bookſellers thereabouts will have more than ſufficient Amends made for the Coſt they will be at in beautifying the Doctor's Church and Pulpit, would his Reverence oblige them with the Copies of his elaborate Sermons.

After ſo learned a Diſcourſe, I could digeſt nothing under the *D——* of St. *P——*'s, and over I went to the Temple-Church, but who ſhould be a laying down new Schemes of Church-Government but *W—— K—— D. D.* he had learnt to flatter Archbiſhops and other

great Men, from his Pedantick Tranſlation of *Pliny's* fulſom Panegyrick, and was *drawing* forth his Words at full length, in order to draw himſelf into ſome Church Preferment; tho' in my Opinion, it was very improper, that a Man that had written contrary to the Canons of the Church, and the municipal Laws of the Kingdom, ſhould be perch'd up in a Pulpit to give Inſtructions to thoſe Gentlemen whoſe Abilities would be too hard for his Ignorance. But Dr. *Atterbury* has handled him with that Dexterity, as to have Occaſion for no one elſe to expoſe his Weakneſs, and if he muſt have other Preferment before he flings him upon his Back, he may reſt contented with his Arch-Deaconry and Curacy. Now I croſs'd the way to a *Bookſeller's*, in Hopes to get a Dinner and a Bottle, but the ſtingy Cur popt me off with a Diſh of Coffee, and the old Talk, that Trading was dead, that they ſuffer'd for other Mens Works as well as there own; and in ſhort, finding not a *Penny* to be ſcrew'd out of the *Prig*, I purſued my Voyage to the City; but it happening to rain, to ſhelter my ſelf from it, I ran my Face into

A HERALD's *Office.*

HERE was a confounded Noiſe of Deſcents, Pedigrees, Genealogies, Coats of Arms, Bearings, Additions, Abatements, and a deal of that inſignificant Jargon. While I was liſtening to this *Gibberiſh*, in comes a Fellow with Roll of Parchment in his Hand to be made a *Gentleman*, and to have a Coat of Arms finely painted to hang up in his *Dining-Room* till his Wife died, and then to be tranſported on the Outſide and Front of the Houſe, to invite a rich Widow to marry him.

My *Father*, ſays he, has bore Arms for his *Majeſty* in many honourable Occaſions of *Watching* and *Warding*, and has made many a *Tall Fellow* ſpeak to the Conſtable at all Hours of the Night. My *Uncle* was the firſt Man that ever was of the Honourable *Order* of the *Black*

Black Guard: And we have had five brave Commanders of our Family, by my Father's Side, that have ſerv'd the *State* in the Quality of *Marſhal's Men*, and *Thief-Takers*, and gave his Majeſty a fair Account of all the *Priſoners* that were taken by them. And by *Mother's Side*, it will not be denied, but that I am honourably deſcended; for my *Grandmother* was never without a dozen Chambermaids and Nurſes in Family. Her Husband wore a Sword by his Place, for he was *Deputy-Marſhal*; and to prove my ſelf a Man of *Honour*, I have here a Teſtimonial in my Hand, in Black and White; and in my Pocket brave *Yellow-Boys*, to pay for a Coat of Arms: Which being produc'd and finger'd by the Herald, he immediately aſſign'd him a *Coat*, *viz.* A *Gibbet* erect, with a Wing volant, a Ladder aſcendant, a Rope pendant, and a *Marſhal's-Man* ſwinging at the End on't.

I am ſcandaliz'd, ſays my *Indian*, at your Cuſtom in *London*, in making every ſawcy *Jack* a Gentleman. And why are you not as well offended, reply'd I to my *Indian*, to hear almoſt every Gentleman call one another *Jack*, *Tom*, and *Harry*. They firſt dropt the Diſtinction proper to Men of *Quality*, and Scoundrels took it up and beſtow'd it upon themſelves; and hence it is that a *Gentleman* is ſunk into plain *Jack*, and *Jack* is rais'd into a *Gentleman*.

In Days of *Yore*, a Man of *Honour* was more diſtinguiſhable by his *Generoſity* and *Affability*, than by his *Lac'd Liveries*; but too many of them having degenerated into the Vices of the vulgar Fry. Honour is grown contemptible, the Reſpect that is due to their *Births* is loſt in a *Savage* Management, and is now aſſum'd by every Scoundrel.

The Cobler is affronted, if you don't call him Mr. *Tranſlator*; the Groom names himſelf *Gentleman of the Horſe*, and the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes himſelf *one of his Majeſty's Officers*. The Page calls himſelf *a Child of Honour*, and the Foot-boy ſtiles himſelf my *Lady's Page*. Every little *Naſty Whore* takes upon her the Title of *Lady*, and every *impudent*

broken mouth'd Manteau-maker, muſt be called *Madame Theodoſia Br*———Every Dunce of a *Quack* is call'd a *Phyſician*. Every Gown-Man a *Counſellor*. Every ſilly Huff a *Captain*. Every *Gay* thing a *Chevalier*. Every Pariſh Reader a *Doctor*: And every *Writing Clerk* in the Office, Mr. *Secretary*: Which is all but Hypocriſy and Knavery in Diſguiſe; for nothing is now call'd by its right Name. The Heralds I ſee have but little to do, Honour and Arms which us'd to employ all Men of Birth and Parts, being now almoſt dwindled into an Airy Nothing: Let us then go and ſee how the World wags in the City Circle.

AMUSEMENT. IX.

The City Circle.

I Have given my Traveller Walking enough from Country to Country, let us ſave him the Trouble now of beating the Hoof, and ſhew him the reſt of the World as he ſits in his Chair.

To be acquainted with all the different Characters of it, it will be ſufficient for him to frequent certain numerous Aſſemblies, a ſort of a *City Circle*; they are ſet up in Imitation of the Circle at Court.

The Circle in Foreign Courts is a grave Aſſembly, but ill ſeated, upon low Stools ſet in a Round. Here all Women talk and none of them liſten. Here they make a Pother about nothing. Here they decide all things, and their moſt diverſified Converſations are a ſort of Roundelays, that end either in Artificial Slanders, or groſs Flattery; but this being in no wiſe applicable to the *Engliſh* Court, I ſhall wave a farther Deſcription of it, and come to

The City Ladies Viſiting-day.

WHich is a familiar Aſſembly, or a general Council of the fair and charming Sex, where all the

the important Affairs of their Neighbours are largely diſcuſs'd, but judg'd in an arbitrary Manner, without hearing the Parties ſpeak for themſelves. Nothing comes amiſs to theſe Tribunals; Matters of high and no Conſequence, as *Religion* and *Cuckoldom*, *Commodes* and *Sermons*, *Politicks* and *Gallantry*, *Receipts of Cookery* and *Scandal*, *Coquetry* and *Preſerving*, *Jilting* and *Laundry*; in ſhort, every thing is ſubject to the Juriſdiction of this Court, and no Appeal lies from it. The Coach ſtops at the *Goldſmith*'s or *Mercer*'s Door, and off leaps Mr. *Skipkennel* from behind it, and makes his Addreſs to the Book-keeper or Prentice, and asks if his Lady (for that is always the Name of the Miſtreſs) receives any Viſits that Day or no: Some Stay muſt be made till the Woman above Stairs ſends down her Anſwer, and then the Pink of Courteſy is receiv'd at the Top of the Stairs, like King *James* by the *French* King, and handed to her Stool of Diſcourſe.

My dear Lady, 'tis an Honour to give me your Company after ſo obliging a Manner, is the firſt Word that drops from her the Viſit is paid to, and *I ſhould never have forgiven that Uneaſineſs of Mind which muſt have been the Conſequence of it, had I any longer forbore paying my Reſpects to my dear Lady Tattle*, is of Courſe the Anſwer to it. *Lord, Madam! Did you hear the News of the Misfortune that befel Mrs. ſuch a one's Husband? Never believe me again, if that old filthy Sot ſhe was married to for the ſake of his Money, has not had a Statute of Bankrupt taken out againſt him*; *but Alderman* Vanity's *Lady had the moſt inſupportable Accident that befel her, which it's poſſible to think of: Let me never go a viſiting again, if her Coach did not overturn juſt againſt the* Royal Exchange, *in full Change time, and expos'd what her Ladyſhip had, a foul Smock and a dirty Skin, to the whole Company. I could never have outliv'd the Diſgrace, nor have ſuffer'd my ſelf to be ſeen in publick, but her Ladyſhip is of another ſort of Complexion, than I carry about me. I ſuppoſe you are no Stranger to her making a Bedfellow of that filthy Fellow her Groom, or the Converſation*

ſation Mr. Alderman turn'd away his Coachman for: But Heavens forbid I ſhould expoſe her, &c.

Thus they take a ſup of *Tea*, then for a Draught or two of *Scandal* to digeſt it, next let it be *Ratafia* or any other Favourite Liquor, *Scandal* muſt be the After-Draught, to make it ſit eaſy on their Stomach, till the half Hour's paſt, and they have disburthen'd themſelves of their Secrets, and take Coach for ſome other Place, to collect new Matter for Defamation.

A venerable old Gentlewoman, call'd Madam *Whimſey*, whoſe Relations are diſpers'd into all Corners of the Earth, is a Preſident of this Board; ſhe is lineally deſcended from the *Maggots* of the *South*, an illuſtrious and ancient Family, that were a Branch of the *Wag-tails* of the *Eaſt*, who boaſt themſelves deſcended in a right Line from Madam *Eve*. Here are to be found as many different Opinions as there are Heads in the Room. The ſame Judge is ſometimes ſevere, and ſometimes indulgent, ſometimes grave, and ſometimes trifling, and they talk exactly there as I do in my *Amuſements*.

They paſs in a Moment from the moſt ſerious to the moſt comical Strain; from the greateſt things to the ſmalleſt, from a Duke to a Chimney-ſweeper, from a Council of War to a Chriſtening; and ſometimes a ſudden Reflection upon a Woman's Head-dreſs hinders the Deciſion of a Caſe of *Conſcience* under Examination.

In this Country twenty ſeveral Sentences are pronounc'd all at once. The Men vote when they can, the Women as often as they pleaſe; they have two Votes for one: The great Liberty that is allow'd in the City Circle invites all ſorts of Perſons to come thither *to ſee and be ſeen*; every one talks according to his *Deſigns*, *Inclination* and *Genius*; the young Folks talk of what they are now doing, the old Fellows talk of what they have done in the Days of Queen *Dick*, and your Sots and Coxcombs of what they have a Deſign to do, tho' they never go about it.

The Ambitious rail at the Sluggards, as a Company of idle Fellows, that take up Room in the World and do nothing: The Sluggards return back the Compliment to the Ambitious, That *they trouble all the World with their Plots, to advance themselves and ruine others.* The *Tradesman* curses War from the Bottom of his Heart, as that which spoils Commerce, depopulates Countries, and destroys Mankind; and the *Soldier* wishes those who had a Hand in making the Peace were at the Devil.

The *Virtuoso* despises the Rich for making such a Bustle about so foolish and pale-fac'd a Metal as *Gold*. The Rich laugh at Learning and learned Men, and cry, a Fig for *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*. Your Men of Gravity and Wisdom rail at *Love*, as the most foolish and impertinent Trifle in the World: And the *Lover* fattens himself with his own Fancies, and laughs at Wisdom as a sowre and severe thing, that is not worth the Pursuit. Those who are unmarried fall upon the jealous-pated Husbands, as Men that create their own Troubles: And those who are married, justify their own prudent Conduct in endeavouring to prevent their own Dishonour.

A young forward Puppy full of Vigour and Health, seem'd to intimate by his Discourse, that he thought himself immortal: *Well*, says he, *I have drank my Gallon of Claret every Night these Seven Years, and yet the Devil of a Fever, or any other Disease, dare attack me, tho' I always keep two or three Sins going at once: Before* George, *I think our Family's made of Iron: There is that old Prig my Father (a Plague on him) turn'd of Seventy, and yet he is as sound as a Roach still; he'll ride you Forty Mile outright at a Fox Chase; Small-Beer be my Portion, here and hereafter, if I believe he'll ever have the good Manners to troop of.* A grave old Gentleman, offended at this rude and frothy Discourse, gave his Whiskers a twirl, and thus reprimanded our sawcy Whipper-snapper: *Know Boy*, cries he to him in an angry Tone, *know Sirrah, that every Age stands upon the same Level as to the Duration of Life; a Man of Fourscore is young*

enough

enough to live, and an Infant but of four Days Birth is old enough to die. I apprehend your meaning, old Gentleman, ſays our young Prig to him, *well enough; you are young enough to live to Day, and old enough to die to Morrow.*

Thoſe whom you have hitherto heard, talk'd only to let the Company ſee what they were; the reſt, both in their Converſation and Manners, appear'd directly contrary to what they were.

You admire the gay noiſy Impertinence of that Country Wit yonder, who tells ſo many pleaſant Stories, and ſets all the Company a laughing. Don't be miſtaken in him, he's the dulleſt Rogue alive, if you ſtrip him of what he has plunder'd from others. All his Jeſts and Repartees he purloin'd from his *Father's Chaplain*; they are the Effect of his Memory, and not of his Invention.

That other Spark there ſets up for a *Wit*, and has ſome pretence to't. Pray mind that worſhipful *Lump* of Clay, that inanimated Figure who lolls in the Elbow-Chair, he takes no manner of Notice of what is ſaid in the Company: By his plodding, ſtarch'd ſolemn Looks, you would conclude that Buſineſs of Importance and Affairs of State took up all his Thoughts, and that his Head was brim-full of *Diſpatches, Negotiations, Decrees, Orders of Council*, and the Lord knows what. I'll tell you what, he's the emptieſt dulleſt, ſhalloweſt Monſter within the *Bills of Mortality*; he's equally incapable of Buſineſs and Pleaſure; he'll take you a Nap over a Game at Cards, and yawn and ſtretch at the moſt diverting Comedy; nay, under the Pulpit, when the Parſon has preach'd all the Dogs out o' th' Church: He dreams as he walks, and the Sot, when he's aſleep, differs from the Sot when awake, as a *Ninepin* does when 'tis up, from a *Nonepin* down. He has a conſiderable Poſt in the Government, and a pretty Wife, and minds 'em both alike; 'tis pity he has not a *Deputy* to officiate *for* him.

That *young Creature* there by the Window, at the bare mention of the Word *Love*, ſtarts and trembles as if a *Demi-Culverin* were ſhot off at her Ear: Her virtuous

virtuous Mother has told her ſuch terrible Stories about it, that the *poor Fool* believes ſhe hates it. And do you think, Sir, ſhe'll hate it to the End of the Chapter? That's ſo uncertain, I dare not engage for it; a Woman who hates *Love* before ſhe knows *what it is*, is not in Danger to hate it very long.

Perhaps I explain things after a freer Manner than I ought, and unmask too many Faces in my Circle, but if I were never ſo much inclin'd to ſpare them, and they themſelves had Addreſs enough to conceal their own Defects, I ſee a Lady coming into the Room, who will decypher them more unmercifully than I can. Now ſhe has ſeated herſelf, obſerve what a modeſt Air ſhe has, how critically ſhe draws off her Gloves, how artfully ſhe manages her Fan; and if ſhe lift up her Eyes, 'tis only to ſee whether other Women are as handſom and modeſt as her ſelf; ſhe has ſo much Virtue, the World ſays, that ſhe can't endure any that have a leſs Share on't than her ſelf: What is harder ſtill, thoſe that have more Virtue than ſhe, do equally diſpleaſe her. 'Tis for this Reaſon ſhe ſpares no body.

I ask'd a Lady of the ſame Character t'other Day, how it came to paſs, that her Exhortations were half *Godlineſs*, and half *Slander*: *Bleſs me!* cries ſhe, *Slander! what mean you by the Word! 'tis enough to give one the* Spleen, *or an Ague Fit. The Truth on't is, I am ſometimes oblig'd to accommodate my ſelf to the Taſte of the World, to ſeaſon my Remonſtrances with a little* Satyr, *for the World expects we ſhould make every thing agreeable, even Connexion it ſelf. We muſt ſometimes give a little ſlip from Morality, to bring in a few Strokes of Satyr. Speak more honeſtly, Madam,* ſays I to her, *and confeſs, that you bring in one Stroke of Morality to countenance the making of a Thouſand ſcandalous Reflections.*

Very well, replies the *Indian* to me, *I find the* Londoners *are as comical in their Garbs, as affected in their Diſcourſes; they would think themſelves diſhonoured to appear in a Suit they were in laſt Year: According to the Rule of Faſhions, this furious Beau the next Year muſt make but a ſcurvy Figure; but I pardon them for following*

ing the Cuſtom of their Country: I put ſo ill a Conſtruction upon their Curioſity, I will not hereafter judge of the Hearts of Women by the Steps I ſee them make.

As for that Beau yonder, I have a great Curioſity to know whether his Inſide anſwers his Outſide; not a Word has dropt from him as yet, but ſurely the Oracle will open anon. The Ladies that encompaſs him, ſaid I to my curious Traveller, are as impatient to hear him talk as you can be; therefore let us liſten. They all compliment and addreſs their Diſcourſes to him. What Anſwers does he make them? Sometimes *Yes*, ſometimes *No*, and ſometimes *Nothing at all*. He ſpeaks to one with his *Eyes*, to another with his *Head*, and laughs at a third with ſo myſterious an *Air*, that 'tis believ'd there is ſomething extraordinary meant by it. All the Company are of Opinion that he has *Wit* in Abundance; his Phyſiognomy talks, his Air perſwades, but all his Eloquence lies in the fine *Outſide* he makes; and as ſoon as the *Spark* has ſhew'd himſelf, *he has concluded his Speech.* 'Tis a Thouſand pities that Nature had not time enough to finiſh her Workmanſhip: Had ſhe beſtowed never ſo little *Wit* upon an Outſide ſo prepoſſeſſing us in his Favour, the idleſt Tales from his Mouth would have paſs'd for the moſt ingenious Story in the World.

But our Ladies now begin to be weary of holding a longer Diſcourſe with their Idol; all of them reſolve, if they muſt ſpeak, to ſpeak with ſome body that will anſwer them again, and not with a *Statue*. Our *Beau* retires into the next Chamber, intent on nothing but how to diſplay his Charms to the beſt Advantage: He is at firſt View enamour'd with a pretty Lady, whom he ſaw in the Room; he beſieges her with his Eyes, he ogles at her; he prims and plumes himſelf, and at laſt boards her.

This Lady is very reſerv'd, and though our Gentleman appear very charming to her, ſhe is not ſurpriz'd at the firſt Sight of him; 'tis nothing but her Curioſity which makes her hazard meeting him in the Field; with this Intention ſhe liſtens to what our Adventurer

Venturer has to ſay. In ſhort, this was the Succeſs of his Affair with her: He found himſelf mightily at a Loſs how to cope with this Lady; ſhe had an inexhauſtible Source of *Wit*, and would not be paid with gracious *Nods* and *Smiles*; but as we ſee there are a hundred *witty Women* in the World, that are not diſpleaſed with a fair Outſide, our confident Spark flatter'd himſelf, that if he could but once perſwade the Lady he was in Love with her, the Garriſon would immediately ſurrender. To effect this, he employ'd the *fineſt Turns* of Eloquence, and the moſt touching Expreſſions of the mute Language, but this fair Lady made as if ſhe did not underſtand him: What ſhould he now do to explain himſelf more clearly to her? He had a *Diamond Ring* of a conſiderable Value upon his Finger, and found himſelf put to't to contrive a piece of Gallantry *Alamode* to preſent it to her: Thus playing with his Hand, and holding it ſo that he might ſhew his *Diamond* more advantageouſly to the Eyes of the *Fair Indifferent*, he plays with it: She turns her Head firſt on one Side, then on the other. This *Unconcernedneſs* mortified him extremely, yet ſtill he kept on his Shew, which is always the laſt Refuge of a Coxcomb: He is aſtoniſh'd to find a Woman *Inſenſible* to ſuch a *Beau* as himſelf, and ſuch a *Diamond* as his was; but this made no Impreſſion on the Lady.

At the very Moment he deſpair'd of his Enterprize, this Cruel, this Inſenſible ſeiz'd him haſtily by the Hand to look nearer at the *Diamond* from which ſhe firſt turn'd her Eyes: What a *bleſſed Turn* of the Scene was this to a dejected Lover! He reaſſumes his Courage, and to make a Declaration of his Paſſion for once and all, he takes the *Ring* from his Finger, and after a Thouſand *Cringes* and *Grimaces* preſents her with it. The Lady takes it in her Hand, and holds it cloſe to her Eyes, to view it more carefully, redoubles his Hope and Aſſurance, and thought he had a Right to kiſs the Hand that had received his *Diamond*. The Lady was ſo taken up in looking at it, that ſhe was not at Leiſure to think of being angry at this Free-

dom a

om, but on the contrary ſmil'd, and without any more Ceremony put the *Ring* upon her Finger.

Now it is that our Lover thinks himſelf ſecure of *Victory*, and tranſported with *Joy*, propoſes the *Hour* and *Place* of Meeting. Sir, ſays this Lady coldly to him, I am charm'd with this *Diamond*: and the Reaſon why I have accepted it without ſcruple is, becauſe it belongs to me. *Yes*, *Sir*, this Diamond is mine; my Husband took it from off my *Toilet* ſome three Months ago, and made me afterwards believe he had loſt it. That cannot be, replies our *Fop*, it was a *Marchioneſs* that exchang'd it with me for ſomething that ſhall be nameleſs.

Right, *right*, continues the Woman, *my Husband was acquainted with this* Marchioneſs, *he* truck'd *with her for my* Diamond, *the Marchioneſs* truck'd *with you for it*, *and I take it for nothing*, *tho' if I were of a* Revengeful *Nature*, *my Husband very well deſerves*, *that I ſhould give the ſame Price for it that he receiv'd from the Marchioneſs*. At this unexpected Blow, our fine thing ſtood confounded and aſtoniſh'd; but I can now forgive his being *Mute* upon ſo odd an Occaſion: A Man of Wit and Senſe could hardly avoid it.

That great *Lord* yonder was bred and born a *Lord*: His *Soul* is full as noble as his *Blood*, his thoughts as high as his Extraction. I eſteem, but don't admire his *Lordſhip*; but the Man, who by his *Merits* and *Virtues* raiſes himſelf above his Birth and Education, I both *eſteem* and *admire*.

Why then ſhould you, whoſe Virtues equal your Fortune, conceal the Meanneſs of your Original, which raiſes the Luſtre of your Merit? We ſhall better eſteem the Merit of your Elevation.

Look, yonder goes a Man, ſays one, that takes upon him ſo much of the *Lord*, that one would think he had never been any thing elſe. It often happens, that by our over-acting of Matters, the World diſcovers we were not always the Men we appear.

While

While I made my Reflections, my *Indian* was likewiſe buſy in making his. He did not ſo much wonder at the Man in the embroider'd Coat, who did not know himſelf, as at the Aſſembly, who likewiſe ſeem'd not to know him. He was treated with the Reſpect due to a Prince; theſe are not Civilities, but downright Adorations. What cannot you be content, ſays our *Indian*, cannot you be content to idolize *Riches* that are uſeful to you? Muſt you likewiſe idolize the *Rich*, who will never do you a Farthing's-worth of Kindneſs.

I confeſs, continued he, that I cannot recover out of this Aſtoniſhment. I ſee another Man of a very good Look come into the Circle, and no body takes the leaſt Notice of him. He has ſeated himſelf, and talks, and very much to the Purpoſe too, and yet no one will vouchſafe him a Hearing. I obſerve the Company files off from him by Degrees to another Part of the Room, and now he is left alone by himſelf. Wherefore, ſay I to my ſelf, do they run him thus? Is his *Breath* contagious, or has he a *Plague Sore* running upon him? At the ſame time I took Notice, that theſe Deſerters had flock'd about the *Gay Coxcomb* in the lac'd Suit, whom they worſhipped like a little God. By this I came to underſtand, that the contagious Diſtemper the other Man was troubled with was his Poverty.

Oh Heavens! ſays the *Indian*, falling all on the ſudden into an Enthuſiaſtick Fit, like that wherein you ſaw him in his Letter; *Oh Heavens!* Remove me quickly out of a Country where they ſhut their Ears to the wholeſom Advice and ſage Inſtructions of a *Poor* Man, to liſten to the Nonſenſical *Chatt* of a Sot in *Gaudy* Cloaths. They ſeem to refuſe this *Philoſopher* a Place among Men, becauſe his Apparrel is but indifferent, while they rank that wealthy Coxcomb in the Number of the Gods. When I behold this abominable Sight, I could almoſt pardon thoſe that grow haughty and inſolent upon Proſperity.

This

you own theſe Vices, give me to underſtand, Sir, that you are maſter of all the contrary *Virtues*.

In my Opinion now, this was plucking off the Vizor of our Sir *Formal*. This was diſcharging a *Piſtol* at his Breaſt; one would have thought it would have went to the very Heart of him. In the mean time he did not ſo much as feel the Blow; the *Callus* of his Vanity had made him invulnerable, he takes every thing you ſay to him in good Part. Call him in an ironical Manner, the *great Hero of Probity*, he takes you in the literal Senſe. Tell him in the plain Language of *T. O.* that he's a *confounded Raſcal*, oh Sir! ſays he, your humble Servant, you are diſpos'd to be merry I find: Thus he takes it for Raillery.

The *Raillers* have a fine time on't you ſee, to *jeſt* upon a Man of ſo *oily* a Temper. What a Vexation is it to your Gentlemen that ſpeak ſharp and witty things, to level them at ſo *ſupple* a Slave. All the Pleaſure would be to touch him to the Quick, to confound his Vanity. Wit does but hazard it ſelf by attacking him in the Face, there's nothing to be got by it: *Vanity is a Wall of Braſs*.

But I find nothing will be loſt. There ſits a Gentleman in the Corner of a quite different Temper, who takes every thing upon himſelf that was meant to another. He *bluſhes*, he grows *pale*, he's out of Countenance; at laſt he quits the Room, and as he goes out threatens all the Company with his Eyes. What does the World think of this holding up the *Buckler*; they put but a bad Conſtruction upon it, and ſay that his Conſcience is *ulcerated*, that you cannot touch any String but it will anſwer to ſome painful Place: *Touch a gall'd Horſe and he'll wince*. In a Word, he's wounded all over, becauſe he's all over ſenſible of Pain.

Theſe are two Characters that ſeem to be directly oppoſite; however, it were eaſy to prove that theſe two are the ſame at Bottom. What's this Bottom? Divine it if you can: One Word would not be ſufficient to explain it clearly to you, and I am not at Leiſure

ſure to give you any more. I perceive a Man coming into the Room whom I am acquainted with, he will interrupt me without Remorſe. I had better be beforehand with him, and hold my Tongue. *Silence*, Gentlemen, *Silence*, and ſee you ſhew due Reſpect. You will immediately ſee one of thoſe *Noble Lords*, who believe that all is due to them, and that they owe nothing to any Body. When my *Lord* enter'd, every one put on a demure Look, and he himſelf came in with a *Smiling* Look, like a true Politician. Immediately he makes a Thouſand Proteſtations of Friendſhip to every one; but at the ſame Time that he promiſes you his Service, he looks as pale as a *Scotchman*, when he offers you his Purſe. He is ſcarce ſat down in his Chair, but he embroils the Converſation. He talks to four ſeveral Perſons, about four ſeveral Affairs at once: He puts a *Queſtion* to one Man, without waiting for an *Anſwer* of another: He propoſes a *Doubt*, treats it, and reſolves it all by himſelf. He's not weary of *Talking*, though all the Company be of *Hearing* him. They ſteal off by Degrees, and ſo the Circle ended.

The *Publick* is a great Spectacle always new, which preſents it ſelf to the Eyes of private Men, and *Amuſes* them. Theſe private Men are ſo many diverſified Spectacles that offer themſelves to the publick View, and *divert* it. I have already, as it were in *Miniature*, ſhewed ſome few of theſe ſmall inconſiderable private Spectacles, which will ſuffice to point out the reſt, and therefore to draw towards a Concluſion, ſhall in the laſt Place take a View of the deſolate and frightful Country of *Philoſophy* and *Phyſick*: Thoſe being Regions that few Viſitants return from in ſo good a State of Health as they went, or rather with any Life at all.

AMUSE-

AMUSEMENT X.

The Philoſophical, or Virtuoſi *Country.*

IN this Country every thing is obſcure; their Habitations; their Looks, their Language, and their Learning. 'Tis a long Time ago ſince they undertook to cultivate the Country of *Science*; but the only thing they have made clear and undeniable is, that One and One makes Two: And the Reaſon why this is ſo *clear*, is becauſe it was known by all Men before they made a *Science* of it.

Their *Geometricians* work upon ſo ſolid a Foundation, that as ſoon as ever they have well laid the firſt Stone, they carry on their Buildings without the leaſt Fear, ſo high as the *Atmoſphere*; but their *Philoſophers* build thoſe haughty Edifices they call Syſtems upon a quite different Bottom.

They lay their Foundation in the Air, and when they think they are come to ſolid Ground, the Building diſappears, and the Architects tumble down from the Clouds.

This Country of *Experimental Philoſophy*, is very amuſing, and their Collections of Rarities exceeds that of *John Tradeſkin*; for here are the Galls of Doves, the Eye-Teeth of flying Toads, the Eggs of Ants, and the Eyes of Oyſters. Here they weigh the *Air*, meaſure *Heat*, *Cold*, *Drineſs* and *Humidity*; great Diſcoveries for the publick Advantage of Mankind! Without giving our ſelves the Trouble to make uſe of our Senſes, we need but only caſt our Eyes upon a Weather-Glaſs, to know if 'tis Hot or Cold, if it Rains, or if Fair Weather.

Tempted by theſe Noble Curioſities, I deſired the Favour of ſeeing ſome of the Gentlemen they called Improvers of Nature. and immediately they ſhewed

me

me an Old Bard cutting Aſp-leaves into Tongues, which were to be faſtened in the Mouths of Flowers, Fruits, Herbs, and Seeds, with deſign to make the whole Creation Vocal. Another with Diſſecting Atoms, and Mites in Cheeſe, for the Improvement of the Anatomical Science; and a third was transfuſing the Blood of an *Aſs* into an *Aſtrological Quack*; of a *Sheep* into a *Bully*; and of a *Fiſh* into an *Exchange-Woman*, which had all the deſired Effects; the *Quack* prov'd a *Sot*, the *Bully* a *Coward*, and the *Tongue-Pad* was *Silent*. All Prodigies in Nature, and none miſcarried in the Operation.

In another Apartment were a curious Collection of *Contemplative* Gentlemen, that had their Employments ſeverally aſſign'd them. One was chewing the Cud upon Dr *Burnet*'s *New Syſtem of the World*, and making Notes upon it in Confutation of *Moſes*, and all the Antidiluvian *Hiſtorians*. Another was reconciling the Differences among *Learned Men*, as between *Ariſtotle* and *Des Cartes*, *Cardan* and *Copernicus*, *William Penn* and *Chriſtianity*, Mr. *Edwards* and *Arabick*: Determining the Controverſy between the *Acidiſts* and *Alkaliſts*, and putting a Period to the abſtruſe Debates between the *Engineers* and *Mouſe-trap-makers*.

If any one ask me, which of theſe Diſputants has Reaſon of his ſide, I will ſay, that ſome of them have the *Reaſon of Antiquity*, the other, *the Reaſon of Novelty*; and in Matter of Opinion, theſe two Reaſons have a greater Influence upon the Learned than Reaſon it ſelf.

Thoſe that ſet up for finding the North-Weſt Paſſage into the Land of *Philoſophy*, would with all their Hearts, if it were poſſible, follow theſe two Guides all at once, but they are afraid to travel in a Road where they talk of nothing but *Accidents* and *Privation*, *Hecceities* and *Entelechias*. Then they find themſelves all on the ſudden ſeiz'd with Hot and Cold, Dry and Moiſt, penetrated by a ſubtile Matter encompaſſed with *Vortexes*, and ſo daunted by the fear of a *Vacuum*, that it drives them back inſtead of encouraging them to go forward.

A Man

A Man need not lay it much to Heart that he never travell'd through this Country; for thoſe that have not ſo much as beheld it at a Diſtane, know as much of it almoſt as thoſe that have ſpent a great deal of Money and Time there; but one of their Arts I admire above all the reſt, and that is when they have conſum'd their Eſtates in trifling Experiments, to perſwade themſelves they are now as Rich, and Eat and Drink as luxuriouſly as ever; they view a ſingle Shilling in a Multiplying Glaſs, which makes it appear a Thouſand, and view their Commons in a Magnifying Glaſs, which makes a Lark look as big as a Turkey-Cock, and a Three-penny Chop as large as a Chine of Mutton.

Before I let my Traveller paſs from this Place to *Phyſick*, 'twill not be amiſs to make him remark, That in the Country of *Science* and the *Court*, we loſe our ſelves; that we don't ſearch for our ſelves in *Marriage*; that in the *Walks*, and among *Women*, we find ourſelves again; but ſeldom or never come back from the Kingdom of *Phyſick*.

AMUSEMENT XI.

PHYSICK.

THE firſt thing remarkable in the Country of *Phyſick* is, that it is ſituate upon the *Narrow* Paſſage from this World to the other. 'Tis a Clymacterick Country, where they make us breathe a refreſhing Air, but ſuch a one as is a great Enemy to the natural Heat; and thoſe that travel far in this *Climate*, throw away a world of Money in Drugs, and at laſt die of Hunger.

The Language that is ſpoken here is very learned; but the People that ſpeak it are very ignorant.

In other Countries we learn Languages, to be able to expreſs what we know in clear and intelligible Terms; but it looks as if *Phyſicians* learnt their *Gibberiſh*

Scripts for no other Purpose, than to embroil what they do not understand.

How I pity a Patient of good Sense that falls into their Hands? He is obliged at once to Combat the Arguments of the Doctor, the Disease it self, the Remedies, and Emptiness. One of my Friends, whom all this together had thrown into a *Dilirium*, had a Vision in his Fever which sav'd him his Life. He fancied he saw a Fever under the Shape of a burning Monster, that press hard upon a sick Man, and every Minute got Ground of him, till a Man who looked like a *Guide*, came and took him by the *Wrist* to help him over a River of Blood. The poor Patient had not Strength enough to cross the Stream, and so was drown'd. The *Guide* used Means to get himself paid for his Pains, and immediately ran after another sick Man, who was carried down a Stream of *Carduus* Posset-Drink, Barley-Broth, and Water-Gruel. My Friend, advised by this Vision, discarded his *Doctor*, and 'twas this that did his Business; for when he was by himself, there was no Body to hinder him from recovering. The Absence of Physicians is a Sovereign Remedy to him that has not Recourse to a Quack.

These Gentlemen of the *Faculty* are Pensioners to *Death*, and travel Day and Night to enlarge that Monarch's Empire; for you must know, notwithstanding distemper'd Humours make a Man sick, 'tis the Physician has the Honour of killing him, and expects to be well paid for the Jobb, by his Relations, that lye in wait for his Life to share his Fortune: So that when a Man is ask'd how such a Man died, he is not presently to answer, according to corrupt Custom, that he died of a *Fever* or a *Pluriste*, but that he died of the *Doctor*.

See a Consult of 'em marching in State to a Patient, attended by a diminutive *Apothecary* that's just Arse-high, and fit to give a Glyster; how magisterially they look, and talk of the Patient's Recovery, when they themselves are but *Death* in a Disguise, and bring the Patient's Hour along with 'em. While the Patient

Breathes and Money comes, they are ſtill preſcribing; but when they have ſent the Patient hence, like a Rat with a Straw in his Arſe, they'll ſay his Body was as rotten as a Pear, and 'twas impoſſible to ſave him. *Cruel* People, that are not contented to take away a Man's Life, and like the *Hangman*, be paid when they have done, but muſt perſecute him in the Grave too, and blaſt his Honour, to excuſe their Ignorance.

It were to be wiſh'd that every Phyſician might be oblig'd to marry, for it's highly reaſonable that thoſe Men ſhould beget Children to the State, who every Day rob the King of ſo many Subjects.

In this Land of *Phyſick* they have erected themſelves a *College*, for the Improvement of the Myſtery of *Manſlaughter*, which may be call'd their *Armoury*; for here are their Weapons and Utenſils forg'd, and a Company of Men attending to kill poor Folks out of meer Charity.

In one Part of their Convent is a *Chymical Elaboratory*, where ſome were calcining Calves Brains to ſupply thoſe of the *Society* that wanted; ſome fixing volatile Wits, and others rarifying dull ones: Some were playing Tricks with *Mercury*, promiſing themſelves vaſt Advantages from the Proceſs; but after they had reſolv'd the viſcous Matter, and brought the *Materia Prima* into the *Coppel*, all went away in a Fume, and the Operator had his Labour for his Travel.

In another Place were *Apothecaries* preparing *Medicines*, the Outſides of their Pots were gilt with the *Titles* of *Preſervatives*, *Cordials*, and *Pharmacons*, but in the Inſide were *Poyſons*, or more nauſeous Preparations. However, of all our late pretended *Alchymiſts*, recommend me to the *Apothecaries*, as the nobleſt *Operators* and *Chymiſts*; for out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir-Reverence* it ſelf, they will fetch ye Gold ready minted, which is more than ever *Paracelſus* himſelf pretended to.

Here were alſo Chirurgeons in great Numbers, talking hard Words to their Patients, as Solution of Continuity, Diſlocations, Fractures, Amputation, Phlebotomy,

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tomy, and ſpoke *Greek* Words, without underſtanding the *Engliſh* of them. One of the graveſt among them, propounded this Queſtion to the reſt. Suppoſe a Man falls from the *Main Yard*, and lies all bruiſed upon the *Deck*, pray what is the *Firſt Intention* in that Caſe? A brisk Fellow anſwers, You muſt give him *Iriſh* Slate *quantum ſufficit*, and embrocate the Parts affected *Secundum Artem.* At which I ſeeming to Smile, another reprimands me ſaying, *What do you laugh at, Sir, the Man's i'th' right on't.* To whom I reply'd, with Reverence to your Age and Underſtanding, Sir, I think he's in the *wrong*; for if a Man falls from the *Main Yard*, the firſt Intention is, *To take him up again.*

Among all theſe People every thing is made a Myſtery to detain their Patients in Ignorance, and keep up the Market of *Phyſick*; but were not the very Terms of Art, and Names of their Medicines ſufficient to fright away any Diſtempers, 'tis to be feared their *Remedies* would prove worſe than the *Diſeaſe.*

That nothing might be wanting in this famous College, there were others that like Porters and Plaiſterers ſtood ready to be hired, as *Corn-Cutters* and *Tooth-Drawers.* The one of which will make you halt before the beſt Friend you have; and if you do but *Yawn*, the other Knaves will be examining your *Grinders*, depopulate your Mouths, and make you old before your time, and take as much for drawing out an old Tooth, as would buy a Sett of new ones.

An ill Accident happened while we were viewing the Curioſities of this College. A *Boy* had ſwallowed a Knife, and the Members of the College being ſitting, he was brought among them, if it were poſſible to be cured. The *Chirurgeons* claim'd the Patient as belonging to their Fraternity, and one of 'em would have been poking a Crane's Bill down his Throat to luck it up again, but the Doctors would not ſuffer him.

After a long Conſultation, one of the two Remedies was agreed on, *viz.* That the Patient ſhould ſwallow as much *Aqua fortis* as would diſſolve the Knife

into minute Particles, and bring it away by Siege; but the other Remedy was more Philoſophical, and therefore better approv'd; and that was, to apply a *Loadſtone* to his *Arſe*, and ſo draw it out by a *Magnetick* Attraction; but which of the two was put in Practice I know not, for I did not ſtay to ſee the noble Experiment, tho' my particular Friend Dr. *W*———*d* was the firſt that propoſed that Remedy, and he is no Quack, I aſſure you.

Not but that there are ſome Quacks as honeſt Fellows as you would deſire to piſs upon. This Foreigner here, for Inſtance, is a Man of Conſcience, that will take you but half a Crown a Bottle for as good *Lamb's-Conduit* Water as ever was in the World. He pretends it has an Occult Quality that Cures all Diſtempers. He Swears it, and Swears like *T.* O. on the right ſide of the Hedge, ſince this very individual Water has cured him of Poverty, which comprehends all Diſeaſes.

'Tis with Phyſicians in *London*, as with *Almanacks*, the neweſt are the moſt conſulted; but then their Reign, like that of an *Almanack*, concludes with the Year.

When a ſick Man leaves all for *Nature* to do, he hazards much: When he leaves all for the Doctor to do, he hazards more: And ſince there is a Hazard both ways, I would much ſooner chuſe to rely upon *Nature*; for this, at leaſt, we may be ſure of, that ſhe acts as honeſtly as ſhe can, and that ſhe does not find her Account in prolonging the Diſeaſe.

So much for Phyſick, which as it is the laſt thing I ſhould be perſwaded to take, ſo it's the laſt Country I ſhall travel thro' for the preſent; and if the Reader has any good Nature in him, he'll congratulate my ſafe Arrival from a Place where there are ſo many Obſtacles to be met with, before you can poſſibly return from it.

The End of the AMUSEMENTS.

LET-

LETTERS

SERIOUS and COMICAL,

By the Author of the

AMUSEMENTS,

Suited to the Preſent Age.

LETTERS to the LADIES.

To Madam ——, ſhewing how a young Gentleman that had try'd all other Methods unſucceſsfully, made his Miſtreſs comply with him, by threatning to ſtarve himſelf in her Cloſet.

YOU will excuſe me, Madam, if I have made bold to ſend you a *remarkable Accident* which lately hapned in *theſe* Parts of the World; and for the Truth of which, I dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a *wholeſome Teſtimony* of the Power of *Love*, and ſerve to inſtruct you, That when a Lover is once poſitively *reſolved* to gain his Point, the

beſt thing a Woman can do, is to ſtrike up a Bargain with him, and loſe no more time in *Capitulating*.

Monſieur ——— had courted a Lady two Years, but was ſo unfortunate as not to make the leaſt *Progreſs* in her Affection. All his *Services*, his *Cares*, his *Reſpects*, his *Complaints*; in ſhort, all his *Tears* and *Proteſtations*, had proved unſucceſsful. One Day happening to be *alone* with her in her Cloſet, he fairly and plainly told her, that ſince nothing was capable of touching her, he was *fully reſolved* to *die*, and put an *end* to his *Pains*. This Diſcourſe I muſt confeſs, had nothing that was *ſingular* in it: For a thouſand Men have threatned to *diſpatch* themſelves that never *intended* it; but what follows, you'll *own* to be very *particular*: *And to the end, Madam*, ſays he, *that you may fully enjoy my Death and have the Satisfaction to ſee it ſteal upon me by degrees, I am reſolved to die of Hunger here in your Cloſet*. With that, he flung himſelf upon the Floor, reſolving to put his Deſign in Execution from that very *Moment*. The young *Lady* only *laughed* at him, and *left* him there, making no queſtion but that he would be gone in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour. In the mean time the *Evening* approached; yet our truſty *Lover* ſtill continued in the *Cloſet*. She came to ſee him, and asked him whether his *Brains* were not grown *addle*, and whether he intended to take up his *Quarters* there? To both which Queſtions our Gentleman made no manner of *Reply*; ſo that the Lady was obliged to leave him. In ſhort, the Night paſſed, and next *Morning* the Lady came very early to *adviſe* him to lay aſide this fooliſh *Reſolution*; but all ſhe could get from him was, *Madam, I have already done my ſelf the Honour to acquaint you with my laſt Intentions*. Having ſaid this, he looked *Languiſhingly* upon her, fetch'd a deep *Sigh*, and turned his head the other way. On the *Third* Day, our Lady, more perplexed than ever, brought him ſomething to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impoſſible to tell you with what a *ſcornful* Look he beheld it: He appeared in this ſhort time to be conſiderably *weakened*; his Eyes

look'd

look'd *dead* and *heavy*, his Complexion *pale*, and there seem'd to be something *wild* and *distracted* in his Looks. The fourth Day no sooner arriv'd, but our Lady began seriously and gravely to consider what a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if she did not take Care to *prevent* it. How! a Man die in my *Closet*, kill'd by *Despair*, kill'd by *Hunger*! I am utterly *undone* if I don't hinder it. What *malicious* Stories will the Neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen? Perhaps by this time too *Love* had gain'd some Ground upon her Heart; and I am apt to believe, for my Part, that Love work'd as powerfully with her as the *Fear* of Scandal. However it was, she resolved to go and argue the Matter with him; and after a long *Exhortation*, which he did not seem to *understand*, because he was in a Manner *dead*, she told him that since all the Arguments she had offer'd to him, could not *get* him out of her *Closet*, she was willing to let him go out upon his own *Conditions*: With this our poor *Lover* cast an amorous Look at her, and ask'd her whether what he heard was *true*, or only an *Illusion* of his Senses. She satisfied him that all was *true*; when immediately Life return'd to him; and not only *Life*, but a surprizing *Vigour*, which enabl'd him to pay off Part of his Debt to Madam, before ever he stirr'd out of the *Closet*. Never did *Lover* make a more honourable *Retreat*, that's certain: In all Probability, our Lady was mightily pleas'd with her own *Charms*, since they had *efficacy* enough to perform so *miraculous* a Cure; and I don't doubt but in Reality they had a good Share in the *Miracle*: But then 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to assume it to themselves, but to *divide* the Glory of it with a cold *Neat's Tongue*, a Roll of *Bread*, and a good Bottle of *Wine*, which our Lover had dexterously convey'd under a *Couch*, which was in the *Closet*; for you must know, that foreseeing he was to die, he had taken Care, like a good *Christian* as he was, to make some *Preparation* for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks I see your Ladyship *striking* your Fan against the *Table*, and crying, was

there ever ſuch a horrid Piece of *Treachery* acted? What will this wicked Age come to? And yet, Madam, I muſt take the *Freedom* to tell you, that I look upon that *Woman* to be happy, *exceeding* happy, who has a *Lover* that can cheat her ſo ingeniouſly: For in the firſt Place, ſhe has the Honour of having done all that can be requir'd from a Lady of the moſt rigid *Virtue*; and, Secondly and Laſtly, ſhe has the Pleaſure of finding her *Appetite* gratify'd without the leaſt Injury to her *Honour*. I dare engage that our young Lady has not been *backward* to teſtify her Love to Monſieur—— and that, to convince him of it, ſhe has ſent him Home, an Hundred times ſince, with as much Satisfaction as then, and leſs *Hunger*. The Truth on't is, he deſerv'd this kind *Treatment*, if it were only for the Fruitfulneſs of his *Invention*. Others take Towns by blocking them up till they ſtarve 'em; whereas our Lover carried the Place before him, by only pretending to *ſtarve* himſelf. Well, this was certainly one of the *prettieſt* Stratagems in the World. All the Miſchief is, that you Ladies, for the future, will take no Notice of us *Lovers*, when we talk of *dying* for you; though, after all, I am apt to believe, that it will do us no very great *Harm* neither. You may find by this ſhort Story, that our Cavalier had come off but bluely, had the Lady's Rigour continu'd; but to our Comfort be it remembred, her virtuous Reſolutions did not hold out ſo *long* as a ſmall *French* Roll, and a ſingle Bottle of Wine.

To Madam de P——, *upon her refuſing to marry her Daughter to a Couſin German.*

WIth all due Submiſſion be it ſpoken, methinks your Ladyſhip overſtrains the Point a little, in ſo poſitively refuſing to marry your Daughter to Monſieur *de S*——. You tell us you don't approve of

of a Marriage betwixt two *Couſin-Germans*, but ſurely Madam, you can never believe this to be any lawful *Impediment* in *Hymen*'s Spiritual Court.

Would you have Monſieur *S*——— think Madam *P*——— to be leſs *agreeable* becauſe he is her Couſin-German? This ſort of Reaſoning may appear *ſtrong* to you; but has not *Beauty* much *ſtronger* Arguments? Has a Man his *Genealogy* always before his Eyes, and when he ſees a charming young Woman, is he oblig'd to call to mind, that *He* and *She* came from the ſame Grandfather, when the *Grandaughter* is in the Room, eſpecially if ſhe is beautiful? But after all, what have you to ſay againſt Monſieur *de S*——? For my Part, I think he has behaved himſelf like a very good Relation: For inſtead of *Friendſhip*, he has ſhew'd his *Love* to your Family; and if he finds himſelf *diſappointed*, the Fault will lye at your Conſent. Your Ladyſhip may be pleaſed to remember, that all the good Folks in the *Old Teſtament* always married in their own *Tribe*, and that one Thouſand ſeven Hundred Years ago Monſieur *de S*——— had been obliged in Conſcience to love your Ladyſhip's *pretty* Daughter, and no one elſe. I own that things have been ſomewhat *chang'd* ſince that; but then I beg of you to give your *Conſent*, that the young People may ſend to *Rome*, to ſee if the old Gentleman will grant 'em a *Diſpenſation*. I need not inform you, Madam, that ſuch *Marriages* are permitted between Relations, when their *Eſtates* or *Lands* are ſo *entangled* one with another, that there is no *dividing* 'em without endleſs *Law Suits*; I confeſs that our young People have not *this* Reaſon to alledge for themſelves; but what is every jot as *forcible*, they may ſay, that the Affairs of their *Hearts* are ſo ſtrangely *embroiled* together, that it is too late now to think of *parting* 'em. If your Daughter were an Heireſs, in whom your Name would *expire*, and who would carry all your *Eſtate* into a *ſtrange* Family, I do'nt doubt but that out of a juſt *Concern* for your Eſtate and Family, you wou'd employ all your Intereſt to procure her a *Diſpenſation* to marry a *Kinſman* of the Name. Now

what

ought to go much *farther* with your Ladyſhip, your Daughter has *Beauty* and *Charms* that are infinitely more *valuable* than all the dirty *Acres* and *Lands* in the Kingdom, which will aſſuredly *go out* of your Family, and perhaps never come into it again, if your Ladyſhip ſhould force her to marry any one elſe but Monſieur *S*——. As for me that have the *Honour* to be related to you, tho' at a great *Diſtance*, I can't forbear to *concern* my ſelf in the *Beauty* of your Family. For which Reaſon I conjure you not to impoveriſh it by *beſtowing* your pretty Daughter *elſewhere*, and by obliging Monſieur *S*—— to make another Choice. You ſee how the whole *Family* of the *L*——'s are *deformed* and *ugly*, ſo that it will take up a hundred Years, I warrant you, before they *recover* themſelves. Let us take *fair Warning* by this Example; and ſince we have Beauty in our *Poſſeſſion*, be ſo wiſe as to preſerve it.

To Madam J——, *upon her talking of him in her Sleep.*

MADAM,

I Receiv'd an Account the other Day of the great *Favour* you have lately done me. 'Tis in vain for you to diſown your Paſſion: 'Tis certain you love me in your Heart, and your *Sleep* has betray'd your deepeſt Secrets. See, *Madam*, what a *Folly* it is to pretend to conceal one's *Affections*, and hide them from thoſe that occaſion them. If you had *frankly* own'd all to me, I aſſure you, I would have given you no Reaſon to *find Fault* with my *Secrecy*, but you were reſolv'd to truſt it with no other *Confident* but your ſelf; when as it has happen'd, you have not been ſo *diſcreet* as 'twas expected. From hence, *Madam*, you may learn this uſeful *Doctrine*, not to rely altogether upon your ſelf. You will tell me perhaps that you talk'd

talk'd in your *Dream* you know not what; but had you not done much better to have freely and honestly told me, what you afterward *own'd* in your Sleep, without knowing it? Had it not been much more *prudent* to acquaint me with your *Passion* in a few Words, than to speak of it thus in the *Night*, like a Person that was beside her self? *Love* loses no Time, and therefore you ought to have communicated this *Secret* to me, which, you see, will escape from you *Women* sooner or later. If your *Reason* enjoins you Silence, yet your *Reason* will take a *Nap*, and then *Love* will not be idle: If your *Virtue* can answer for your *Days*, yet what can answer for your *Nights*? That Interval belongs all to *Love*; and accordingly you see that the *Secret* of so many *Days* was stole from you in one *Night*. But, *Madam*, may I make so bold as to ask you under what *Figure* I appear'd to you when you declar'd your self in my *Favour*? For an Opportunity may offer it self when I shall be very glad to re-assume the same Shape. For my Part, I am apt to believe that I was very *haughty* and *insolent*; for hitherto I have been able to obtain nothing of you with all my *Submission* and *Respect*. Don't tell me that I ought to draw no *Consequence* from what you said in the *Night*: It was you that spoke then, and you alone; whereas in the *Day* 'tis *Constraint*, 'tis *Ceremony*, 'tis *Dissimulation*, that speaks. By this you may find that for the future I shall be *insensible* to all the *Rigours* you shew me in the Day time; and let your *Treatment* be then what it will, I shall tell you that you will unsay it again at *Night*. In short, I shall take you for one of those cunning *Hypocrites* who never appear as they are, but in the *dark*: But whereas other *Ladies* leave all their *Ornaments* upon their *Tollets* when they go to Bed, you leave that troublesome Load, your *Severity*, upon yours. How happy must the Man be, who can see your Ladyship and the rest of your Sex, such as you are in your Primitive State, without any of those *Arts* that *conceal* you from us at other times?

To the ſame LADY.

SInce you did me the Honour to talk of me in your Dreams, I have not been able to ſleep a Minute, ſo ſtrangely am I diſtracted between *Joy* and *Sorrow*. It is the greateſt Satisfaction in the World to me to find my ſelf ſo near your Heart; but at the ſame time I tremble as often as I think that our *Secrets* are in ſuch Danger of being divulg'd. I am not at all *diſpleas'd* to ſee you ſo reſerv'd in the Day-time: But this *unaccountable* Affection and Eagerneſs at *Night* alarms me; for in ſhort, Madam, I am afraid that you'll diſcover all our Intrigues. What Method then ſhall we take to manage our Affairs with more *Security*? For my Part, I know but one, which I beg you to take into your Conſideration. Be not then, if you pleaſe, altogether ſo *ſevere* in the Day, and I give you Leave to make it up a-Nights, and diſpenſe with you from thinking of me *then*. 'Tis a plain Caſe, that *Love* cannot always ride full Speed: There is a certain Time when the *tendereſt* things *diſguſt*, and 'tis impoſſible to hold out twenty four Hours in the ſame *Strain* of Paſſion, and not to find ſome ſmall *giving back* of the *Spring*. But by talking of me in in your Sleep, you have gain'd that *Aſcendant* over my Heart, that for the future it will wholly be *devoted* to your Service. A *Favour* ſo undeſerv'd and ſo unexpected makes me *diſregard* all the Ladies I ſee; it effaces all their Charms, ſpoils the Luſtre of their Eyes, and ruines all their Shapes. What is more, I am not at all mov'd with the Converſation of the *Wittieſt Women*: For what can the happieſt of her whole Sex, with all her Pains and Application too, ſay, that is comparable to what you ſpeak at random in your Dreams, even when you don't think on't? This Kindneſs of yours has entirely baniſh'd my *Flemiſh* Miſtreſs from my Thoughts, and

has done her a Prejudice which all her other good Qualities will never be able to *retrieve*. I am inform'd ſhe ſleeps very *profoundly*, and that her Imagination, which is not over-active in the Day, enjoys a more profound *Repoſe* at Night. Now this is a Fault which I can never pardon the fineſt Woman upon Earth. I cannot apprehend how 'tis poſſible for a Man to *love* a *Woman* who does not *rave* now and then, and talk of him when the Fit ſeizes her. May I be hated by the whole Sex, if I would not refuſe *Venus* if ſhe had not this *Qualification*. Therefore, Madam, take *good* Advice from your humble Servant, and continue theſe affectionate Fits. *Love* it ſelf is a ſort of *Diſtraction*, but ſo *pleaſing* and *delightful*, that the Wiſdom of *Philoſophers* is not to be brought in *Competition* with it.

LETTERS to the MEN.

By the Author of the AMUSEMENTS.

To Monſieur de O——, *upon asking his Advice, whether he ſhould marry a young Gentlewoman that was very beautiful, but had no Fortune.*

Dear Couſin,

YOU little imagine what a ſevere Task you impos'd upon me when you deſir'd me to adviſe you in the preſent *Poſture* of your Affairs. On *one* Hand you are up to the Ears in *Love* with a pretty young *Lady*; on the *other*, your Father ſends you Word, that he will certainly *diſinherit* you if you marry her. To be plain with you, I don't know what Advice to give you. There are but two Ways for you

to

to take, the *Heroick*, which is to prefer your *Paſſion* to every thing on this Side Heaven: and the *Prudent*, which is, not to loſe *fifteen Hundred Pounds* a Year for a *Miſtreſs*, tho' ſhe was as beautiful as an *Angel*: Now you need only conſult your ſelf to be able to determine this Point. I make no Queſtion but your *Inclination* leads you to act the *Heroe*; but the *Difficulty* is not what you are at *preſent*, but what you may be *hereafter*. I would adviſe you to follow your *Greatneſs* of Soul, if you could be certain that it would never leave you: But the Miſchief on't is, there is no *relying* upon it; for perhaps it may take its Farewel of you, even before the *Honey-Moon* is over. In ſhort, a Man ſoon grows weary of playing the *Heroe*, but the Devil is in him that grows weary of a *good Eſtate*. You never yet ſaw fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year make People forget their Vows, tho' *Beauty*, to its Mortification, has often ſeen it. I know full well, that theſe Arguments will appear very *groſs* to you; and that they are decry'd in all the *Metaphyſick* Syſtems of *Love*: Yet it vexes me, that the *Experience* I have of this wicked World, will not permit me to recommend theſe Ideas to you, which I own to be much more *Noble* and *Delicate*, than thoſe that are built upon ſordid *Intereſt*. 'Tis not my Fault, if I don't believe that *Love* is ſufficient to make a Man *happy*: I ſhould be glad to believe it with all my Heart: But why has *Love* deceiv'd ſo many Thouſands of his Votaries before my Face, whom he promis'd to provide ſo plentifully for, that they ſhould want nothing? If he deceives us when he has his Arms at *Liberty*, I have much ſtronger Reaſon to believe he'll do it when he's *manacled* with a Family. You may flatter your ſelf perhaps, that you will find a Thouſand *Charms*, and all the *Obſequious* Reſpect that can be imagin'd, in the Perſon you are going to marry, becauſe ſhe *owes* all to the Man that *ſacrific'd* his Fortune to her. Take Care that this be not the very *Rock* on which your Marriage ſplits. As the World goes at preſent, a Woman's Gratitude may eaſily fall ſhort of the *Obli-*

gation.

gation she has receiv'd, and yet it ought not to pass for a *Prodigy*. I should be very loath to marry a Woman whom I might have as just a Pretence to quarrel with, as you will have with yours. In my Opinion, that Man is an unhappy Wretch indeed, who has other Matters of *Complaint*, besides those that *Matrimony* naturally furnishes of it self. A Woman, take her in the best Circumstances you can, has but too many *Obligations* to her Husband, why then should you involve her *deeper* in your Debt? Consider that this will make her much *more* your Wife than any other Woman could have been; and consequently make you less happy with her: Besides, you can't imagine what a cruel Punishment it will be to you, that you dare never open your Lips to complain of her, but must carry on with *Honour* what you began in a foolish *Freak*. Thus you must always seem to be charm'd with her Behaviour, even at the very time when you are angry with her in your Soul. For my Part I make no Scruple to own to you, that I would not for all the World *deprive* my self of the *Liberty* of railing a little at my Wife, whenever I should have a Fancy that Way. Bestow a little Consideration upon these Reasons; but before you wholly determine your self, abstain from reading *Romances*, and Books of that Nature, that will rather serve to feed than extinguish the *Flame*. Thus, Sir, I have sent you my Thoughts freely upon this Head, without persecuting you with a long *Sermon*, after the Manner of a Cholerick *Father*, or an ill-natur'd *Uncle*. I am not *wise* or *morose* enough to pretend to speak to you in that Language. However, I fancy I have in a very little Compass told you all that needs to be said to you upon this Occasion by People that are more *wise* or *morose* than,

SIR,

Your most Humble, &c.

To Monſieur de B——, *How he had brought a Quarrel upon his Hands for ſtanding up for Lean Women, againſt the Fat.*

I Am going to ſurprize you with an *odd* Adventure. Although I have liv'd ſo many Years in the *Army* without a Quarrel upon my Hands, I am now engag'd in a very ſtrange one; and what d'ye think was the Occaſion of it? You muſt know, I dined very *peaceably* at my own Lodgings: And after Dinner was over, I took a Walk with four or five Gentlemen in the Garden. We had *exhauſted* all the Publick News at Dinner: We had drain'd the *Gazettes* and the *Mercuries*, talk'd over all the Diſorders of *Poland*, and the Troubles of *Hungary*; and what ſhould our Diſcourſe run upon now but Women? You cannot expect that the Converſation of Soldiers ſhould turn upon Matters of *Gallantry* in ſo fine and delicate a Strain as the Converſations in *Clælia*. Thus we did not amuſe our ſelves about the Difference between *Love* and *Friendſhip*, or aſſign the preciſe Limits between *Eſteem* and *Inclination*. The Queſtion in Debate was, who were the handſomeſt of the two, the *Lean* Women, or the *Fat*? Since I was oblig'd to chuſe one of theſe two *Extremes*, I reſolv'd to declare my ſelf in Favour of the *Lean*. There happen'd to be a broken Captain in the Company, who began to maintain the oppoſite Side, but with as much *Fury* and *Eagerneſs*, as if he had been going to engage an *Enemy*: So that I was forc'd to raiſe the Pitch of my Voice to keep up with him. He pretended that there was *Grace* and *Majeſty* in a fat Woman, which commanded Reſpect and Adoration from all that ſaw her: All this I turn'd into *Ridicule*, and perform'd my Part ſo *happily*, that I had all the *Laughers* on my Side. When it came to my *Military* Man's turn to jeer the *Lean*, not a Man of us ſeconded

conded his Raillery. This went to the very *Heart* and *Soul* of him. As for me, I expreſs'd my ſelf in the Language of a Conqueror; and I muſt own to you, that my Vanity was not a little puff'd up with having gain'd ſo important a *Victory* for the *Lean*. My Spark enrag'd at his *Defeat*, began at laſt to be ſcurrilous, and addreſs'd himſelf perſonally to me; but the Company thought it became them in Point of Prudence to put a Stop to the Controverſy. They told me, that the Captain was a paſſionate Admirer of a *fat Lady*, which made him eſpouſe the *Intereſt* of all that were in her Circumſtances; but this they ought to have inform'd me of before, by ſome Sign or other. And as I was not in Love with any *lean* Woman, I ſhould not have conteſted the Point with him. 'Tis about fifteen *Days* ago ſince this Diſpute happened; ſince which time, I have made ſeveral Advances to my furious Antagoniſt, to make him forget this Affair, but he does not ſeem diſpos'd to hear of any Terms of Accommodation. I ſuppoſe by this means he hopes to ingratiate himſelf with his Miſtreſs, and that among other Proteſtations, he has ſwore to her by all that is *good* and *ſacred*, never to forgive the preſumptuous Wretch that ſhould think *irreverently* of a double Chin and a Tun Belly. *Yeſterday* I had engaged to wait upon a pretty young *Lady*, at a certain Hour, when I knew I ſhould have an *Opportunity* of finding her all alone. The time was juſt approaching, and my Chairmen being out of the way, I was forc'd to trudge it on Foot as hard as I could drive. Paſſing through a narrow Lane, I came full Butt upon my Captain, who cried out in an angry Tone to me, *'Slife, Sir, I have not forgot your late ſawcy Language*: But not having a Minute then to loſe, I anſwered him with the ſame Bluntneſs, and without ſo much as looking at him, that I was not at leiſure to fight, and ſo on I march'd, having ſomething elſe to do. He would have been raviſht to have had an *Opportunity* to tilt with me; but to deal plainly with you, I did not think it worth the while at that time to go to Loggerheads with him. The Lord knows what will become of this Matter, but

it

it would be a very pleaſant thing, if our merry Diſpute about *Fat* and *Lean* Ladies ſhould bring us two before thoſe *worthy* Gentlemen the *Marſhals* of *France*. I am inform'd that my *Adverſary* goes about from Houſe to Houſe, ſtirring and prepoſſeſſing all *Fat* People againſt me; and indeed I have obſerv'd of late that they look upon me with a very evil *Eye*. Now what ſhall I do, dear Friend of mine, in ſo preſſing a Danger? I think I have no other Card left me to play, but to arm all the *Lean* ones in my own Defence.

SIR,
Yours, &c.

To Monſieur B——, *about a nice Fantaſtical Widow that was very difficult in her Choice of a Husband.*

I Have ſent you an Account of all that has happen'd here at my Lady *L*——'s ſince ſhe has been a Widow. To be plain with you then, ſhe is fully reſolv'd to have another Husband; but what ſort of a Husband do you think will content her? Why ſhe will have one that is *truly*, *really*, and *ſincerely* in Love with her, but is afraid the World has *wicked* Deſigns upon her *Eſtate* rather than her Perſon, which is a very nice and reaſonable *Diſtinction*, I muſt own, but ſuch a one as her Ladyſhip ought by no Means to remember at this time of Day. She is obſerved all along in her Diſcourſe to leſſen her Eſtate as much as ſhe can, to hinder her humble Servants from loving her for the Sake of her unrighteous *Mammon*, and at the ſame time ſhe makes her Age leſs than it is: but 'tis not in her Ladyſhip's Power to prejudice either her *Eſtate* or her *Age*, for all the World knows to an Acre and a Month how far each of them does extend. I could wiſh with all my Heart you were here to ſee with what Con-

Contempt ſhe talks of her Daughter's fine *Complexion*, whenever ſhe has the leaſt Occaſion to ſpeak of it. *Child, it is not the Lilies and Roſes in your Cheeks that you muſt truſt to, thoſe Trifles are but of a ſhort Continuance; but what will make you longeſt beloved, is your Air and Shape, Child.* Now, what makes her trump up this Diſtinction? Why, I muſt inform you, the old *Lady* has ſtill a very noble Air, and a very handſom Shape, but as for her *Complexion*, it has given her the ſlip many a Year ago. On the other Hand, the Daughter endeavours all ſhe can to hinder her Mother from *marrying* again, becauſe it nearly concerns her in Point of Inteteſt to do ſo; and this is the Reaſon why ſhe uſes all her Addreſs to prevent it. If any *Pretender* happens to take the right Way to gain the old *Lady*'s Heart, the Daughter throws her ſelf in his Way, and to make him leave off the Purſuit of that Game, ſhe employs thoſe never failing Charms that always attend *Youth* and *Beauty*. This makes her Mother wonderfully jealous, and that is Plague enough in all Conſcience: For when ſhe is once poſſeſs'd with that Devil, ſhe makes as great a Hurricane, and is as difficult to be reconciled as a bilk'd Girl of Fifteen. This young *Lady*, after all, might perhaps find herſelf miſtaken in her Politicks, if a Man of good Senſe made his Court to her Mother, who without ſtopping ſhort by the Way, would go and attack her *regularly*, and reſolve not to raiſe the Siege till he carried the Town; but it falls out luckily for her, that the old Lady admits none but young Fellows to make their Addreſſes to her; and young Fellows, you know, will always be cullied by a young Face. I made her uneaſy for ſome time, for I pretended to be mightily in Love with her Mother, who gave me no unkind Reception; and immediately the Daughter employed all her wheedling Tricks to make a Diverſion. As I had no other Deſign than to alarm her for a while, I took care not to fall into the Trap ſhe had laid for me; but at laſt I put her out of her Pain a few Days ago by a Letter which I wrote to her. I have ſent you a

Copy

Copy of it enclos'd in this, becauſe it may ſerve to give you ſome Light into the *Hiſtory* of the Widowhood of my Lady *L*———, which you are ſo deſirous to know. I am,

SIR,
Your, &c.

To Monſieur de S———, *Upon his being in Love with a* Lady, *whom he was to marry after her Husband's Deceaſe.*

SIR,

ACcording to the laſt Advices, I find you pretend to ſucceed Monſieur *de R*——— in his Wife: I mean, you have engag'd to *marry* Madam *de R*——— ſo ſoon as Providence is ſo kind to her as to make her a Widow. Let me tell you, this is a bold Engagement; not but that her good Man is ſixty Years old: But what will you ſay, if the *Fancy* ſhou'd take him to live till *Ninety*: Or how do you know, but he may prove ſuch a croſs *Dog* as to make it up a full *Hundred*, when his Hand is in.

'Tis now *ten* Years compleat ſince Madam *de R*——— married him, by the ſame Token ſhe was then but *Fifteen*; and I'm afraid ſhe is reſolv'd to give him half a Score Years out of her own Stock, and make her ſelf Amends out of his Eſtate; which was the only Reaſon for which ſhe married him. Not that, properly ſpeaking, ſhe is a Miſer in her Temper, or cares much to heap up Wealth for her ſelf; ſhe only did it for a certain Gentleman that ſhall be nameleſs, for whom, it ſeems, ſhe had no *Averſion*, and whom ſhe reckon'd to *marry* every Day in the Week: For it was agreed on all Hands, that the old Gentleman would ſoon take his Leave of this *Tranſitory* World. But to ſee how *ineffectual* and *dark-ſighted* Human Prudence is!

is! The ſuperannuated Husband ſtill *lives*; he ſurviv'd the abovemention'd Lover's *Paſſion* and *Conſtancy*, who foreſeeing there was no good to be done, was e'en forced to *marry* elſewhere in his own Defence. Another *worthy* Gentleman ſucceeded him, who after ſome Years ſpent in the ſame *Expectations*, was glad to throw up his Pretentions to a Woman, whoſe Husband was ſo *obſtinately* reſolved to live: And now *worthy* Friend, you are coming into his *Poſt*; but I'm afraid the old Man will ſerve you *exactly* as he has done your Predeceſſors of unlucky *Memory*, and that you will not be a Farthing the better either for the *Money*, or *Charms* of his Widow. As you have a peculiar Aſcendant over her, I don't doubt but this virtuous Lady makes uſe of all the *Ways* and *Means* which a young Woman may *lawfully* employ to diſpatch an old fumbling Fellow; but finding him look as brisk as ever, I am of Opinion he is not to be murdered between a Pair of Sheets; and that he that laughs in his Sleeve, when the Spouſe of his Boſom would oblige him by her Careſſes to do that which would ſoon make a Man of his Years a *Bankrupt* in Love. I don't queſtion, but that 'tis the beſt *Cordial* and *Elixir* in the World to him, to ſee that he enjoys more Health than all his Wife's Humble Servants can boaſt of *Perſeverance*. He has already ſeen her Court chang'd twice or thrice, and yet he is ſtill in the Land of the Living. He is ſo far from being jealous at all theſe obſequious *Services* that are paid his Lady, that he enjoys a perfect *Tranquillity* of Mind upon it, which would make me ſtark mad, if I went upon the ſame Deſign as you do; For I am ſure I ſhould take it for one of the greateſt *Affronts* in the World. This one may gather by him, that he looks upon himſelf ſure to live long enough to *weary out* your Expectations, nay, to do the ſame by your Succeſſor. The *Autumn* now approaches; and I know both you and his Wife flatter your ſelves more than ever, to do his Buſineſs for him. For this reaſon you never let him ſup till *Twelve*, ply him hard with Bumpers, look over the *Weekly Bills*

to ſee what Diſtemper is *likely* to have the Honour to ſend him to his long Home, and at laſt conclude it muſt be a Defluxion upon his Lungs, or an *Apoplexy*. However, I dare lay you what Wager you pleaſe, that he will weather this Seaſon; and that the Fall of the Leaf will bring you no good Tidings. 'Tis an old poſitive ill-natur'd *Hunks*, that will not die till his Wife's *Beauty* is expir'd, and her Face has gone the Way of all mortal Faces. If he ſhould be ſo wonderfully complaiſant as to kick up his Heels before you, he will take care that his Wife's Charms ſhan't ſurvive him, and will end his *Days* with *Satisfaction* after ſo pleaſant a Piece of *Revenge*. As for me, were I in your Place, I wou'd not engage in this *Paſſion*, nor fill my Head with ſuch *Chimæra*'s as you do, unleſs a whole *College* of *Phyſicians* wou'd give it me under their Hands and Seals, that the old Fellow wou'd not live above a Month, or at leaſt, promiſe me to give him a *Civil Lift* out of the World by a Time appointed. Unleſs a Man cou'd propoſe ſomething like this to himſelf, he might perhaps make ſome People think well of his Affection, but none of his Judgment.

To Monſieur B——, *giving an Account of an old Gentlewoman that was Caned by her Lover, and how vain ſhe grew upon't.*

I Am going to ſend you the moſt ſurprizing News you ever heard. Madam *D*——, whom you are ſo angry with for talking of *Love* and *Gallantry*, and ſprucing up her *decay'd* Perſon, flouriſhes and triumphs in ſpite of her Age, which the malicious ſay exceeds *Fifty*, and lately had the moſt *glorious* Adventure befallen her that ever ſhe could have hop'd for. In ſhort, ſhe receiv'd a few Days ago ſome hearty Drubs with a good *Oaken Cudgel* from her Lover, for ſome Suſpicion of

of *Infidelity*, as she pretends; nay, the Spark was so strangely transported, that going out of her Chamber, he threw the Lanthorn on the Stair-Case all to Pieces. *Old Puss* is grown so unsupportably proud, upon receiving such *visible* Tokens of her Gallant's Affection, that there's no enduring of her. She maintains in all Companies, that 'tis the Womens *Fault* if they don't make themselves as much belov'd as they please; and that if they had but the Wit to make a right Use of their Advantages, there is ne'er a Man in the World whom they might not easily *manage* with a single Thread. She mightily commends the kind Gentleman, before those Persons whom she honours with any Share of her Confidence.. She says he has *Charming* Transports, and *bewitching* Extravagances; and that whoever is concerned with him, ought to know when his different Sallies of *Passion* and Tenderness come in; and that he is the *Easiest* Man in the World, if but rightly *humour'd*. Imagine you heard this Discourse deliver'd in a *trembling broken* Voice, and coming from a Mouth, where not a Tooth, or the least Remainder of one is to be seen: She thinks that this cudgelling has set the Clock of her Life twenty Years backward, and mercilessly *insults* the rest of her own Age, that have not Merit enough to deserve a Drubbing; This, I find, has made some of them as jealous as Furies. So they take *all* the Pains in the World to *undervalue* the Merit of the Favours which she has so lately receiv'd. One of her Neighbours, who is her Contemporary, and, what is more, one that envies her from the Bottom of her Heart, told me, when her *Gallant* thrash'd her, he was just come from the *Chocolate House*, where he had lost all his Money; and that in the Heat of this ill Humour he had laid his Cane upon this *charming* Person: That as for the Lanthorn, it was not he, but an ill contriv'd Rogue of a *Lacquey* that broke it. Thus you may see, Sir, what strange things Envy will make some *People* talk; and with what Artifice and Subtlety it endeavours to *lessen* every thing that makes for the Honour of its Neighbour: Nay, even the *Men* are angry

gry with our poor Spark for *employing* his Cudgel so *unworthily*, as if a Man were not allow'd to use it where and when he saw fit; but was obliged to give the *Publick* an Account of every Woman's Age whom he vouchsafed to chastize. So that according to this Doctrine, if in one of your amorous Transports you should happen to *fall foul* upon some amiable *Old Gentleman*, the World has a Right to censure those Favours as *ill bestow'd*, and blame you for not making them *light* upon a younger Back. Now, in Truth, this is very hard Dealing; but the People of this Age are so *ill-condition'd*, that there's no *pleasing* them. Farewel, Sir: Make a right Use of this Example; use your Cane *discreetly*, and be sure to remember, that when a Woman has once seen Twenty five, she does not deserve to be saluted with it.

To Monsieur de C—— *upon a Friend's resolving to marry an* Old Woman.

THis comes to acquaint you, that our Friend *S*——, notwithstanding all the *Advice* of his Friends to the contrary, is resolv'd to *marry* Madam *D***. All the *Reason* that he can give for so doing, is, that he is *poor*, and the *Lady* has a Thousand Pounds a Year. Well then, do you think this a sufficient *Reason?* I presume you do'nt; for there is a ne'er a single *Feature* about her that does not want the abovementioned Sum to keep it in Repair. If Want of *Beauty* implies Want of *Fortune*, she is the *poorest* Woman upon the Face of the Earth. I would willingly know what Method he takes to delude her. In the first Place, I take it for granted, that his Design upon her must be wicked: And tho' such a Resolution, in my Opinion, is not easy to take, yet since he has fallen upon it, I long to know what Success he has had in his Pretentions. I have heard this *Venerable Person* often say,

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That Heaven knew her *Heart*, ſhe had no Deſign to *marry* again: But that if ſhe was *predeſtinated* to commit ſuch a *Folly* the ſecond time (and Widows, by the bye, are mighty Sticklers for *Predeſtination*) ſhe would at leaſt take Care not to chuſe that Man for her Husband, who ſhould propoſe nothing elſe to himſelf but to make himſelf Maſter of her Eſtate; but one that had a real and ſincere *Conſideration* for her *Perſon*. I own this Word *Conſideration* was a modeſt Word; but in the Lady's *Dictionary* it ſignified *Love*: And ſince *Satan* has put it into her Ladyſhip's Head to make a Diſtinction between her *Eſtate* and *Perſon*, I can't imagine what Method a Man can take to ſatisfy her that he has a *Fancy* to the *Former*, and not at all to the *Latter*. Can ſo *ſuperannuated* a Piece of *Mortality* believe, that ſhe has any Merit to boaſt of, excluſive of her Thouſand Pounds a Year; or is ſhe ſo *vain* as to think that the World looks upon her *Acres* to be nothing but an *Appendix* to her other Perfections? What, has ſhe ne'er a *Looking-glaſs* in her Houſe, to convince her of her *Miſtake*? Have her *Gentlewoman* and her *Dreſſing Maid*, her *Chaplain*, *Steward*, and her *Butler*, her *Cook-maid*, and her *Gardener*, her *Coachman* and her *Groom*, have they all conſpired to *abuſe* her and keep her in *Ignorance*? It almoſt makes me *mad* to think on't. For Heaven's ſake what can be the Meaning of ſo *ſtrange* an Infatuation? But, to return to our Friend; whatever *Sins* he may have to anſwer for, I am ſure he ought not to be taxed with *Cowardice*. Bleſs me! to have the Impudence to throw himſelf at an old painted *Dowdy*'s Feet, and there to tell her in a ſcoundrel whining *Tone*, that the Divine Luſtre of her *Eyes*, forſooth, has burnt his Heart to a Coal; That her Company is Heaven to him, and her *Abſence* the greateſt Hell; in ſhort, that his Life, his Happineſs, his All, depends upon the Sentence of her *Celeſtial* Lips; To ſay all theſe *Sottiſh* Flatteries, and do all theſe *wicked* things, is *certainly* above any Man's attempting, but one that has the Courage of *Herculei*. For my Part, I could ſooner run up to the Mouth of

a *Cannon*, leap down a Precipice, or, what is *worſe*, tye up my right Leg behind me, and beg upon a Bridge, than reconcile my ſelf to ſuch little Practices. Inſtead of loading my tender Conſcience with ſo many horrid Lyes, I wou'd *honeſtly* tell her Ladyſhip, that I was moſt wonderfully in love with her *Bags* and her *Acres*; and that if ſhe would be pleas'd to make me *Maſter* of them, ſhe ſhou'd find me a complaiſant, grateful *Drudge* to the end of the Chapter; but the Devil a *Syllable* wou'd I tell her of her *Beauty*. I wou'd moreover take Occaſion to inform her, that ſhe was *bound* in Honour, and all that, to *marry* me, becauſe I did not go about to banter her as the reſt of her *humble* whining Raſcals did, who pretended to be ſmitten with her irreſiſtible *Charms*. A Woman of good *Senſe* and *Diſcretion*, if ſuch a Monſter as that is to be found above Ground, wou'd be better pleas'd, one wou'd think, with ſo frank an *Acknowledgment*, than with all thoſe fulſom Compliments, of which the common Herd of Lovers are ſo *profuſe*. You will tell me perhaps, that above three Parts in four of the Women are Fools. Why, ſo they may be: However, I am ſuch a good natur'd *Fool* to believe they are not altogether ſo *fooliſh* as we make them: Beſides, to open my ſelf farther to you, there are *ſome* People in the World, whom, as *wicked* as I am, I ſhou'd make a Conſcience to *cheat*. 'Tis ſome Pleaſure to put *falſe* Dice upon a cautious ſolemn *Coxcomb*, that ſtands eternally upon his *Guard*; but what kind of Satisfaction can it be to angle for *Gudgeons* that will ſwallow a *Hook* without a *Bait*?

When you write to me next, pray ſend me Word whether the abovemention'd Lady be not a down-right Natural: For if ſhe is not, I am reſolv'd to *renounce* all Manner of *Acquaintance* with our Friend: For if he has cunning enough to perſwade her that he is in Love with her Perſon, ſhe muſt certainly be the moſt dangerous Impoſtor in the World; and an Impoſtor, as I take it, is none of the fitteſt Men to make a Companion.

The End of Letters Serious and Comical.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Vol. III p. 123

A DECLAMATION in Defence of W------ and GAMING, against DRUNKENNESS.

Written in Latin by *BEROALDUS*, made Engliſh by Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

The ARGUMENT.

A Father had three Sons, one a Whoremaſter, *another a* Gameſter, *and the third a* Drunkard. *Being Sick he made this Will,* That the moſt wicked of his Sons ſhould be diſinherited. *He being dead, they go to Law which of 'em was by this Will diſinherited: The Cauſe is heard before the Judges by way of mutual Accuſation of each other; the* Drunkard *having made his Defence, the other two gave the following Anſwer.*

ÆSOP, that admirable Deliverer of fine Morals in pleaſing Fables, (*moſt Reverend Judges*) tells us, That Men are furniſh'd with two Wallets, one hanging before, and t'other behind: That we put our Neighbours Follies and Vices in that which

hangs before; and hide our own in that which is more out of the way, behind. In which ingenious Apologue he, with a great deal of Wiſdom and Knowledge, informs us, that mortal Men have a *Hawk's Eye* in the Diſcovery of the leaſt *Bliſter* or *Scar* in their Neighbours, but are as blind as Moles in their own *Ulcers* and unſeemly *Blotches*; extremely ſharp-ſighted in other People's *Peccadilloes*, but purblind in their own *greateſt Defects*: Thus no body looks back into the Wallet behind, as if of no Concern to 'em. This, tho' of common Experience, yet has never been more viſible and evident, than in our Brother's pleading before this *Honourable Bench* this Day, who being very ſhort-ſighted in his own Affair, has diſcover'd ſo ſharp an Eye in ours, while *he could ſee a Mote in our Eyes, but not a Beam in his own*; who has been very copious and eloquent againſt the *Whoremaſter* and *Gameſter*, but has endeavour'd to prove *Drunkenneſs* (his peculiar and beloved Vice) not only pardonable, but very pleaſantly defends it, as a Quality extremely worth our acquiring, and meriting the greateſt Applauſe.

But we ſhall not preſume to banter this *Honourable Bench* with ſuch an Abſurdity, nor put a Gloſs upon our Errors, or cover our Warts; but ſhall ingenuouſly confeſs, that both *Gaming* and *Whoring* are really Evils: But all we contend for is, that *Drunkenneſs* is yet a greater Evil than theſe; and this we hope to make good by the moſt evident Arguments and Demonſtration: We only moſt humbly beg *your Lordſhips* to ſhew us the ſame Favour you have our *Brother*; and as with a patient and equitable Ear, you have given Attention to his Invectives againſt his *Brothers*, you will, with the ſame Benignity and Conſideration, liſten to our Reply and excuſable Recrimination; that if he has gratified himſelf with any ill-natur'd Pleaſure in his Raillery, he may loſe that Satisfaction in hearing his own Follies expos'd in their proper Colours; who having taken the Liberty of ſaying what he pleas'd, may be oblig'd, without any Injuſtice, to hear what he has no mind to.

'Tis

'Tis your Buſineſs, *moſt reverend Judges*, when you have heard both Sides, and compar'd and nicely weigh'd our Follies and Vices, to make ſuch a Decree as ſhall to *your Wiſdoms* ſeem moſt equitable and juſt.

To begin from the *Root* of the Cauſe: Man conſiſting of *Body* and *Soul*, knows nothing more near and dear to him than *himſelf*; whence it comes to paſs, that the chief Object of his Care and Concern is, to preſerve the Health of his Body and Mind, that he may be *Mens ſana in corpore ſano, a ſound Mind in a ſound Body*; and to adjuſt firſt of all, and make agree thoſe things which the *Greeks* call τὰ πρῶτα φύσεως, and the *Latins*, *Prima Naturæ*, or *Primogenia*. i. e. *the Firſt* or *Primitive Things of Nature*; in which Number are plac'd *Health*, the *Integrity of the Senſes*, and the *Preſervation of all the Parts*, which moſt Men make the Meaſure and Rule of the *Summum Bonum*, or *ſupream Good*: And ſince *Prudence* is the proper Act of Life, and which makes the greateſt and moſt valuable Figure among the *Goods* of the Mind, our firſt and chief Care ought to be the *Preſervation* of that, leſt we fooliſhly quit the Method and Means of Living.

Since therefore this Health and Safety of the Body and Mind is the moſt precious and valuable of all things in Nature, ſince the *Goods* of the Mind and Body are allow'd to be the greateſt of *Sublunary Goods*, is there any Man ſo wilfully blind, as not to eſteem that, by much, the greateſt Vice and Folly, which deſtroys the moſt valuable of *Human Goods*? But 'tis moſt plain and evident, all theſe ſuffer the greateſt Shock by *Drunkenneſs*, and grow dull and heavy by the perpetual Inundation of *Wine*. *Drunkenneſs* obſcures the Mind in dark Clouds, and ſuffocating Fogs of unwholſome Vapours; drives away the Health and Robuſtneſs of the Body, and is at once the Rock, on which both our Subſtance and Reputation ſuffer Shipwreck. 'Tis an old Proverb, That *a Drunken General is a bad Commander in the Day of Battle*, ſince Wine throws a Miſt over his Conduct, and enervates the Vigour which is neceſſary for the Onſet. This gives us an Idea of the

Wisdom of the Ancients in the meaning of their Words, especially such as were compound, for they call'd Wine *Temetum quod teneat Mentem, ac lenter*, from being a Clog and Impediment to the Mind, and bent to Evil: Hence also is *Drunkenness* call'd *Temulentia*.

What, O, *ye Judges*, is there more scoundrel? What more beastly, than a Man depriv'd of his Manhood, robb'd of his Senses by an Inundation of *Claret*? He knows not himself, and has no more Understanding than an old Fellow in his Dotage, or a Child of two Months old; the Health of the Mind is wash'd away by the *Flood of good Liquors*, and a total Forgetfulness of all things ensues, and the perfect Death of the Memory. The Mind of a *Drunkard*, drown'd in Wine, and vanquish'd in Ebriety, is not in his own Power, which never is the Fate of either the *Whoremaster* or *Gamester*; and as *Seneca* the most severe Censor of the *Drunkards*, says, *Drunkenness* is only a *voluntary Madness*. Is there, can there be any greater and more scandalous Shame in Nature, than that a Man should be pleas'd and delighted with a *spontaneous* and *voluntary Delirium*, whose greatest Good is to be in his true Senses, and enjoy a perfect Health of Mind?

In *Drunkenness* we find a *Vertigo* of the Brain, all things turn round, the Head swims, the House whirls about, and the Feet reel: For as *Plautus* wittily remarks, Wine is a cunning Wrestler, that first trips up the Heels; and *Archimedes*, eminent for his Wisdom, justly observ'd, that as *Hemlock* is Poyson to a Man, so *Wine* is to *Hemlock*; intimating by this, that *Wine* was even *Poyson* to *Poyson*.

Who is ignorant how many Distempers arise out of intemperate *Drinking*? For hence come running Eyes, weak Nerves, trembling Hands, malignant Fevers, ulcerous and gouty Feet, a stinking Breath, and a thousand more which I might here enumerate; so that we may with a great deal of Justice, say, *Drunkenness is close follow'd by its Companion* Pain.

'Tis evident that *Wine* is of a very injurious Nature to human Bodies, when the Use of it is by the Physicians

cians always forbid in our Diſtempers, as if that were the Food and Fuel of the Diſeaſe.

We may add to theſe Evils of *Drinking*, which we have mention'd already, that the Man who is a Devotee to that, is but a very bad Husband of his Affairs, while he ruines his Eſtate in the Purchaſe of Wines from all Parts of the World, and pays the Vintner for odd and whimſical *Names* triple the Value of the Liquor, while he values Wine more than Gold, and is more pleas'd to *look on* a ſparkling Glaſs, than on the Beams of the all-chearing Sun. Every Day furniſhes us with Examples (tho' in a manner ſo *notorious*, ſo *known* to all Men, particular Inſtances are not neceſſary) of Men who have brought themſelves to Beggary by *drinking* at ſo expenſive a rate; its Force and Extortion is ſo great, that it turns the *Head*, and begets *Madneſs*: There is no more obvious Argument of its Infamy, than that it is us'd in common Abuſe, as the laſt and moſt deſpicable Exprobration that can be made to any Man; nor could *Homer's Achilles* find out any more ſhameful Reproach to throw at *Agamemnon*, than that he was οἰνοβαρὴς, i. e. *one laden with Wine.* The Mother of St. *Auſtin*, formerly being by her Maid upbraided and called in the Height of her Anger a *Wine-bibber*, was ſo ſhock'd at the infamous Raillery, that ſhe left off Wine, and only mix'd Water with it for the future.

Examine, *moſt equitable Judges*, the Opinions of all Men, make Enquiry of every one, and you will ſcarce be able to find ſo much as *One*, who had not rather be call'd a *Whoremaſter* or *Gameſter*, than a *Drunkard*. Of ſo general and receiv'd Infamy is a Vice ſo abominable and ſenſeleſs.

Let us add to this the Conſideration of how many Quarrels, even among the neareſt and deareſt Friends: How many Murders and abandon'd Wickedneſſes have Men committed in their *Drink*, which they might well (tho' in vain) wiſh undone, when the *Bacchanalian* Fury was over, (for *Wine*, as it is in *Eſdras*) *ſeduces the Mind, and the drunken Man takes up the Sword,*

who coming to themſelves and riſing as it were from a ſhort ſort of Death, remember not any of their Actions? Let us inſtance in *Alexander* the Great, of whom my good Brother but now made his Boaſts, did he not ſtab his beſt Friend *Clytus* in the Heat of his Cups? *Perſepolis* fell a Sacrifice to the Heat of his Liquor, and many of his moſt intimate Favourites felt in their Deaths the *Frenzy* of his *Wine*. Nor is this recorded by *Hiſtorians* as a Precedent for *Drunkards*, as you vainly and weakly imagine, but to deter all Men from the ſhameful Vice that had produc'd ſuch fatal Events. Let us ſee what Slaughters publick Debauches have brought forth in this Kind: 'Tis this has betray'd the moſt Warlike Nations into the Hands of their Enemies; this has brought under a Foreign Yoke the moſt obſtinate and impatient of Thraldom; this has vanquiſh'd thoſe that could not be overcome in Battle.

Thus the *Syracuſians* fell into the Hands of *Marcellus*, and the Juriſdiction of the *Romans*; thus the *Maſſagetes*, drown'd in Wine, were routed and made captive by the *Perſians*: What Vice therefore, O *Equitable Judges*, can be more infamous, foul and ſhameful, than *Drunkenneſs*? It aſſaults the *Health of the Mind*, deſtroys the *Vigour* of the *Body*, waſtes the *Eſtate*, and ſinks the *Reputation*; of which the Conſequences are Quarrels, Murders, unheard of Wickedneſs, and even the Extirpation of Nations.

Our Life is a perpetual Refutation of the *Stoick's* Paradox, which ſhews more of Cunning than Truth, *viz. That all Sins are equal*. This is contrary to *Common Senſe*, and our Vices too viſibly contradict it, whoſe Inequality, and greater and leſſer Degrees of Miſchief is obvious to every one. Thus 'tis apparent, even to the Blind, that *Drunkenneſs* is by ſo much the more *odious* and *abominable* than *Whoredom* and *Gaming*, by how much more valuable and precious *Goods* are deſtroy'd by the former than by the latter.

But to comply as much as poſſible with you, out of *Brotherly Love*, and depart a great deal from thoſe Advantages which we have, let us allow you, that

Drun-

Drunkenness in all other things is a less Evil than *Whoring* or *Gaming*; let us grant *Fornication* and *Dice* more abandon'd Vices in all other things, yet you must be compell'd to allow this whether you will or not, That *Drunkenness* overclouds the Wit and Understanding, that it makes all the Senses languish, and puts a Man out of his own Power and Conduct; by which Concession, which you cannot yet deny, 'tis evident that *Victory* declares on our Side, since nothing is equal to this very Vice alone, and nothing wicked and odious enough to demand the second Place. Suppose you make what Compound you please of *our* Vices, yet you will not be able to prove, but that we are always *Compos mentis*, Masters of common Sense and Understanding; which *Drunkenness* in *you* shocks and throws into a perfect *Delirium*; but in this Madness, and the Shipwreck of the Mind and Senses, a Man loses the Name of *Man*, and voluntarily casts away that only Distinction betwixt the *Human* and *Brutal* kind, which must render him the most abandon'd, most shameful, and most infamous of Men, if he yet deserve that Name.

As for the Praise my Brother has been pleased to bestow on *Wine*, agreeing with the Opinion of *Asclepiades*, that it almost equals the Power of the Gods, he fights with a *Bulrush*, not a *Sword*; since we are not averse to *Wine*, and drink it with Pleasure: For 'tis not *Wine*, but Excess of it, which we contend against. We are sensible there are two Liquors extreamly grateful to human Bodies, *Wine* within, and *Oil* without; *Wine* for the Stomach, and *Oil* to anoint the Limbs. We allow, that nothing contributes more to the strengthening our Bodies, than *Wine* taken with Moderation; we know very well, that *Wine* refreshes the Stomach, whets the Appetite, abates the Edge of our Cares, expels Cold, and invites Sleep; but all these Advantages are confin'd to a very moderate and extreamly temperate Use of it; that Excursion therefore in the Praise of *Wine* no body denies: But however, what Excuse, what Justification can thence be drawn for *Drunkenness*, or the *Drunkard*, who is the

Subject of our preſent Debate? Does the Excellence of *Wine* juſtify his perverting it to the moſt infamous Defect? Can any Authority defend him? What, will you venture to ſhelter your ſelf under the Shield of *Plato*, whom, as the drunken Advocate of *Drunkenneſs*, you have falſly quoted? For you muſt know, my very good Brother, that he is far from praiſing, or authoriſing by a Law, that odious Ebriety which uſes to weaken, and make languid Mens Minds and Underſtandings, the Guilt of which is this Day laid to your Charge; but he would by this Law let us know, that he does not condemn ſometimes a little larger, and more pleaſant Carouſe at Set Banquets, under the Government and Direction of ſome certain prudent and ſober *Sympoſiarchs*, or Maſters of the Feaſts. But that you may know how far the *Platonick* Laws are from countenancing or authorizing *Drunkenneſs*, that it is to the greateſt Degree condemn'd by him, give a little Attention to what we ſhall ſay.

This Philoſopher orders only a little meer *Water* for Boys, and wholly interdicts the Uſe of *Wine* to them, as adding Fire to Fire. The ſame Philoſopher commands a new-marry'd Pair, both Bride and Bridegroom, to apply themſelves wholly to the getting an Offſpring, and to be very abſtemious, that the Conception be ſolid and quiet; becauſe *Drunkards*, like *Madmen* and *Fools*, are not proper for Generation; ſince tis very probable, that from a drunken Man's Coition, the Child would proceed, both in *Limbs* and *Motion*, *crooked* and *untoward*.

As for your Boaſt of imitating *Hercules*, *Alexander*, and *Cato*, telling us, that the firſt was a good *Drinker*, the ſecond *drank*, and the third apt to *raiſe up his Spirits with Wine*; give me leave, good Brother, to ask you one civil Queſtion upon this Head: Would you really imitate theſe great Men or no? Would you place them and their Lives and Actions before you for an Example to follow, and a Copy to write after; If you will, pray let your Imitation be compleat, follow them cloſely through their whole Lives, tread

tread in the Steps of their Virtues and excellent Qualities, as well as in their Frailties. Let us ſee you, like *Hercules*, free the Earth of Monſters; equal *Alexander* in the Wonders of his Acquiſitions and Actions, and come up to the Sanctity, the Integrity of the Manners of *Cato*, then we ſhall allow Ebriety as excuſable in you as it was in them; then no body will moleſt you; then our Suit with you for our paternal Inheritance would be at an End; we ſhould of our own accord give way to the *Good*; we ſhould give up the Cauſe to Merit, and you ſhould, without any Hazard, hear the Conteſt betwixt me and my other Brother, for our Share of the Eſtate, allowing yours not fit to come into the Controverſy. But what a Perverſeneſs, Impiety and Iniquity is this of yours, which makes you like theſe great *Heroes* in their *Vices*, but moſt unlike them in their *Virtues*; which makes you deſire to follow them in what ſhould be avoided, and ſhun them in what you ought to follow them; to imitate them in their *evil* Deeds, but have no Regard to their *good*? If you are pleaſed with *Cato* in his *Cups*, be pleaſed likewiſe with him in his *Frugality*, *Gravity*, *Integrity*, *Learning*, *Manners*, and all his other *admirables Virtues*, of which he is propoſed as the *Rule*, *Author*, and *Example*.

But you muſt not think theſe great Men like you, returning every Day to their Vomit, ſpending your whole Life, Day after Day, in the mad, thoughtleſs Revels of *Bacchus*; for Virtues and Vices ſo oppoſite in their Nature, could never inhabit the Breaſts of thoſe great Men, but they indulg'd a Glaſs now and then, to rouſe them up from their perpetual Labours and Fatigues, which Day and Night employed either their Body or their Thoughts, whoſe Peccadilloes are hid in their Virtues; to which, ſince you have not the leaſt laudable Ambition of aſpiring, for ſhame never pretend to ſuport your Infamy by their Examples, whoſe Virtues you are ſo far from attaining, that you don't ſo much as deſire them.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe, ceaſe to boaſt of thoſe whoſe Authority you have fondly ventur'd to produce in your Defence, becauſe they only make your Cauſe worſe, more ſhameful and infamous, than if you had not nam'd them. But we are really ſurpriz'd to find that you have in your Liſt forgot *Tiberius Cæſar*, ſince the Practice of one of the greateſt of the *Roman* Emperors would have brought ſome ſeeming Force to your Cauſe, who from his exceſſive drinking of *Wine* was call'd *Biberius Claudius Mero*, inſtead of *Tiberius Claudius Nero*; who made *Piſo* Prefect of *Rome*, for ſitting out his Hand at the Bottle for two Days and two Nights without Interruption. But Examples, though they are never ſo illuſtrious, of vicious Men, are more prejudicial to the Perſon guilty of the ſame Crime, than beneficial; for their *Acts* are a perpetual Monument of their Folly, and for ever condemn their *Cauſe*.

But *moſt Equitable Judges*, if in Excuſe or Defence of our Vices, we may be allow'd the Authority of Princes in their Practice, we are able to produce not a few Emperors guilty of thoſe we too juſtly ſtand accus'd of; for Hiſtory aſſures us, that *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who was eſteem'd a God even in his Life-time, than whom none was thought greater or better on Earth, was very fond of Dice, and the Emperor *Claudius* made a Book of the Art of Dice, of which he was ſo great an Admirer, that he would play even as he rode in his Coach or Litter.

But for *Whoremaſters*, there have been a thouſand Patrons; *Solomon*, who was the wiſeſt of Men, as Holy Writ aſſures us, had almoſt innumerable Troops of Concubines; and *Cæſar* the Dictator was call'd *Every Woman's Huſband*.

But 'tis not our Purpoſe to pretend to waſh out our own Offences by the Examples of great Titles, and of Men of the firſt Figure in the World; nor ſhall we make uſe of even that Defence, which without doubt carries with it the greateſt Force and Power of any, as if we ſhould urge, that there is nothing in Nature ſo neceſſary as Venereal *Coition*, which being baniſh'd the

the Earth, all the various kinds of Animals that render the Earth ſo glorious, would ſoon come to nothing, and certainly periſh. *Let* Venus (to uſe the Words of *Seneca*) *leave Mankind's Affairs, and the whole World would be neglected and uncultivated.* Take from human Commerce *Meretrician Amours*, you would find a horrid Confuſion of all things, and inceſtuous Luſts diſturb every Family.

'Tis of no Uſe in this Cauſe before you, moſt Reverend Judges, to urge, that *Dice* are the ſeaſoning of a Life of Pleaſure, the Delight of the Mind, with which Men deceive the Hours, in their cool Retreats, from the burning Heats of the Clime or Seaſon, which they make uſe of after Dinner, for the Sake of their Health, when all Agitation of Body and Application of Mind is of no Advantage in the Opinion of the beſt Phyſicians. But we pretend to draw no Force to our Cauſe from any of theſe things, but we fairly and plainly do acknowledge that we are *criminal*, we are *vicious*, but then, without all doubt we muſt aſſert, that our Brother is more *criminal*, and more *vicious*. And this we have, in our Opinion, thus far prov'd by Arguments of the higheſt Probability: But that this may be more evident to you, that the *Filthineſs* of ſo great a Vice be made yet more apparent, and ſet in a better Light; in ſhort, that not the leaſt Scruple remain in your Minds, but that a *Drunkard* is far more criminal, and guilty of a Vice far more odious and infamous than a *Whoremaſter* or *Gameſter*, we ſhall in this Place endeavour to convince you.

But becauſe our Adverſary has attempted to fortify himſelf by *Examples*, and the *Opinions* and *Sentences* of Authors of the firſt Forms, we ſhall therefore in the ſame manner evince by *Examples*, and the Sayings of *Philoſophers*, *Orators* and *Churchmen*, that *Drunkenneſs* was by the wiſeſt and beſt of the Ancients eſteem'd always deteſtable, and declaim'd againſt with the utmoſt Reproaches, as a Vice of the moſt pernicious Conſequence. And ſince theſe things will not be unpleaſant to be known, or unuſeful to be told, or to

be

be rejected by the Ears of the Learned, we hope, as you have hitherto heard us with Attention, that you will continue ſo to do in what we have yet to ſay.

The frugal *Lacedæmonians*, under the happy Laws and Inſtitutions of *Lycurgus*, deſigning to deter their Youth from Ebriety, as from a moſt baſe, mean and ſervile thing, took this Method on their Feſtival Days. They cauſed ſome of their Slaves, the *Helotes*, to be brought into their Refectories drunk, that ſeeing the ridiculous Figure, the fantaſtick Actions, the beſtial Ignorance, and all the filthy Effects of *Exceſſive Drinking*, they ſhould have a perfect Abhorrence of a Vice, which like the Cup of *Circe*, threw off the *Human*, and put on the *Brutal* Form. *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Euſebius*, and the greateſt of Phyſicians, *Galen*, have given an unanimous Applauſe to that *Carthaginian* Law, which forbid all Wine during the Campaign, ordering all to abſtain from it during all warlike Expeditions, as ſoftening and rendering them unfit for Labour and Fatigue. *Cæſar* in his Commentaries informs us, that the *Suevi*, a People of *Germany*, utterly forbid the Importation of *Wine*, believing it would enervate their Bodies, and deſtroy their Strength. The Stoick *Cheremon* relates, that the ancient *Ægyptian* Prieſts always abſtained from *Wine* and *Fleſh* from the time that they addreſs'd themſelves to the divine Worſhip, that the Senſes being unclogg'd with Vapours and Fumes, might be more robuſt and ſprightly. Among the *Romans*, and thro' all the *Latin* Territories, the Women were exemplarily abſtemious all their Lives; that is, they drank no Wine; nay, if we may believe *Dionyſius* in his Book of Antiquities, if they were caught drinking *Wine*, they were put to Death; and ſome of our celebrated *Latin* Writers have delivered it as a Truth, that the Wife of *Ignatius*, who had drank ſome Wine out of the Cask, was killed by her Husband, and he acquitted of the Murder by *Romulus*. *Fabius Prator* tells us in his *Annals*, of a Lady that was ſtarved to Death by her Relations, for having the Keys of her Wine Cellar in her Pocket. *Caeius Domitius* being

Judge,

Judge, condemn'd a Woman to the Forfeiture of her Dowry, for drinking *Wine* without her Husband's Knowledge; for this Reason, if we credit *Cato*, and from him *Tertullian* in his *Apologetick*, the Friends and Relations of the Woman kiss her, to find whether she has been drinking *Wine*. And indeed it must be confess'd, that the inordinate Use of *Wine* shuts the Door fast against all Virtue, but sets it wide open to all manner of Vice. *Apollonius Tyanæus*, a Man of the first Character among the Heathens, was a Water-Drinker, fearing and shunning *Wine* as the Bane of the Understanding. St. *Hierom* directs his *Christian Virgin* to avoid *Wine* as *Poyson*; he likewise makes almost a total Interdiction of it to the Priesthood (which we hope they observed better in his Days than ours) who writing to *Nepotian*, *Never*, says he, *suffer your Breath to have the frowzy Hautgoust of Wine, lest you should be liable to that Rebuke of the Philosopher, This is not to offer a Kiss, but a Glass.* One of the chief and most scandalous Objections of *Cicero* to *Piso*, and which he urges as the greatest Reproach, is, that being an eternal Guzzler of *Wine*, his Mouth smelt like a Vintner's Vault. But not to accumulate Examples from profane History, God himself in *Leviticus* says thus to *Aaron* the High-Priest, *Wine*, says he, *and all that can inebriate, thou shalt not drink, nor thy Sons, when you enter the Tabernacle, lest you die.* Thus likewise the *Follower of God*, the *Vessel of Election*, and the Bulwark and Defence of the *Holy Scriptures*, St. *Paul* the Apostle, condemning the Debauches of the Bottle in his Epistle to *Timothy*, declares, *That a Bishop should be sober, and not at all given to Drinking.* And hence that memorable Passage in the Canonical Decrees, that the Apostle condemns, and the old Law forbids a Priest much Drinking. The Priests that minister in the Temple, or Church of God are forbidden *Wine* and *Strong Drink*, lest their Hearts and Spirits be overburthen'd with Surfeits and Ebriety,

Before

Before the Flood Men were ſober and abſtemious in their Liquors, the Uſe of the Vine not being found out, nor any Vineyard planted; after the Flood, as we find it in Holy Writ, *Noah* was the firſt who planted a Vineyard, and drinking of the Juice of the Grapes, became *drunk*; ſo that *Wine did not ſo much as ſpare the Author of its Being.* We find likewiſe in the *Pentateuch*, that *Wine* was the Cauſe of *Inceſt*, the Daughters of *Lot* having made him *drunk* with Wine, drew him into the abominable Act of Inceſt. From which time the heat of *Wine* has invaded mortal Men with *Fury*, that *Fury* with *Drunkenneſs*, and in *Ebriety* Modeſty is loſt, and then Impudence, which enſues, produces *Inceſt*, and all manner of monſtrous Conjunctions. From this time *Wine* began to affect the Minds of Men with various and different Motions, ſo that ſome grew quarrelſome and frantick; others pleaſant, facetious and talkative; others drowſy and ſleepy; others maudlin and full of Tears; for *Wine* has the ſame Force as *black Choler*, that is, various and manifold, on which we have an excellent and noble Probleme of the moſt celebrated Philoſopher *Ariſtotle*, from which *Horace* ſeems to have borrow'd the Beginning of the Twenty-firſt Ode of his Third Book.

O Nata mecum conſule Manlio, &c.

O charming Cask of ſprightly Wine,
Whoſe Life bears equal Date with mine;
Born both upon the Latian *Shore,*
When Manlius Rome's *great Taxes bore*;
Whether from thee Complaints ariſe,
Or Wit around the Table flies,
Or jarring Quarrels intervene,
Or fickly Love, or biting Spleen,
Or from thy friendly Vapours creep
Upon my Temples eaſy Sleep, &c.

Dionyſius, vulgarly call'd *Bacchus*, (whom the Heathen Writers make the Inventer of the Grape) is feign'd

feign'd to be horn'd; not ſo much becauſe he brought Oxen to the Yoke, (as *Didorus* believ'd) as that Men over poſſeſs'd with the Spirit of *Wine*, by its Force are rais'd up to any Raſhneſs imaginable, and are made impetuous, and as it were arm'd with Horns to defend or aſſault. Then is the poor Man's Horn exalted, then forgetting his *humble State* and *Poverty*, he admits the Inſinuations of Pride, and ſwells with the empty Imaginations of his own Worth.

As for that vain and inſignificant Boaſt of our Brother's, that *Bacchus* was made a God, a Vineyard-keeper, a Conſtellation, that does not afford the leaſt Help, nor bring the weakeſt Buttreſs to his Cauſe; but if the Fictions of the Poets may ſerve for Arguments, and be allow'd a good Defence, let us likewiſe have the Advantage of the like Inſtances; let us remember that our *Venus* is the brighteſt Star in the Firmament, that ſhe exerciſes her Authority among the very Gods and Goddeſſes, by whoſe Nature or Influence all things are born on Earth, whom the moſt celebrated Authors of Fables call, *The Pleaſures of God and Men.*

To theſe let us add *Anacharſis*, who was born to Wiſdom among the barbarous and dull *Scythians*; he tells us, that the Vine bears three ſorts of Grapes, the firſt of *Pleaſure*, the ſecond of *Drunkenneſs*, and the third of *Contumely*. *Æſop*, the Author of the *Fables*, is ſaid to have expreſs'd himſelf much after the ſame manner. The Obſervation of *Anacharſis*, *Æſop*, or any other wiſe Man (for its real Author is not much to the Import of the Saying) is, that *at Dinner the firſt Cup is offer'd to* Thirſt, *the ſecond to* Mirth, *the third to* Pleaſure, *but the fourth to* Madneſs. But if the fourth Cup makes the Drinkers mad, what will four times four, nay, forty Cups do? Muſt they not drive them beyond all manner of other Madneſs, and make them what we call *ſtark mad?* But 'tis evident by great Drinkers, that the more they drink, the more they thirſt; and the more they uſe themſelves to drink, the more they covet it; ſo that they ſeem a

Gene-

Generation of Men born on purpoſe for the Deſtruction of *Wine*. *Nivellius* of *Milan* drinking off near four Gallons at a Draught, was not aſhamed of the Sirname he acquired by it, of *Tricongius*, or *Three Gallons*, ſeeking as it were an aukward ſort of Glory from his Vice. And ſince every Vice is ſo much the greater, as the Perſon that commits it is more eminent in his Station and Dignity, what Title of Infamy can we give *Bonoſus* the *Roman* Emperor (whom I wonder my Brother ſhould omit in his Liſt of *Royal Drunkards*) who excell'd all Mankind in Drinking, of whom *Aurelianus* was wont to ſay, *That he was not born to live, but to drink*; who being vanquiſhed by *Bobus*, when he had made his Exit in a Halter by his own Hands, gave Riſe to this Sarcaſm, that not a *Man*, but a *Hogſhead* was hanging up. *Solomon* cries aloud, *Wine is luxurious, and Ebriety tumultuous, and whoever is delighted with theſe can never be wiſe.* The ſame cautions us, *not to be in the Feaſts of Drunkards.*

I could not out ſmile, my Lords, when I heard my Brother but now calling thoſe *incontinent* and *intemperate*, who are Votaries of *Venus*, at the ſame time confirming it out of *Ariſtotle*'s Problemes, as if *Ariſtotle* had only called Men inclined to Women *incontinent* and *intemperate*. But, my good Brother, pray do us the Favour to repeat the whole Probleme of *Ariſtotle*, and then you will find your ſelf under the ſame Cenſure, and incurring the ſame Denomination. But to make this plain, my Lords, you muſt recollect, that this moſt eminent of all the Philoſophers ſays, that ſince all *Pleaſure* accrues to Man by his Senſes, all immoderate Pleaſure by theſe Organs is criminal and odious; but, ſays he, thoſe which proceed only from the *Taſte* or *Touch*, are the moſt contemptible of all Pleaſures; and they who are moſt addicted to thoſe two beſtial Pleaſures, are moſt generally called *incontinent*, as if thoſe ſhould be thought but a ſort of *Brutes* and *Savages*, who participate chiefly of Delight proper to them; while the others, which proceed from the other three Senſes, ſeem peculiar to *Men*. This is the

Sum

Sum and Subſtance of what *Ariſtotle* ſays; from whence it is apparent, that the Pleaſure of *Taſte*, in which that of Drinking muſt certainly be included, falls equally under the Cenſure, with the Pleaſure of the *Touch*, under which the Enjoyment of the Fair is alſo placed: But every body knows how ridiculous a thing it is to object that to another, which may be immediately retorted againſt one's ſelf.

But before we quit the Proſecution of this abominable and odious Vice, let us take a View of the *Deeds* of *Drunkenneſs*, in the Deſcription of which we ſhall not make uſe of our own Words, but thoſe of *Pliny*, which ought to be in every one's Mouth, and in every one's Heart, and are worthy to be mentioned every where as well as in his Book, to correct the inexplicable Avarice of Drink. Let us therefore hear *Pliny* declaiming againſt the Vices of *Drunkenneſs* in this manner: *Then do the voracious Eyes devour the Matron's Beauty, then are the Secrets of the Soul betrayed; ſome make their laſt Wills and Teſtaments, ſpeak things that are the Occaſion of Death, and can't hold their Peace even after the Slaughter of many; ſo that now* Truth *is vulgarly attributed to* Wine: *But the beſt of the Lot is, they never ſee the riſing Sun, and live a ſhorter time than otherwiſe they might. Hence come Paleneſs, and pendulous and skinny Cheeks, running Eyes, paralytick Hands humbling full Cups; and the preſent Puniſhment they are troubled with is, diſquiet Nights, and frightful Dreams, the chief Reward of Drunkenneſs, prodigious Luſts, and pleaſing Wickedneſs. The next Day they breathe from their Mouths contaminating Scents, have an utter Forgetfulneſs of all things, and a Death of the Memory. They boaſt, that they anticipate Life as it flies; whereas they not only loſe the former, but the coming Day.* Is there any ſo beſotted to the *Bottle*, whom this Diſcourſe of *Pliny*'s (this cenſorial Correction, ſo ſevere, ſo plain, and ſo true) cannot reclaim to Sobriety, from the Debauches of *Wine* to the Temperance of *Water*, from the Suppers of *Roarers* to the Dinners of the *Cynicks*? Who is there that can hear this, can read it, and not

fly

fly from *Drunkenneſs* as a *Peſt*, and execrate the *Bottle* with his utmoſt Deteſtation, as the moſt filthy, ſcandalous, odious and infamous of all Vices whatever? What Judge, endow'd with ſuch Authority and Wiſdom as you, my Lords, would not immediately pronounce Sentence againſt *Drunkards* and *Ebriety*?

But now I think we ought to ſound a Retreat, leſt while we take the Advantage of the *Lex Talionis*, the *Law of Retaliation*, while we recriminate on the Reproaches and Accuſations of our Brother, while we endeavour to give as good as he brought, in rallying Crime with Crime, Vice with Vice, and Folly with Folly, we ſhould ſeem too violent, and diſcover too great a want of Moderation.

We believe, my Lords, that you have obſerv'd how we have paſs'd over in Silence ſome Objections made to us by our Brother, without any Denial or Refutation. We readily confeſs, my Lords, that we are far from denying ſo plain a matter of Fact; for he only who can boaſt himſelf free from all manner of *Fault*, can particularly refute and wipe of all manner of *Scandal*. But we, my Lords, do not pretend to deny our Faults as innocent, nor do excuſe them as many do, nor boaſt of them as our Brother. It is confeſs'd, that 'tis a vile and ſhameful thing to *Whore* and *Game*; the Name of a *Whoremaſter* and *Gameſter* we ought to bluſh at. We do by no Means deny but that both our Faults are infamous and detrimental, and extreamly worthy of Reproof; but all we contend for is, *That our Brother's Vice and Wickedneſs exceeds ours.* We have made appear, that *Drunkenneſs* does not only weaken our Fame and Eſtates, (which were our Brother's chief Objections againſt *Us* and our *Follies*) but have with the beſt Demonſtration made it out, that *Ebriety* farther diſturbs, ſhocks, changes and overturns the Senſes, Underſtanding, and all the Faculties of the Mind; than which there can be nothing more vile and criminal. We have ſhewn what great Slaughters, Deſtructions and Funerals *Drunkenneſs* has brought on Mankind; we have likewiſe given you a Liſt of Examples

Examples and Authorities of the moſt excellent Philoſophers and Princes, from whence *Drunkenneſs* appears to have always been the Object of their Indignation, and in all Ages to have been condemn'd as the worſt of Vices.

As for what remains, my Lords, it is now in your Breaſts, it lies upon your Prudence and Gravity to weigh with Attention our ſeveral Crimes, and put them as it were in a Balance, and which ever of us Three ſhall appear the moſt vile and infamous Offender, he muſt be the Subject of your Sentence.

Nor are we under the leaſt Apprehenſions in the World, but that your Judgment will be in our Favour: We can't doubt but that you, my Lords, who are Men of ſuch eminent Wiſdom, will have the ſame Sentiments of Things with ſo many Writers of the firſt Rank, and with what Reaſon it ſelf perſwades, Examples fortify, and common Senſe confirms. We therefore, my Lords, commit our Cauſe to your Prudence and Conſciences, and if you plainly know (as you moſt certainly do) that *Drunkenneſs* is by much the more infamous Crime, exclude our Brother, and by your Sentence abſolve *Us*, that by your Favour and Juſtice we may enjoy our Paternal Inheritance. *Dixi.*

The End of the DECLAMATION.

Diverting

Diverting Letters

AND

BILLET-DOUX,

(Both Originals and Tranſlations)

TO

GENTLEMEN and LADIES.

Diverting LETTERS to Gentlemen, in Imitation of *Monſieur de Pays.*

By Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

To Monſieur de *P*——

That Women have ſold their Favours in all Ages of the World, confirm'd by the famous Story of Lais *and* Demoſthenes.

TAke my word for it, Sir, you were exceedingly in the right on't, to refuſe *buying* of Pleaſure at ſo dear a Rate. When a Man is ſo *honeſt* as to beſtow his *Heart* upon *Phillis*, ſhe ought to be ſent to the Devil for a *mercenary* Strumpet, if not content with that *Preſent*, ſhe demands the fingering of his *Purſe*: For, as Love's *Caſuiſts* have long ago regulated the Matter in

in Caſe of *Services* render'd, the *Workman* ought to be paid, and not the *Maſter* that employs him. I always told you, if you remember, that this wheedling young *Gypſy* loved you for the *Inſide* of your Pockets, and not for your *outward* Merits: And ſince you have found it by Experience to be *true*, I hope you'll *take* my Word for the future. However, don't be dejected at the Matter, for you are not the *firſt* Man by a Million that has ſuffered this Misfortune. The Generality of the Sex in all Ages of the World, have ſet a *greater* Value on wicked *Mammon* than Integrity. Half a Crown, a Silver Thimble, a braſs Ring double gilt, a Pair of *Jerſey* Stockings, and the like, will *purchaſe* you a Chamber-Maid, or one of her Rank at any time: Bribe but *higher*, and you may get an Arm-full of *Quality*, of what Complexion or Age you pleaſe: For, after long Obſervation, I find it to hold truer *no Money, no Miſtreſs*, than *no Money, no Swiſs*. 'Tis a moſt wicked Cuſtom, I confeſs, and ought to be baniſh'd out of all civiliz'd Nations; but the *Diſeaſe*, I am afraid, has taken too deep Rooting to be removed. To convince you that this is *true*, as likewiſe to give you *Conſolation* all under one, I reſolved to ſend you the following Story, which ſeems to be calculated for the Meridian of your Caſe.

You remember, my dear Friend, or at leaſt you ought to remember that ſilver-tongu'd Orator of *Greece*, who could perform Miracles by his Eloquence, I mean the celebrated *Demoſthenes*, who led the Nobility and People of *Athens* juſt as he pleaſed, and who was a *greater* Thorn in the King of *Macedon*'s Foot, by the ſingle Power of his *Rhetorick*, than all the Captains of his Republick by their Bravery. At the ſame time that this notable *Haranguer* flouriſh'd at *Athens*, a certain Lady of Pleaſure, whoſe Name was *Lais*, flouriſh'd at *Corinth*, who was as famous for the *Lilies* and *Roſes* in her Cheeks, as our *Athenian* for the Tropes and Metaphors in his Speeches. No mortal *Heart* whatever could withſtand the irreſiſtible Charms of *Lais*, and no mortal *Ears* could defend themſelves againſt the

the bewitching *Tongue* of *Demoſthenes*. In ſhort, they agreed in this particular, that both of them promoted the *Publick Good* with the *Sweat* of their *Brows* though after a different manner. Hiſtory now here informs us what Fees *Demoſthenes* uſed to demand, but 'tis agreed on all Hands, that *Lais* would be paid exorbitantly for her Attendance: She was not one of thoſe *generous* Damſels, that think they are ſufficient *Gainers* by *exchanging* Love for Love; neither tho' ſhe *fought* for Pay, did ſhe *liſt* her ſelf to the next Comer for a *ſmall* Matter: No, all her Favours were *taxed*, and at ſo *high* a Rate too, that ſhe occaſion'd the famous *Proverb* you have heard ſo often mention'd, that *every one could not afford to go to* Corinth. *Demoſthenes*, who had been inform'd by common Report, of the *Beauty* and attractive *Graces* of this charming *Corinthian*, flatter'd himſelf that this *Proverb* did not affect him, and that 'twas impoſſible for *Lais* to withſtand the all-conquering *Harmony* of his Periods. Thus being ſatisfy'd that he ſhould gain his Point, he took Pen in Hand, and ſent a *Cart-load* of Love Letters to *Lais*: She, like a well bred Lady, civilly anſwered him, in order to *lure* him on, being one that lov'd to bring theſe Matters from Contemplation to *Practice*. Upon this, our Orator gets ready his Equipage, leaves *Athens*, and ſets out for *Corinth*. I cannot poſitively *affirm* at this diſtance of Time, whether a *dead* or *living* Vehicle carried him thither, that is to ſay, whether he went on *Horſeback* or in a *Coach*, the old *Philoſophers* being wholly *ſilent* as to this Point; but conſidering how *deeply* ſmitten he was, 'twas probable that he rode *Poſt*, if they had any ſuch *Convenience* in his Age. He was no ſooner arrived there, but plucking *off* his *Boots*, immediately (for I ſtill keep to my Hypotheſis, that he took Poſt) he repaired to the next Barber's Shop, where being moſt nicely powder'd and perfum'd by *Tonſor*, he put on his beſt Linnen, bruſh'd his Hat, and now imagining himſelf as great a *Beau* as *Adonis*, prepar'd to beat up the Quarters of his new Miſtreſs, whom he fancy'd more beautiful than *Venus*. Coming into

into her Apartment, he found her infinitely more *charming* than he had imagined; he *ſeated* himſelf over againſt her, he *ogled* her, he exhauſted all his *common* Places, he ſquandered away the *whole* Stock of his *Eloquence*, he ſaid a Hundred pretty things to her, he made her a *Goddeſs*, and what not! All this while *Laïs* patiently heard our *Athenian* Tongue-pad, ſtill expecting when he would open to the *Purpoſe*, I mean when he would preſent her with a Purſe of *Gold*. After the uſual Forms were over, he had *Aſſurance* enough to ask her the important Queſtion, and ſhe had the Conſcience to ask ten Thouſand *Drachmæ*, that make up in our Money—let me ſee—as I hope to be ſav'd, I can't tell you *exactly*; but I dare venture to affirm, it was a very *conſiderable* Sum. This confounded Propoſition put poor *Demoſthenes* ſo to the Dumps, that for a Quarter of an Hour he ſtood like one *Thunder-ſtruck*, without Senſe or Motion: At laſt recovering his *Speech*, *Madam*, cry'd he, *your Humble Servant: I am not in the Humour at preſent, to buy Repentance at ſo dear a rate; and ſo good Night.* The *Grammarians* and *Antiquaries* have entered into a furious Diſpute about the Meaning of this Word *Repentance*, and the moſt learned are agreed, that *Demoſthenes* underſtood that which we call the *Neapolitan Diſeaſe*, and, in his Time, went under the Name of the *Corinthian Itch*. Be it as it will, our *Love-ſick* Orator got Home, aſhamed and confounded at the ill Succeſs of this Journey: And from that Time forward he bellow'd very ſtrenuouſly againſt the *Extortion* of the Women, but did not make one ſingle *Convert* in the whole Sex. And now, Sir, I hope I have ſomewhat qualify'd your Uneaſineſs, by laying before you this Adventure of *Demoſthenes*. This *ſcandalous* Traffick of *Selling* Favours is no *modern* Invention of the Ladies, but as old as the Creation. As for thoſe *noiſy Coxcombs* that pretend to carry the whole *Female* World before them, by their *Rhetorick*, and have the *Impudence* to lay Wagers, that they'll bring the greateſt *Coquette* to their Terms

in *three* Days, only *laugh* at them for *Fops*, for they are not worth your anſwering. Let them *pretend* what they pleaſe, I'll engage that ten *Piſtoles* will go farther than ten Thouſand of the fineſt *Stanza's* and *Letters* in the World; for *Merit* is a Sort of an antiquated *Coin*, which not one Woman in a Million will take for ready *Money*. I am

Yours, *&c.*

To Monſieur *de B*——

In the Beginning of this Letter he rallies his Friend for not writing to him; and afterwards gives him an Account of a merry Intrigue he had with a Huguenot *Parſon's Wife.*

UPON my Word, Sir, I am exceedingly *oblig'd* to you, for the *extraordinary* Opinion you ſeem to have of my *Friendſhip*, ſince you believe it can *thrive* and *proſper* like the Fruits of *Paradiſe*, without *cultivating* or looking after. To be plain with you, can you expect I ſhould *entertain* you from Time to Time with my Letters, while you refuſe to put your ſelf to the *Expence* of one ſingle Line? But you are the *pleaſanteſt* Gentleman in Nature, I ſwear, when you tell me, I have *Wit* enough to *gueſs* at all you can ſay in an Anſwer, and therefore *forbear* to write to me. What! are you ſo *unreaſonable* to expect I ſhould do like Fryar *Martin*, that is, *ſing* and make the *Reſponſes* my ſelf? Had you the *leaſt* Regard to my *Reputation*, you would never *ſerve* me ſo, for none but *Fools* uſe to talk to themſelves; and for my Part, I begin to be *weary* of it. Beſides, to *diſarm* you of all Excuſes, your *Miſtreſs* can never be ſo *jealous* of you, but you may venture a few Lines to a *Friend*, without incurring

ring her *Diſpleaſure*. With all due *Submiſſion* to the Lady be it ſaid, *Friendſhip* does not interfere with the Intereſt of *Love*, ſo that I may very well be allow'd to find a *Friend* at the ſame time that the charming *Urania* finds a Lover in you. Having made mention of *Love*, I have trump'd up a *new* Miſtreſs lately; but thou art ſo *unpardonable* a Wretch, that I hardly think it worth my while to *communicate* this Affair to thee. In ſhort, I am ſo *concern'd* at thy Negligence, that, by my good Will, I could deny thee this ſmall Satisfaction; but *Friendſhip* combats furiouſly within me, and I perceive will get the better of my *Reſentment*. Know then, thou *wicked* Reprobate, that, for this laſt Month I have paid my *Devotion* to a *Ca*niſt* Parſon's Wife, who is wonderful pretty and *good-natur'd*; which *laſt* Quality, you know, is ſeldom to be found in the Females of that *ſowre* Perſwaſion. I *daily* make my Viſits to her, and ſhe ſuffers them, ſuffers them, I ſay, without *Reluctance*, and perhaps not without *Pleaſure*. When I firſt made her a Tender of my Affection, the pretty Creature *pelted* me moſt unmercifully with Texts of *Scripture*: But I ſoon turn'd her *Artillery* upon her ſelf, and convinc'd her, that all the *Orthodox* Commentators were on my Side. Perhaps you laugh at this Gallantry, tho' at the ſame time, you approve my *pious* Reſolution to careſs none but *Huguenots*: For let the cenſorious World make the *worſt* on't it can, People can *only* charge me with *tempting* a Woman to ſin that was above *half-damn'd* to my Hands. But let them talk as they pleaſe, 'tis a Deſign I am reſolved to put in Execution this *Lent*, for the *Repoſe* of my Conſcience. I intend, for the future, to *hunt* no where but in the Territories of *Geneva*, where I ſhall be without the *Juriſdiction* of the Church; ſo that my Confeſſor will have nothing to do with any *Game* I ſpring there; and indeed, if he pretends to forbid me this Sport, I ſhall appeal from him to ſome more *competent* Judge. By this time I hope you are ſatisfy'd, that I have taken the *ſureſt* Method of ſucceeding, and

that a young Fellow cannot better employ his Time, than in making *Love* to Women, that never *go* to *Confeſſion*. That confounded *Church Stratagem*, call'd *Confeſſion*, is a mortal Enemy to all *Gallantry*; by the ſame Token a Man ſhall have an *Apoſtle*'s Day now and then *pop* in unluckily upon him, when he has *almoſt* brought an Intrigue to *bear*, and ſo make him *loſe* in one *Minute* all the *Ground* he has been *ſtruggling* for ſo many *Weeks* before. But, the Lord be *praiſed*, there are no ſuch *Misfortunes* to be fear'd among the *Huguenots*: The good People of that *Perſwaſion* never trouble their Heads with keeping a *Catalogue* of their Sins, but let them lye at *Sixes* and *Sevens*; whereas we *diſcreeter* Catholicks pay off our Scores once a *Month* at leaſt, and then begin a *freſh* Tick. The beſt *Jeſt* of all is, our *Husband*, according to the common *Fate* of moſt *Cuckolds*, is the kindeſt, civilleſt *Fellow* in the World to me, and imagines the *only* Motive of my coming ſo *often* to ſee him, is to be *ſettled* in ſome Points of Religion. To *countenance* this Belief in him, I ſeem to be wonderfully *ſurpriz'd* at his Diſcourſe, nay ſometimes allow him the *better* of the Argument; and, indeed, 'tis merry enough to conſider how *harmoniouſly* the Buſineſs of Sin and *Religion* goes forward in his Houſe; for while *old Orthodox* thinks to make a *Convert* of me, I'm endeavouring, by way of *Retaliation*, to make a *Whore* of his Wife.

To Monſieur *de S* ——

Our Author endeavours to comfort his Friend for having loſt his Miſtreſs.

I Commend you for making me the Confident both of your *Love* and *Affliction*; for tho' you had not been *oblig'd*, in Point of *Friendſhip*, to have done it, yet the *Conformity* of our Misfortunes ſeems to have *challeng'd*

challeng'd it from you. I am *concern'd* at your *ill* Luck, and reſent it with as *lively* a Concern, as if it were my own. Were you to be *comforted* after the uſual Manner of People in Diſtreſs, that is, by citing to you the *Examples* of other Perſons as *unfortunate* as your ſelf, I cou'd eaſily produce *my ſelf* as an Inſtance of human Infelicity, who have all my Life-time been perſecuted by *Love*, as well as a conſtant ill *Fortune*. If the perfidious *Meliſſa* has *deſpis'd* you, my cruel *Caliſta* has beſtow'd the *ſame* Treatment upon me. At the ſame Time, I muſt confeſs that *Caliſta* is not altogether ſo unjuſt as *Meliſſa*, ſince ſhe beholds none of thoſe *ſhining* Qualities in me, which the other ſhews in you; for which Reaſon I ought only to *condole* your Hardſhips without thinking of my ſelf, who am too *worthleſs* a Wretch to be comforted. But ſince you have commanded me to adminiſter to you ſome *Conſolation* out of my own Store, I cannot begin *better*, than by reminding you of the ancient *Proverb*, which ſays, that *Fortune* and *Love* don't always *favour* the moſt *deſerving*. One wou'd think that a *handſom* young Fellow, like your ſelf, was only made to be *beloved*, and that the Ladies ought to prefer ſuch as come *neareſt* to them in Point of Beauty, to thoſe are fartheſt *remote* from it: However, we find the quite contrary uſually happens: Women are the moſt *Fantaſtick* Animals in Nature as to their Affections: they love without knowing *why*, or *wherefore*, and *blindly* follow the Direction of their *Paſſions*, that never adviſe with *Reaſon*. What finer *Gentleman* did *Italy* ever produce, than *Jocundus*, witty, generous, gay, and beautiful; yet does not Hiſtory *inform* us, that the dear *Wife* of his Boſom lov'd the Embraces of her *Coachman* much better than his; a *Raſcal* that was as ugly as the *Devil*, and *ſtunk* worſe in his own ſingle Perſon, than a Convention of *Pole-Cats*? Who has not heard of *Adolphus*, the famous King of the *Lombards*, whoſe *Beauty* made him *admir'd* by all the World; yet his *virtuous* Queen left him, to *ſolace* her ſelf in the Arms of a little diminutive

crumpled *Brute*, whose very Sight was enough to put *Messalina* her self out of *Conceit* with the whole Sex? And now, Sir, do you think it *strange* that she has *abandon'd* you for that walking Tun of Guts and Garbidge, your *Rival?* Tell me not, that your Misfortune is without *Example*: Were I not afraid to overwhelm you with Variety of *Citations*, I cou'd easily *refresh* your Memory with the ancient, but true Story of the celebrated *Penelope*, whose *Virtue* and *Chastity* have been recommended to all succeeding Women, as *Patterns* to follow. Don't you know, that during the Absence of *Ulysses*, she was *courted* by abundance of young *Lords* and *Noblemen*, who omitted nothing that cou'd contribute to gain her Affection! There was nothing but Musick and Feasting, and Magnificence; yet the Devil of any Progress did these young *Lords* and *Noblemen* make in *Penelope*'s Heart, with all their Musick, Feasting, and Magnificence. At last, a Crotchet took *Mercury* in the Pate, to *undertake* that which all these fine *Princes* had attempted in vain. He flatter'd himself, that being a *God*, he might easily surmount those Difficulties which frail *Mortals* had found invincible; and that *Penelope* must be a Statue, or something *worse*, if she cou'd maintain her *Heart* against his fine *Shape*, his *Eloquence* and *Address*. But notwithstanding all this, *Mercury* succeeded not a Jot better than the rest of his *Rivals*. Finding that neither his fine *Shape*, or his *Eloquence* made any Impression upon the Lady, he had Recourse to *Address*, having had the Honour, more than once, to serve his Father *Jupiter* in the painful and laborious Character of a *Pimp*. But he display'd all his *Dexterity* to no Purpose; therefore, to bring Matters *sooner* to an Issue, he metamorphos'd himself into a Goat, and under that *agreeable* Form, caress'd this irreconcilable Enemy to Love, the chast and virtuous *Penelope*. Now, what will you be able to reply me, dear Friend of mine, when I shall desire you to *remember*, that a paultry, stinking *Creature*, with *Hoofs* and *Horns*, obtain'd those Favours, which

so

so many whining Coxcombs, and even *Mercury* himself had sollicited in vain? *Penelope*, who had stood *buff* to all the Charms and Courtship of *Gods* and *Men*, surrenders up her Person to a vile, nasty *Animal*; and what was the Effect of this *unnatural* Commerce, but a cloven-footed Puppy, I mean *Pan*, the illustrious Prince of *Fauns* and *Satyrs*? Let me desire you, Sir, to chew the *Cud* a little upon this *instructive* Story; and when you have done so, tell me, whether you and I have not shewn our selves a *Brace* of idle Coxcombs, to *languish* and die for two insignificant, ungrateful *Coquettes*? Were we *wise* we should leave off this *Game*, and a start a *better*. As for you, 'tis in your Power to chuse a Hundred Mistresses that will think themselves *honour'd* with the Leavings of the insensible *Melissa*, and will be much more capable to comfort you upon the Score of your Loss, than I can *pretend* to. Deliver your self therefore from a *Slavery* which will be dishonourable to you, since your Mistress has made so *vile* a Choice. Constancy is often a *Vice* as well as *Virtue*, and all the World will *laugh* at you, to shew it upon this Occasion. For my Part, I advise you nothing but what I am resolved to put in *Practice* my self: Whenever the cruel *Calista*, who has not as yet thought fit to declare her self, shall bestow her Affection upon *any* other than my self, that very Moment I will throw off her *Chains*, and not drag them about me to set off the *Triumph* of my Rival. I will see him *crucify'd* a Hundred times over, before he shall have the *Satisfaction* to see me drop one single Tear for those Favours which he enjoys at Pleasure. No, I will *drown* all my Cares in a Glass of generous *Red*, put the *ill-natur'd* Jilt in the Front of some *glorious* Lampoon, break her Windows, murder her Lap-dog, and wish her and her Spark at the *Devil*. This is the *Remedy* I would prescribe to you in your present Distemper, and not to let it grow upon you, by humouring it; which would make me as great a *Sufferer* as your self, since I *feel* all your Afflictions in as *sensible*

a Manner as I do my *own*. Forget a *worthleſs* Creature, that has forgotten you; nay, remember that *Meliſſa* has oblig'd you by reſigning you up for another, ſince 'twas impoſſible for you to have paſs'd one *eaſy* Moment, with a Woman of ſo *wretch'd* a Taſte. I am

Yours, &c.

A Letter to Monſieur *H*——

Giving an Account how he ſurpriz'd a famous Miſs of the Town, dining at her Lodgings in an Undreſs, with two of her Female Companions.

WELL, I have the moſt *Comical* Adventure in the World to recount to thee, that's certain. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall *kill* my ſelf I think, with *laughing* at it, 'tis ſo ridiculous: Give me leave to *recover* a little out of this Fit, and then, dear Rogue, thou ſhalt *hear* all.

Know then ——but this *wicked* Fit again interrupts me —— Well then, to be *ſerious* —— Know that between the Hours of twelve and one to Day, having gone through my whole *Circle* of Morning-*Viſits*, I bolted *unawares* into the divine *Belinda*'s Chamber, where I ſaw a Sight enough to —— Pardon me, dear *Tony*, I am ſo *tickled* with the *Idea* of it, that I muſt take t'other Doſe of *Laughter* before I can ſtir a Step farther —— to have made the moroſeſt *Cynick* in the World forfeit all his *Gravity*.

A *Plague* on her, you know the divine *Belinda* well enough, that ill natur'd ſawcy *Harlot*, that comes every Night ſo *ſpruced* up and *prim* to the Play-houſe; ſhe that has been the Subject of ſo many *Sonnets*, and deify'd by ſo many confounded *Poets*; ſhe that is never-

ver without a *Train* of Marqueſſes, Lords, and Knights, and a *numberleſs* Litter of *ſubaltern* Puppies to *hunt* her from the Pit to the ſide Box, and back again from the ſide Box to the Pit. Well, and *what* of her, you'll *cry*? Why, as I told you before, I *bolted* unawares into her Chamber, and ſurpriz'd her with two of the Siſterhood at a *ſmall* Collation.

The Devil of a *Napkin* or *Table-cloth* was to be ſeen before them. No *Pagan* Ragouſt, nor *high-ſtown* Kickſhaw, but a Platter of humble *Sprats*, attended by ſix boil'd *Eggs* in a crack'd earthen *Pipkin*, a *Dab* of Salt Butter ſtuck upon the *Corner* of the Table, and a Handful of *Salt* wrapp'd up in the greaſy Fragments of a *Seſſions-Paper*. Their Commodes and Smocks were *waſhing* below by the Lanlady of the Houſe; judge then what a *rueful* Figure they made in this *Diſhabillee*, with their *Hair* about their Shoulders, and their *Udders* ſwagging down to their Navels. The *Furniture* of the Room was every Way anſwerable to the *Entertainment*; for, let me ſee —— there ſtood that *neceſſary* Utenſil, call'd a *Piſs-pot*, brim full in the Chimney; a batter'd *Band-box* upon a broken-back'd Chair; the Skeleton of a *Fan*, with a *Tooth-bruſh*, a *Powder-puff*, and a Box of *Pomatum* in the Cloſet; a Row of Pins, with the *Academy* of Compliments, and one of *Durfy*'s Song-Books in the Window; and laſtly, two or three *little* Deal-boxes upon the Mantle-Tree, which I hope in the Lord had *Turpentine* Pills in them. The Ladies *bluſh'd*, and ſo did I; then down Stairs they *flew* without ſpeaking a Word, and I after them, but *loſt* them in ſome of their ſubterranean *Catacombs*.

No *ſooner* was I got into the Street, but I made abundance of *moral* Reflections upon what I had *ſeen*: Theſe *impudent* Devils, ſaid I to my ſelf, that look ſo, *charming* by Candle-light, bleſs me! what *ſorry* Dowdies they are in their Undreſs, and how *ſcurvily* do they fare at Home, who are ſo *nice*, forſooth, and ſo *ſqueamiſh* at the Tavern! Well, I am reſolv'd to *undeceive* all Mankind, and communicate my *Diſcoveries*

to them, With this *virtuous* Reſolution I went to all the Chocolate-Houſes I knew, to *find* out my Acquaintance, and *unboſom* my ſelf to them; but meeting not a ſingle *Soul* there, I repair'd to my Lodgings, and cou'd not *reſt* till I had imparted this *bleſſed* News to thee. I can't foretel how this Letter will *edify* with you; tho' if you make a *right* Uſe on't, it may prove a *better* Antidote againſt Whoring, than a Month's *Penance* in Love's powdering Tub——. But as for the divine *Belinda*, the next Time I ſee her *Ladyſhip* in the Side-box, if ſhe's not as civil and *humble* as one of her own Calling before a *ſurly* Juſtice, take my Word for't, I'll proclaim the *Nakedneſs* of her Land to all her *Adorers*.

Farewel.

To Monſieur *de C*—— Captain in the Regiment of ——

Upon the Concluſion of the War between France *and* Spain, *in the Year* 1660, *by the Treaty of the* Pyrenees.

THIS comes to tell you, tho' I know you'll *curſe* me for my News, that you muſt now reſolve to *Live*, whether you will or no. In ſhort, the *Peace* was yeſterday *concluded*, and in a few Days, will be *proclaim'd* all over the Kingdom. I'll allow a Gentleman of your *Gallantry* to be angry at it; but 'tis no little *Conſolation* to us *worthleſs* Fellows, that we are going to enjoy the Fruits of *Peace* and *Tranquillity*, which the *confounded* Noiſe of *Drums* and *Trumpets* has ſo long *interrupted*. With the reſt of his Majeſty's good *Subjects*, I have my *Part* in the publick *Joy*; yet at the ſame Time *feel* one that is *particular* to my ſelf, when I conſider that I have nothing more to *fear* from.

from your Bravery, and that your Life is no longer of *Ward* to your *Courage*. The Devil take the *Guardian*, ſay I, that ſhews ſo *ſmall* a Concern for the Preſervation of his *Ward*. Well, I wou'd not for a *greater* Sum, than I am willing to mention here, have *ventur'd* my Life upon the ſame *Bottom* with yours, in any of the late Engagements. A Man that had ſeen how you *expos'd* your ſelf upon every Occaſion, wou'd have *ſworn* your Life was a *Burden* to you, and that it *coſt* your Father and Mother *no Pains* to beget you. Had the *Muſket-balls* been nothing but ſo many *Paſtils* or *perfum'd Eggs*, you cou'd not have march'd with more *Alacrity* into the Trenches. 'Twas to no *Purpoſe* I remonſtrated to you, that your *Life* was worth the *preſerving*, that there was no great *Leachery* in having one's *Brains* examin'd by a Cannon-ball; and that your Father, as able and experienc'd a *Workman* as he is, might *belabour* the matrimonial *Anvil* a dozen and a dozen Times to that, before he cou'd *hammer* out ſuch another *chopping* Youth as your ſelf; for in ſhort, all *Advice* of this Nature was *thrown* away upon you miſled by that *Ignis fatuus* call'd *Gallantry*; you believ'd me to be an Enemy to your *Glory*, and thought a Son of *Mars* ought to deſpiſe the *Counſel* that came from ſo *cowardly* a Principle as *Diſcretion*. I own indeed you took the *direct* Road to get a Mareſchal's *Baton*; but alas, where one Man arrives to his Journey's *End*, how many thouſand *drop ſhort* by the Way! In my Opinion now, a Man that ſets Honour always *before* his Eyes, ought now and then to look *behind* him, and reflect upon the Dangers that attend it. You Gentlemen in *Red*, think a Man is only born to be *knock'd* in the Head; but we, of a more peaceable *Cloath*, are well enough content to be *diſappointed* of thoſe Honours. Now, as I humbly take it, this *fantaſtick* Idol of yours, this *Spoiler* of fine Shapes, this *Lover* of Blood ſhed, Valour I mean, is the greateſt *Curſe* that a Man can *bring* with him into the World; for which Reaſon I *thank* my Maker duly every Morning, for not beſtowing

ing this *fatal Talent* upon me. To deal plainly with you, I was never any great *Admirer*, either of *Alexander*'s or *Cæsar*'s Glory, which was purchas'd by the *Desolation* of so many flourishing Provinces, and the *Slaughter* of so many innocent Wretches. These, and the like *Calamities*, have too long over-run all *France*; but now their Reign is *over*; the Lord be praised, and we shall see *no more* of them.; for I must once more tell you, tho' I *displease* you never so much, that the *Peace* is concluded, and that I have no other *War* now to apprehend for you, but that which your *Mistress* is resolv'd to *declare* against you at your Return.

Yesterday I, and four of my Friends, enter'd *Fontarabia*, where the late Prince of *Conde* cou'd not get Entrance at the Head of ten Thousand Men. *Mistake* me not, Sir, as if I told you this, with an Intention to magnify my *Bravery*: No, 'tis one of the *blessed* Effects of the *Peace*: And to *convince* you, that 'tis so with us, I must inform you, that we live in the strictest *Amity* imaginable with those worthy Gentlemen the *Spaniards*, who are not such *ill-favour'd* Devils, as we us'd to *paint* them, but treat us with *Rosa Solis*, *Wine*, and *Chocolate*, as lovingly as if we had tumbled in the same *Belly* with them, and not a Soldier of their Nation been *kill'd* in any of the late Actions. They are a *civil*, well bred People, as I hope to be *sav'd*; and the Duce take me if I don't love them heartily, because they carry no *Gall* or *Rancour* about them: Not but that you may hear them *complain* now and then, one of having lost a *Son*, another a *Brother*, and a third a *Relation*, either in *Flanders*, *Catalonia*, or *Italy*. But this is nothing, the *complaining* Fit is soon over with them; and to *repair* the Losses they have sustain'd, wou'd be *content* with all their Hearts, that a sufficient Number of our *ablest* Troops were sent into *Spain* to beget as many *Children* upon their Women, as they lost *Soldiers* in the War. All our *Politicians* here are of Opinion, that this is one of the *principal* Articles of the Treaty; and that, for this *Purpose*, abundance of

of the ableſt *Mathematicians* in *Europe* will be employed to *compute* how many Men the *Spaniards* have loſt, to a ſingle Centinel, ſince the Falling out of the two Nations. As for me, I think it the moſt *reaſonable* Propoſal in the World; and ſince I have not had the *Honour* to be employ'd by his Majeſty in his Wars, am very willing to ſerve him upon this Occaſion, for which Reaſon I will uſe all my Intereſt at Court to procure me a Company in one of theſe Regiments.

Well, certainly this is the merrieſt Country in the Univerſe. The Children here can *dance* before they can ſpeak, and cry for a *Guitarre* more impatiently than they do for the *ſucking Bottle*. Their Mirth begins with their Life, and never concludes but with it: Nay, their very Prieſts have their Share of it, as well as the reſt of their Flock; and I have obſerved, that at all their Weddings and Merry-makings, the *Parſon* is the Man who conſtantly leads up the *Dance*. But of all their *commendable* Cuſtoms, that which I *moſt love* them for, and all the World, in my Opinion, ought to imitate, is, that there is a *Probationſhip* here in chuſing a *Wife*, as well as in taking the *Monaſtick State* upon one. After they have *conſummated* for a Twelvemonth together, if *Joan* doth not love *John*'s *Abilities*, or *John* is ſcandalized at *Joan*'s Capacity, they are at Liberty to *part*; and a young Wench that has had half a Dozen ſuch *Husbands* one after another, carries her Head as high as the modeſteſt She in the Pariſh, and no body dare ſay *black* is her Eye. Well! how happy a Place would *France* be, were this righteous Faſhion obſerved in all its Provinces.

Before I conclude this Letter, give me Leave to acquaint you with an odd Accident that has happen'd upon theſe Coaſts, and which perhaps may not be *improper* to recount to you. Not many Days ago a poor Whale, having heard without Queſtion, that the Peace was concluded between the two Crowns, and poſſeſt with a laudable Curioſity to ſee two Nations *united*, which had ſo miſerably infeſted one another in the late

late War, *imagin'd* he might come into theſe Seas, without any *Detriment* or *Moleſtation* to his Princely Perſon; for which Reaſon he left his *native* Shores of *Norway* or *Greenland*, to *aſſiſt* at ſo illuſtrious a *Reconciliation*, and carry the *happy* News throughout *Neptune*'s Dominions: But the *worthy* Tars of this Place, who underſtand neither *Rhime* nor *Reaſon*, having no regard to the Articles of *Peace*, nor yet to the Rules of *Hoſpitality*, that are every where *ſacred*, no ſooner ſaw this high and mighty Potentate *appear* upon their Coaſts, but like a Parcel of Raſcals, without any formal *Declaration* of War, or the leaſt *Affront* from his *Northern* Highneſs, they *attack'd* him with all the *Poſſe* of the River, not conſidering that *two* to *one* is every where *odds*, as well by Water as Land, *mann'd* out a hundred Boats againſt him, and brought him in a *triumphant* Manner into the Harbour. You know how *corrupt* the Courts of *Admiralty* are over all *Chriſtendom*, and what little *Reſpect* is paid to the *Law* of *Nations*, where the *longeſt* Sword puts in its Pretentions. In ſhort, they declar'd him *good Prize*, and made a *Preſent* of him to Cardinal *Mazarine*, who either out of *good Husbandry*, becauſe he knew it wou'd require ſo many *Tuns* of Butter to fry him in, or for ſome other *Reaſon* beſt known to himſelf, wou'd not keep him, but ſent him to *Don Louis de Haro*, who out of *Revenge*, ſends his Excellence every Week two Mules laden with Ice—— But I have *treſpaſs'd* too much upon your *Patience*. Send me Word in your next, when we may *expect* you in theſe Parts; and be aſſur'd that none of your *Friends* wiſhes your coming with more *Impatience*, than

Your moſt humble, &c.

St. John de Luz:

A Pa-

A Panegyrick upon Cardinal *de Richelieu*, in a Letter of Monſieur *de Voiture*.

The Argument.

Monſ. Perrault, *in his* Parallele des Modernes, *oppoſes this Letter to* Pliny's *famous Panegyrick upon* Trajan. *I muſt confeſs 'tis very handſomly written; but I believe that none but ſo great a Bigot for his Country as* Perrault, *would have ventur'd to make the Compariſon.*

I Am not one of thoſe as you would ſeem to *inſinuate*, that love to improve all my Lord *Cardinal*'s Actions into Miracles, and carry his Praiſes beyond their due *Bounds*; and while they would make the World believe *well* of him, ſacrifice all Regard to *Credibility*. On the other Hand, I am not of that baſe detracting Temper, as to *hate* a Man merely becauſe he is above the reſt of the World; neither will I ſuffer my ſelf to be *carried* away by popular Prepoſſeſſions, which, I know, generally ſpeaking, to be unjuſt. I conſider him with the ſame Eyes, with which *Poſterity* will behold him. And certainly two hundred Years hence, when thoſe who look upon him after us, ſhall read in our Hiſtory, that the great *Cardinal de Richelieu* demoliſh'd *Rochel*, confounded the *Hereticks*, and by one *ſingle* Blow took thirty or forty of their Cities all at once; when they ſhall come to find, that in the Time of his *Miniſtry*, the *Engliſh* were beaten and repuls'd,

Pigneral

Pignerol conquer'd, *Cæſal* reliev'd, *Lorrain* join'd to our Crown, the greateſt Part of *Alſatia* reduc'd under our Subjection, the *Spaniards* defeated at *Vellaine* and *Avein*; I ſay, when they ſhall find that while he *preſided* over our Affairs, *France* had not one Neighbour, over whom ſhe did not gain ſome important Victory or Town: If they have the leaſt Drop of *French* Blood in their Veins, and any Love for the Honour of their Country, can they read theſe things without having a great *Affection* for him? Do you think they will *love* or *eſteem* him the leſs, becauſe in his Time the *Payments* of the Town-Hall came in ſomewhat of the *ſloweſt*? Or becauſe ſome new *Offices* were erected? *Great* Things cannot be done without a great *Expence*; and to *cramp* 'em for want of *Money*, is to maim their Execution. But if we are to look upon a Kingdom as immortal, and to conſider the *Advantages* it will reap in *future* Ages, as if they were *actually preſent*; let us compute how many *Millions* this Man, whom they pretend to have ruin'd *France*, has ſav'd her, by the bare taking of *Rochel*; which Town, two thouſand Years hence, in all the *Minorities* of our Kings, upon every Diſcontent of the Nobility, and upon all Occaſions of Revolting, would moſt certainly have *rebell'd*, and oblig'd us to a perpetual *Expence*. Our Kingdom had only *two* Enemies to fear, the *Huguenots* and the *Spaniards*. My Lord *Cardinal* no ſooner enter'd upon Affairs, but he immediately reſolv'd to ruin both. Was it poſſible for him to form more *Glorious* or more *Advantageous* Deſigns? He has happily effected the one, but has not compleated the other. However, if he has fail'd in his firſt Deſign, thoſe that now *cry out*, that it was a raſh, unſeaſonable *Reſolution* to pretend to attack and humble the *Power* of *Spain*, and that *Experience* had ſufficiently ſhewn it; yet would they not have been as forward to *condemn* his Deſign of ruining the *Huguenots*? Would not they have told us, that he ought not to have *imbark'd* in an Enterprize, wherein,

three

* three of our *Kings* had ſucceſſively *miſcarry'd*; and which the † late *King* did not ſo much as think of? And would they not have concluded as *falſly* as they do in this other Affair, that the thing was not *faiſable*, merely becauſe it was not already done? But let us conſider, I beſeech you, whether 'twas his or *Fortune*'s Fault, that he has not as yet *accompliſh'd* this Deſign: Let us ſee what *Method* he took to effect it, and what *Engines* he ſet on Work: Let us examine whether he has *fail'd* much of *felling* that mighty *Tree*, the Houſe of *Auſtria*; and has not ſhaken the very *Root* of that *Trunk*, whoſe *two* Branches cover'd the *North* and the *Weſt*, and overſhadow'd the reſt of the *Earth*. He went as far as the *Northern Pole*, to find out that * *Heroe*, who ſeem'd *predeſtinated* to lay the *Ax* to it, and bring it to the *Ground*. It was his *Addreſs*, join'd with this *Thunder*, which fill'd all *Germany* with Fire and Deſolation, whoſe Noiſe was heard by all the *World*; but when this *Tempeſt* was diſpers'd, and Fortune had turn'd away the impending *Blow*, did he *ſtop* ſhort in his Courſe, or ceaſe his *Deſigns* for this? And did he not bring the *Empire* lower than it had been by the Loſſes of the Battle of *Leipſick*, and that of *Lutzen*? His *Dexterity* and good *Conduct* rais'd us all on a ſudden, an Army of forty Thouſand Men in the Heart of *Germany*, with a *General* at the Head of 'em, who was Maſter of all the great *Qualities* that are neceſſary to bring about a Revolution in any State. If the King of *Sweden* threw himſelf farther into Danger, than became a *Perſon* of his Deſign and Rank; and if the Duke of *Fridlandt*, by over-delaying his *Enterprize*, ſuffer'd it to take Air, and be diſcover'd; was it poſſible for the *Cardinal*, either to charm the Bullet which kill'd the former in the midſt of his Victory, or render the latter *impenetrable* to the Blows of a *Partiſan*? And

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* *Francis* II. *Charles* IX. *Henry* III. † *Henry* IV.
* *He means* Guſtavus Adolphus.

if

if after this diſmal Blow, to compleat the Ruine of our Affairs, the Generals who commanded the Armies of our Allies before *Norlingen*, gave Battle at an unſeaſonable Time, was it poſſible for the *Cardinal*, who was above *two Thouſand* Leagues from the Spot, to change this Reſolution, and ſtop the unadviſed *Raſhneſs* of thoſe, who for an *Empire* that would have been the certain Price of a Victory, would not ſtay *three* Days longer? Thus, you ſee it was impoſſible to ſave the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and hinder the Execution of the *Cardinal*'s Deſigns, which ſome People pretend were ſo raſh, had not Fortune wrought three ſurprizing Miracles, that is to ſay, three great Events, which in all Probability would never happen; I mean the Death of the King of *Sweden*, that of the Duke of *Fridlandt*, and the Loſs of the Battle of *Norlingen*. You will tell me he has no Reaſon to complain of Fortune for croſſing him in this, ſince ſhe had ſerv'd him ſo faithfully in all his other Deſigns; ſince ſhe put Places into his Hands, without ſo much as laying Siege to 'em; ſince by her Favour he commanded Armies ſucceſsfully, without the leaſt Experience to direct him; ſince ſhe conducted him always as it were by the Hand, brought him ſafe out of the greateſt Precipices, upon which he had thrown himſelf, and made him frequently appear bold, wiſe, and foreſeeing, without any Merit on his Side: Let us therefore behold him in his evil *Fortune*, and examine if even then he ſhewed leſs Boldneſs, Wiſdom, and Foreſight. Our Affairs were in no very good Poſture in *Italy*; and as it is the Deſtiny of *France* to gain Battles and loſe their Armies, ours was exceedingly diminiſhed ever ſince the laſt Victory we had gained over the *Spaniards*. We had not much better Luck before *Dole*, where the Length of the Siege made us apprehend its ill Succeſs, when we received Advice that the Enemy had enter'd *Picardy*; that they had, at the firſt Onſet, taken *Capelle*, *Caſtelet*, and *Corbie*; and that theſe three Places, which ought to have

have ſtopp'd them ſo many Months, ſcarce held them eight Days. All was in Fire and Aſhes to the Banks of the River *Oiſe*: We might behold from our Suburbs the Smoak of the Villages which the Enemy had burnt. All the World was alarm'd at this ſudden Progreſs; and the *Capital City* of our Kingdom was in the higheſt Conſternation. In the midſt of theſe Calamities, Advice came from *Burgundy*, that the Siege of *Dole* was raiſed, and from *Xantoigne*, that Fifty Thouſand *Peaſants* were up in Arms, and that 'twas feared the *Infection* would ſoon ſpread it ſelf in *Poitou* and *Guienne*. Ill News came pouring upon us from all Parts; the whole Face of Heaven was overcaſt; the *Tempeſt* invaded us on every Side; and we had not the leaſt Proſpect of good Fortune to ſupport us in theſe *Extremities*; we could not ſee through the leaſt Hole. But in all this Darkneſs did the *Cardinal* ſee leſs clear than at other times? Did he loſe either his *Judgment* or *Reſolution*? And during this Tempeſt, did he not always keep his *Rudder* in one Hand, and his *Compaſs* in the other? Did he call out for the *Long-boat* to ſave himſelf? And if the great Veſſel which he ſteer'd was deſtin'd to be caſt away, did he not ſhew that he was the firſt Man that reſolved to periſh? Was it Fortune that deliver'd him out of this *Labyrinth*, or his own *Prudence* and *Magnanimity*? Our Enemies were within fifteen Leagues of *Paris*, and his were in the Town: He receiv'd daily Advice, that Cabals were held, and Deſigns form'd to ruine him. *France* and *Spain* were, if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf, join'd in a *Conſpiracy* againſt him alone. Now amidſt all theſe threatning Concurrences in ſo dreadful and black a Conjunction, how did this Man look, who they pretended would be caſt down upon the leaſt ill Succeſs? And who as they gave out, had fortify'd *Havre de Grace* on Purpoſe to make it a Place of *Retreat* in Caſe of any *Diſaſter*? He does not go one Step backward for all this: He is taken up with the Dangers of the State, and not his own: And all the Alteration we could

could obſerve in him at this time, was, that whereas he never us'd to go abroad without two hundred Guards before, he now walk'd out every Day only attended by *five* or *ſix* Gentlemen. All the World muſt own, that an *Adverſity* ſupported by ſo good a *Grace*, and with ſo much *Bravery*, is much to be preferr'd even to *Victory* and *Proſperity* it ſelf. He did not appear to me ſo great and victorious, even when he made his Entry into *Rochel*, as then; and the daily Viſits he made to the *Arſenal* were, in my Opinion, more glorious to him than his famous *Expedition* on the other Side the Mountains, when he took *Pignerol* and *Suſa*: Therefore let me conjure you to open your Eyes, and to prepare you for beholding ſo bright an Object, lay aſide your *Averſion* to the Man, who is ſo happy in revenging himſelf on his *Enemies*; and ceaſe to wiſh ill to him, who knows how to turn it to his Glory, by behaving himſelf ſo undauntedly under it. Leave your Party, before they leave you, as a great Part of his Enemies have done, that were converted by the laſt Miracle they ſaw him perform. If the *War* comes to be concluded, as there is Reaſon to *hope* it will, he'll ſoon find a Way to gain the reſt over to his Side. Being ſo *wiſe* as he is, he muſt certainly know, after ſo much Experience, what is beſt for us, and will turn all his Deſigns to make us the moſt flouriſhing People in the World, after he has made us the moſt *formidable*. He will content himſelf with an Ambition, which is to be preferr'd before all others, and is practis'd but by few; I mean, to make himſelf the beſt and moſt belov'd Man in the Kingdom, and not the greateſt and moſt fear'd. He knows that the moſt noble and moſt laſting Conqueſts are thoſe of *Hearts* and *Affections*; that *Laurels* are barren *Plants*, that afford nothing more than *Shade*, and are not to be compar'd with the *Harveſt* and *Fruits* with which *Peace* is crown'd. He *conſiders*, that it is nothing near ſo *meritorious* to *enlarge* the Limits of a Kingdom a *hundred* Leagues and better, as to *leſſen*

our

our Taxes Twelve-pence in the Pound; and that there is leſs *Grandeur* and real *Glory* in defeating an Hundred Thouſand Men, than leaving twenty Millions in their Eaſe and Security.

Thus this *mighty* Genius, which has hitherto been ſolely *employ'd* in contriving and raiſing Funds for the Support of the War, in raiſing Recruits, taking Cities, and gaining Battles, will for the future wholly buſy himſelf in eſtabliſhing *Peace*, *Wealth*, and *Plenty*. The ſame Head which was delivered of a *Pallas* in Armour, will ſhew us the Goddeſs with her *Olive Tree*, peaceable, gentle, and learned, accompanied with all thoſe Arts which generally march along with her. He will publiſh no more new *Edicts*, but ſuch as may ſerve to reſtrain *Luxury*, and promote *Trade*. Thoſe great *Veſſels* that were built to carry our *Arms* beyond the *Streights*, ſhall for the future only conduct our Merchant-men, and keep the Sea open: And we ſhall have no more War but with the *Algerines*. Then the Enemies of my Lord *Cardinal* ſhall not be able to ſpeak, as hitherto they have not been able to act againſt him: Then the Citizens of *Paris* ſhall be his Guards, and he will be convinc'd how much more *pleaſing* and *ſatisfactory* it is to hear his *Praiſes* in the Mouth of the People, than in that of the *Poets*. But I beſeech you not to keep out till this happens, and ſtay not to be his Friend till you are forc'd to be ſo: But if you are reſolved to perſiſt in your Opinion, I ſhall not pretend to uſe any Violence to make you leave it. However, be not ſo unjuſt as to take it ill that I have defended my own, and I freely promiſe you to read over whatever you think fit to write to me by way of Anſwer, when the *Spaniards* have retaken *Corbie*. I am,

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

VOITURE.

Diverting

Diverting Billets

TO

LADIES.

Out of Monſieur de * *Pays.*

By Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

A Billet from a Lady to the Author, wherein ſhe deſires him to carry her to ſee the Lion and Tiger.

IF what you have ſwore to me a Hundred Times, be true, that is to ſay, if you are ſo much my *Humble* Servant, as you pretend, ſo ſoon as you have dined, you'll come to our Houſe, and carry me and my Siſter to ſee the *Lion* and the *Tiger*, and ſome other odd *Curioſities* that are lately come to Town. How great

* *Author of a famous Book entitled*, Amitiez, Amours, & Amourettes.

your

your Stock of *Courage* is, I can't tell; but if you are not a rank *Coward* indeed, you'll be glad of the Opportunity to be Maſter of the *Ceremonies* to us, and conduct us into the Preſence of the aforeſaid outlandiſh Gentlemen. Thus I have given you a fair Occaſion of *diverting* me, without putting you to any great Expence. Judge then, whether I am not the kindeſt Woman upon Earth, ſince I am willing to be *oblig'd* to you for ſo *ſmall* a Trifle.

The ANSWER.

'TIS but reaſonable, Madam, you ſhould go and pay a Viſit to two ſuch near Relations as thoſe you mentioned in your Billet; and God forbid that I ſhould hinder you from diſcharging your Conſcience in ſo *neceſſary* a Point. Yes, Madam, I will certainly wait on you after Dinner, and not loſe the *Satisfaction* of attending you to an *Interview*, where, no doubt on't, there will be a World of *Careſſes* and *tender* things on both Sides. If *Sympathy* is the Mother of *Friendſhip*, I am confident the *Tiger* and your *Ladyſhip* will be Hand and Glove, and ſtrike up the ſtricteſt *Alliance* that ever was known. I fancy 'twill be a moſt *pleaſant* Sight to ſee thoſe two ſavage Creatures *humble* themſelves before you, *lick* your Hands and Feet, give you a gentle *Squeeze* by the Arm, and tell you in their *Language*, that ſince you are a Hundred times more a *Lioneſs* and *Tiger* than they, 'tis but reaſonable they ſhould own you for their lawful and rightful *Queen*: So that Madam, tho' both theſe Animals are let *looſe* about the Room, I ſhall have nothing to fear from them while you are there: Or if they have never ſo much a Mind to make a *Meal* of my Carcaſe, yet you may eaſily conjure them by the *Friendſhip* that is between you; or, to expreſs my ſelf more properly,

properly, you may command them by the *Authority* you have over them, not to deprive you of the *Glory* of my Death: For in ſhort. Madam, it will be a moſt horrid *Shame*, if their *Teeth* and *Paws* pretend to invade the Office of your Eyes. Therefore, be aſſured my *Cowardice* will not hinder me from ſeeing this Shew, ſince I will have your Company thither.

A BILLET from the ſame Lady.

She deſires him to write a few Lines in Anſwer to a Copy of Verſes ſhe had received from a Lover.

I Here *unſay* all the angry things I ſaid to you laſt Evening. You are good for ſomething, I muſt own; nay, now and then I cannot be without ſo *neceſſary* a Gentleman as your ſelf. If I *loſe* you for good and all, I ſhall *loſe* the better Part of my *Diverſion*; and as *chearful* as I am in my Temper, I believe *ſincerely* in my Conſcience, that I ſhould at leaſt *lament* you three Hours by the Clock. I dare lay any *Wager* with you, that you are not Conjurer enough to *divine* why I ſweeten and collogue with you ſo *furiouſly* this Morning. Know therefore, that I want your Aſſiſtance to anſwer four of the fineſt, prettieſt Stanza's I ever ſaw, ſent me this Morning by a worthy Gentleman, who ſwears and vows he loves me *better* than his Eyes. Let me *die* if any thing can be *tenderer*. Therefore invoke me the Aid of that *Familiar* your *Muſe*, and employ all your Wit to anſwer them, ſo that both the Gentleman and I may be ſatisfied: Otherwiſe I revoke all the *obliging* things I beſtowed upon you in the Beginning of this *Epiſtle*.

The

The ANSWER.

MADAM,

YOU fancy, I perceive, that you have ſaid abundance of *complaiſant* things to me in your Letters; but the Duce take me if either I do or will *believe* a Syllable of the Matter. Set your Hand now to your *Heart*, and tell me in ſober *Sadneſs*, whether you made me a *mighty* Compliment in treating me like your *Confident*, when you ought to have treated me like your *Lover*. A wonderful *Favour* indeed, to deſire me to write a Copy of Verſes, and all to pleaſe a *Rival*, whom I wiſh at the *Devil*. Well, for this once, Madam, I am reſolv'd to *diſobey* your Orders. My Muſe is too young at preſent to ſet up for a *Go-between*; and without Vanity, deſerves a better Employment than what you would recommend to her. I keep her in my Service only to aſſiſt me in my *Amours*; and ſhould I ask her to do any thing elſe, I am ſure ſhe would deny me. Therefore, Madam, you mu't e'en anſwer your Gallant your ſelf; and the next time you want a *Confident*, pray employ any one elſe but,

Yours, &c.

A Billet from the ſame *LADY.*

She rallies him for playing the whining Lover and ſends him his Heart again.

I Begin to be Dog-weary of hearing you *complain* of your ill *Deſtiny* ſo often. Your Letters as well as your Converſation run eternally upon this nauſeous

ſtrain, though I have told you a hundred times, tha this is not the way to *win* me. However, you chuſ rather to *diſpleaſe* me, than leave off this unfaſhion ble way of Courtſhip. If you are reſolv'd to play th *Milk-ſop* ſtill, let me intreat you to ſhew it elſewher and not before me, In ſhort, if reſtoring the *inſigni ficant* Trifle your *Heart* to you, will ſecure me fro all farther Perſecutions of this Nature, take it agai a God's Name, for I no longer pretend to it, ſinc 'tis not fit for my Purpoſe,

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The ANSWER.

MADAM,

YOU ſhew your good Nature with a Witneſs, t ſend me my Heart back, after you have us'd it ſo ſcurvily above ſix Weeks. Is this then your way of *requiting* thoſe that *ſerve* you? Who do you think will receive it in the bleſſed Condition you have brought it to? No, Madam, e'en keep it to your ſelf, 'tis your own proper *Chattel*, and no body but you has a Title to it. Once more let me tell you, 'twas not *handſomly* done of you to ſend it home in ſo wretche a Pickle. *Mangled* as it is, *burnt* to Tinder, wha Woman alive will *entertain* it in her Service? If yo did not *like* it, you ought in Conſcience, Madam, t have *ſent* it me back long ago. At the Time when was *whole* and *chearful*, (and ſuch a one it was whe I firſt made you a *Preſent* of it) I could have foun Miſtreſſes *enough* that would have been glad to *receiv* it: But ſince you have ſo *diſfigur'd* it, that I my ſel hardly know it, you are bound in Honour to look aft it, and ſuffer its *Infirmities*, ſince you have been th *Occaſion* of them. Let it complain and *bemoan* it ſ never ſo much, you ought to bear with its *Lamen tations*. But if they *offend* you, and break your *Repo*

is it not in your Power to make them *ceaſe* when you pleaſe? And have I not told you a Thouſand times which way you may *ſilence* them? Come, Madam, put my *Recipe* in Practice, and I give you *free Leave* to ſend my Heart back again, if after you have try'd that Experiment upon it, you don't find it as full of *Joy* and *Gayety*, as at preſent 'tis of *Grief* and *Affliction*.

To *CALISTA*.

To acquaint her that he's troubled with an Ague.

I Am up to the Ears in *Love*, Madam, as you know but too well. I have a confounded *Quarrel* upon my Hands, which I ſuppoſe is no News to you neither. Thirdly and laſtly, I have a damn'd *Law Suit* to manage, which you cannot be ignorant of, ſince I have told you of it ſo often. To *compleat* my Misfortunes, I wanted nothing but a *Tertian Ague*, or ſome ſuch Bleſſing to viſit me, which, Thanks to my ill *Deſtiny*, is come at laſt to increaſe the Number of my other *Perſecuters*. Conſidering with what Formality and Circumſpection it began to *attack* me, one may lay a *Hundred Pounds* to a *Penny* that it will keep me Company till next Spring. My *Hand* ſtill trembles with the Extremity of my laſt *cold* Fit, and my *Heart* is almoſt burnt up with the Violence of my Paſſion; and what more *proper* Secretary can there be, than a *freezing* Hand to a *flaming* Heart? As I am naturally of a *gay*, *merry* Temper, and according to the common Opinion, an Ague always proceeds from *Melancholy*, I can't imagine how it came to ſingle me out of the Herd: For hitherto, whether 'tis owing to my *Inſenſibility* or *Courage*, I have not been much diſturb'd either about my *Law-Suit* or my *Quarrel*. 'Tis a plain Caſe then, that my *Love* has betray'd me to this *trou-*

bleſome Companion. For this Reaſon, to *deal* plainly with you, I begin to *ſuſpect* you, and fancy that there is a ſecret *Intelligence* between you and my Diſeaſe, and that the Flames you kindled in my *Heart* prepar'd the way for thoſe that now ſcorch up my *Body*. And will the Queen of my Heart then, to whoſe Laws it ſo chearfully ſubmits, loſe the Conqueſts ſhe has made? Intereſt, one would think, would dictate better Advice to her, and perſwade her not to let a barbarous Enemy *burn* up and *deſtroy* a Place that belongs to her Empire. Revenge your ſelf, then, Madam, and when your *Hand* is in, revenge me, and turn this impudent Aggreſſor out of your *Dominions*. I need not inform you, that this curſed Aggreſſor I complain of is my *Ague*, that ill-look'd, ill-natur'd, ill-contriv'd *Devil*, that loves to make every one he *poſſeſſes* look as villainouſly as himſelf, that profeſs'd *Foe* to Cherry-cheeks, that *Demoliſher* of jolly Conſtitutions, that *Leveller* of Faces, and *Deſtroyer* of all Mirth. Judge then what will become of my poor *Fortreſs* in a few Days, if this malicious *Engineer* batters it with his great *Artillery* from above, and at the ſame time *undermines* it from below. 'Tis true, he lies *idle* every other Day; but a Curſe light on him, he does me more Miſchief in *three* Hours, than I am able to repair in *threeſcore*. In ſhort, I expect to have this wicked *Siege* rais'd by none but you; and this 'tis ſo eaſy for you to perform, and unleſs my *Relief* comes immediately, I ſhall conclude you don't think the *Town* worth *ſaving*.

To the ſame LADY.

He tells her after what Manner he will receive her when ſhe comes to viſit him.

YOU ſend me Word, that you intend me a *Viſit* this Afternoon; but does your Ladyſhip well conſider what may be the *Effect* on't? Do you think 'tis poſſible to ſee ſo doleful an Object as I am, without paying ſome little *Tribute* to Pity? Or ſuppoſe your *Heart* is *inſenſible* to all my Sufferings, do you know after what Manner I ſhall *receive* you, and whether you'll be *pleas'd* with your Entertainment? Well, Madam, that you may not be ſurpriz'd, I will acquaint you before-hand what ſort of a Reception you are to expect from me.

In the firſt Place, Madam, when you come into the Room, I ſhan't *advance* one Step to meet you, that's poſitive; but keep my Chair, like the Great *Mogul*, or the Great *Turk*, which you pleaſe; and the ſame Ceremony I ſhall obſerve at your going away. Then when you have ſeated your ſelf, inſtead of *complimenting* you upon your *Beauty* and *Wit*, thoſe two beloved *Topicks*, which you Women are ſo pleas'd to hear your *Adorers* expatiate upon, I ſhall only entertain you with the cruel *Uſage* of my Diſtemper; and tho' you look'd ten times *prettier* than ever I knew you, yet I ſhall fancy you as *pale* and *yellow* as my ſelf, Perhaps I ſhall not *ſpeak* a Syllable to you in an Hour, or if I *open* my Mouth, 'twill be only to ask your Ladyſhip what's *good* for a Man in my Condition, to complain of my *want* of Appetite, to tell how many Hatfuls of *Jeſuits* Powder I have taken to no Purpoſe, or relate to you what *odd Whimſies* come into my Head when I am in the Height of my Pain. I ſhall

think I entertain you with a very *notable* Diſcourſe indeed, when I acquaint you that my Diſeaſe, by a ſtrange unaccountable *Magick*, carries me, in the Compaſs of twelve Hours, from the *extreameſt* Parts of *Lapland* to *Guienne*; that for the ſix firſt Hours I am ſo *cold*, that a *cloy'd* Lover's Appetite cannot be more, and the ſix next that follow, I am ſo *hot*, that all the Water in the *Volga* would not cool me; that I am the Embleme of *Mount-Gibel*, as they ſay, that is of *Hell*, carrying two *contrary* Extreams about me: That when I *tremble* I make all the *Glaſs Windows* for two Miles about me clearer; and when I *burn*, one had better croſs the *Line* than touch the *leaſt* Part of me. Thus you ſee, Madam, what a *diverting* Scene you are like to find in my Quarters. As for my *Looks*, you never ſaw any thing ſo *ghaſtly* and *terrible*. My very *Sight* is enough to make a Sexton *tremble*, that has made it his conſtant Trade to rifle the Graves of the *Dead*; nay, fright an *unbelieving* Prieſt into an Agueſit of *Devotion*. My Phyſician, that was as rank an Atheiſt as *Vanninus* t'other Day, believes the Exiſtence of *Spirits* already, by the ſame Token he owes his *Converſion* to me. You may count all the *Teeth* in my Head through my *Cheeks*, and the *Chirurgeons* of the Town beſpoke me this Morning, to do them the Honour to repreſent a *Skeleton* at their Theatre, and ſuffer one of their Fraternity to read an *Anatomical* Lecture upon me. So you muſt not be *ſurpriz'd*, Madam, if I make you a few *ſcurvy* Faces at your coming in; 'tis no *more* than what I do to all the World; nay, even to my dear beloved *ſelf*, when I behold my *Phyz* in the Looking-glaſs. All the *Good* you are like to find by me, is, that my *Hands*, of which you have ſo often *complain'd*, are grown the *civilleſt*, quieteſt Hands in the Univerſe, and will not give you the leaſt Occaſion to *complain* of them. Before *George*, in the *Humour* I am at preſent, I would *hardly* draw them from under my Morning-Gown, to play with *Helen's* delicious Bubbies, which undoubtedly were very *commendable*

mendable Bubbies; ſince, in Conjunction with her Face, they made the *Greeks* and *Trojans* deal their handy Blows ſo *liberally* to one another. So now, Madam, I leave you to gueſs, whether you have any thing to apprehend from me, and whether you will not part *peaceably* from me, without calling me ſawcy *rude* Fellow, as you us'd to do. This I muſt tell you too for your Comfort, that I ſhall be highly *offended* with you, if you preſume to *laugh*, according to your laudable Cuſtom; therefore reſolve to diſguiſe the *Gayety* of your Humour for a few Moments, or at leaſt pretend a little *Compaſſion* for me. Thus I have not only inform'd you what you muſt expect from me, but how you are to regulate your *Behaviour*, ſo that if you have any Deſire, after all this ghoſtly Counſel, to viſit your *dying* Wretch, you are fully inſtructed how to manage your ſelf. After all, if you continue your Reſolution, I would *adviſe* you to come to Morrow, for 'tis one of my Days of *Reprieve*.

To Madam the Abbeſs of ——

He gives her an Account of his Indiſpoſition, and how uneaſily he paſſes his Nights.

THE Clock has ſtruck *Twelve*, and 'tis now juſt *ſix* Hours, *ſeven* Minutes, and a *Quarter* preciſely, ſince I have been *rowling* and toſſing in my Bed, like a poor *Veſſel* in the Bay of *Biſcay*. All the Family is faſt *aſleep*, and that young Raſcal my Footman *Snores* at heartily as a *Drunkard* after a Debauch. But all this while, that *Epitome* of human *Miſery*, your humble Servant is *awake*, and has nothing elſe to accompany him, but his *Pains* and his *Deſpair*. 'Tis to no Purpoſe that I make Vows to *Morpheus*, promiſe him Sacrifice, and invoke his *Relief*; The *ill natur'd* God is

either too fast *asleep* to hear my Invocations, or too *tardy* to answer them. Not knowing how to entertain my self better, I built a thousand Castles in * *Spain*; but then again when I soberly consider'd that this was building Castles in a *Prince*'s Country, that perhaps won't *thank* me for my Pains, I immediately got up, quitted my *Chimæra's* and *Castles*, to write you this Letter, and assure you, that I value you more than all the *Princes* and *Emperours* in the World. But under the Rose, Madam, what Emperour deserves to be mention'd the same Month with you? *Augustus*, who was the *honestest* of the whole Pack, had only *one* Daughter, yet was not able to keep her in *good Order*; for several *grave* Historians affirm, that she wou'd *carry* a Stone in her Ear, whether her Father wou'd or no: But Madam, you have at least *forty* Daughters to look after, yet you keep them all in due *Decorum*; and as for your own Conduct, *Envy* it self cannot find the least Flaw in it. Now tell me fairly and squarely, whether ever you cou'd have foreseen that you shou'd be compar'd and preferr'd to *Augustus*, and of all the *Panegyrists* you have known in your Time, whether any of them ever made you so topping a *Compliment*; but Madam, these *extravagant* Thoughts and *high* Flights are *excusable* enough in a sick Man, whose Brains are *addled* by the *vilest* of Distempers. This *curs'd* Ague has thrown me into a Thousand other *Follies*, that wou'd make you burst your Sides with *laughing*, shou'd I undertake to send you the *compleat* History of them. What will you say then, when I *assure* you, that I am grown a wonderful *Admirer* of that *venerable* Piece of Antiquity, your *Aunt*? Cou'd you ever have imagin'd, that a sick Man wou'd have long'd for so *dainty* a Morsel? And won't you now agree with me, that an *Ague* gives a Man a very *strange* Appetite?

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* A French *Proverb equivalent to ours of building Castles in the Air.*

How-

However, what I tell you, is as *true* as that I am now *writing* to you. I have had the Honour to *receive* only two Visits from her; but in that short Time have discover'd a thousand *Charms* in her, found her more *witty* than your self, and more *beautiful* than *Calista*. In short, I have felt a certain *Emotion*, which I should christen by the Name of *Love*, were I in Health. You wou'd hardly believe how many *fine*, *tender* Things I promise my self to say to her, and how *assiduous* I design to be about her *ancient* Person, so soon as I am *recover'd*. And yet, perhaps, *Thirsis* when he is *well*, will not follow the Inclinations of *Thirsis* the *sick*, but forgive *Calista* all the *cruel* Raileries she has made both upon his Crutches, and other Misfortunes. Since I have *mention'd* her Name, I may venture to tell you, that you are *bound* in Honour to possess that *inhuman* Creature with a *little* of your own good *Nature*. The *Compassion* you have been pleas'd to express for me, gives me *infinite* Satisfaction: But alas! What a *refreshing* Cordial wou'd it be to me, if my and your *Calista* (for so I must call her, since you bestow'd her upon me) wou'd shew me a little of that obliging *Pity*, which you vouchsafe me daily? At the very Moment when I am writing this, I dare *engage* she sleeps as *profoundly* as if she had nothing to *answer* for; and that if she *dreams*, her Imagination is making *merry* at my Expence, either *playing* with my Crutches, or *drolling* upon my Paleness. What is *more*, I dare engage that she'll be ready to die with *laughing*, when she knows I writ this Letter at *Midnight*, and that too, when I had so *little* Temptation to write. But let her make her self as *merry* with it, as she pleases, I am *content*, if you will but *take* this Occasion to let her know how *uneasily* I pass my Nights. Above all, lay your *Commands* upon her not to *speak* a Word of it, since it highly *Concerns* you in Point of *Reputation* to have it kept *private*. 'Tis a *censorious* World, you know, and who can tell what *strange* Stories malicious People may *raise* of us, when they come to understand, that a

Man of my *amorous* Complexion got up at *Midnight*, with no other Deſign, but to give himſelf the Pleaſure of *entertaining* you? Adieu!

To Madam *de Hl*——

Occaſion'd by ſending a Bed to her in the Country.

I Am not *Prophet* enough, Madam, to foretel whether I have executed my Commiſſion to your *Satisfaction*, tho' no Care has been *wanting* on my Side, I can aſſure you: For I employ'd an experienc'd *Woman* of my Acquaintance, to direct me in this Affair, knowing that we *Batchelors* are not ſo proper Judges of all the good *Qualities* requir'd in a *Bed*, as thoſe that have learnt them by long *Practice*. All our Neighbours that have ſeen it, like it exceedingly. One ſaid, it was the prettieſt *Altar* in the World for a young Maiden-head to be *ſacrific'd* upon: Another that it was one of Love's little *Cabarets*, where a Brace of *hungry* Lovers might *refreſh* themſelves with a *Bit* from the *Spit*, when they cou'd not tarry till the whole Joint was *matrimonially* ſerv'd up to them. Altho' I very well know, that it is not deſign'd for any ſuch *wicked* Purpoſes, yet I cannot forbear to *envy* the Pleaſures it will be *conſcious* to, and reflect what a delicious Scene of *Happineſs* you and I might act upon it if you wou'd but give your *Conſent*. But theſe are, Thoughts you are never *troubled* with, all your *Concern*, at preſent, being to know how much it *coſt*. If I took as much *Pleaſure* to make others *uneaſy* as you do, I ſhould leave you in *Suſpenſe* a Month or two longer, and not *clear* it to you till I came down into the Country: But as I am not *revengeful* in my Temper, be pleas'd to know, that for all it appears ſo *magnificent*

nificent and *ſtately*, I bought it with the *Mony* you gave me; and as for the *overplus*, I fairly laid it out upon a very *fine* Counterpane, for which I pretend that you are very much *oblig'd* to me. Conſider then, Madam, that if I have been ſo *truſty* a Manager of your *Purſe*, how much *better* Manager ſhould I be of a more precious *Cabinet*, if you thought fit to truſt me with it? Beſides, I muſt take the Freedom to tell you, that I am in ſome ſort a *Benefactor* to your Repoſe; and I may without Vanity affirm, that by my *Means*, a certain Perſon *ſleeps* at her Eaſe, that diſturbs the Quiet of ſo many People. But I am afraid that this *Vanity*, and a ſmall *Compliment* from you, will be all the *Reward* I ſhall receive for the *Pains* I have taken. Not but that if you were inclin'd to do me *Juſtice*, this Bed might eaſily *enable* you to *pay* the Debt you *owe* in this Affair. Cou'd I have found ever a *Conjurer* in this Part of the World, before I had ſent down the Bed to you, I wou'd have brib'd him to *inchant* it in ſo ſtrange a manner, that I might have *revell'd* in your Arms, yet your Husband have *known* nothing of the Buſineſs, and you not ſlept a Wink in it, 'till I came to preſcribe Love's *Opiate* to you. How glad would I have been to have purchas'd ſo *valuable* a Charm as this, at any *Rate*! And how wou'd I have hugg'd the *honeſt* Magician, that cou'd have help'd me to it! But no ſuch a Conjurer was I *able* to find, after all my *Enquiry*, ſo that I was forc'd to ſend you the Bed in its true *primitive* State, without any other *Charms*, than what all other Beds in the World may as well *pretend* to, I mean the *Faculty* of making People ſleep *comfortably*, when Nature calls upon them. Take your Belly-full of it there, Madam; you have my free leave for it; but when the *Domeſtick* Animal, that lies by your Side, *wakes* you to perform Love's *Mattins*, in that *critical* Moment, *think* ('tis the *ſmalleſt* Favour you can grant me) oh! *think* upon

To four Ladies, with whom the Author was in Love at the ſame Time.

I Think I have given you a *plain Proof*, that I am as much in Love with you, as 'tis *poſſible* for a Man to be, ſince I can *afford* to write to you at a Time, when I *ſuffer* as much as ever poor Fellow ſuffer'd. Upon mentioning my *Pain*, I fancy you'll at firſt ſuſpect it to be *another* ſort of a Diſtemper than really it is: In the next Place I am *afraid* you'll think my Letter *contagious*, and for that Reaſon refuſe to read it; but, Ladies, as I hope to be happy in the Embraces of you all four, there's no Danger in't. My Diſtemper, in ſhort, is nothing but the *Tooth-ach*; and as for that ſlight Indiſpoſition, which you charg'd me to have gotten in *Spain*, and I ſo often *deny'd*, ſuppoſe it were true, it wou'd have been ſo effectually *cur'd* by this Time, that it ought not to hinder you from *keeping* a Correſpondence with me upon that Score. No, Ladies, you need not fear any *Infection*, by reading my Letter. If 'twere poſſible for you to catch my *Diſeaſe* that Way, ſince *Love* and the *Tooth-ach* generally go together, you might, perhaps, catch Part of my *Love*; mind me, Ladies, I ſay, *Part* of my Love; for ſhou'd you catch it all, 'twould *ſcorch* you to Death; for I ſwear to you, I have the moſt *ardent* Affection for you all four, which I ever felt. And now methinks, I hear you *cry* out, that a *divided* Heart is not worth a Farthing; and that a Man that loves *more* Women than *one*, loves *none* at all. This, perhaps, may be *juſtly* enough ſaid of your *puny* Gallants, that have not *Heart room* enough to lodge more than one *Phillis* at a Time: But, Ladies, my *Heart* is of a prodigious *Capacity*, and will contain you all four with the greateſt *Eaſe* in the World, and that ſo *commodiouſly*, that you need

need not juſtle or elbow one another. In ſhort, without being guilty of *Infidelity* to any one of you, I will love you all four both in *general* and in *particular*. Did you but know what ſtrange *Emotions* and Wambling of *Bowels* I feel within me, as often as I think on the *Tears*, feign'd or real, which you were pleaſed to *ſhed* at my Departure, you'd be ſatisfy'd that I interpret them to my *Advantage*. As often as I reflect upon that *melancholly* Farewel, ſo full of *Tenderneſs* and Concern, I am Coxcomb enough to flatter my ſelf, that I am ſeriouſly and heartily beloved by you all four: And while I am poſſeſt with this Contemplation, I am ready to run *mad*, that I was ſo unhappy a Dog as not to know this *good Fortune* of mine before I parted from you, that I might have made my *Advantage* of it while I was at —— But ſince I have receiv'd no *Pleaſure* by it as yet, I am reſolv'd to make my ſelf ſome Amends by *boaſting* of it; for you may ſwear I'll not be *ſilent* of the Honour I had of ſeeing four Pair of the fineſt Eyes in Chriſtendom weep, when I took my Leave of them. In ſhort, I relate this Hiſtory to all I meet, Men, Women, and Children, that will give me the hearing; in which Number you may ſafely include a World of *pretty* Ladies, who already begin to *lend* me their Ear. If hereafter they ſhall think fit to lend me any thing elſe, I will make all you four my *Confidents*, and ſend you a *punctual* Account of it. At the ſame time, Ladies, I muſt intreat you to ſend me the *News* of your Parts, as likewiſe to love me a little, or, at leaſt, to make me *believe* you do. For a *Proof* of this, I expect you ſhould all four *kiſs* the Bottom of this Letter where my *Name* is writ. Tho' I am ſo many Miles diſtant from you, yet I ſee as plain as my Hand, Mrs. *Mary* and Mrs *Betty* going to do it; but as for Mrs. *Latitia* and Mrs *Honour*, they ſcruple at the Buſineſs, and make wry Faces; however, I know they'll come to't at laſt to oblige a Friend —— So, ſo, now *all* of you have done it. But, Ladies, a *Word* before parting;

cing: For God's ſake, not a Syllable of this to your Husbands, or any one elſe; for we muſt expect a terrible Noiſe indeed, ſhould it be known that you *kiſs'd*,

Ladies,

Your moſt Humble and

Obedient Servant,.

To the Fair——

A Letter of Gallantry.

ALtho' my Love parted from you laſt Night in a great Paſſion, yet as for my ſelf, Madam, I ſwear to you I went away very well *ſatisfy'd*. 'Tis a peeviſh, froward Child that's certain, and has ſtrong Humours with him. When you have *granted* him one Favour, the young Son of a Whore *demands* another, and another after that, and ſo on to the *End* of the Chapter, that is to ſay, till you have granted him the laſt Favour of all. But I preached all Night to the ſquauling Puppy, that he had Reaſon enough to be ſatisfied, repreſenting to him how that languiſhing Softneſs he ſaw in your Eyes, thoſe tender Words interrupted by ſo many Sighs, that feeble Reſiſtance attended with ſo much Tranſport and Emotion, were ſufficient Proofs you were not angry with him, but wou'd *content* his Longing one of theſe Days. Then, to refreſh the young Raſcal's Memory I reminded him what an agreeable *Diſorder* you were in all the while, by the ſame Token you hardly *knew* what you

you did, or what was done to you. Laſtly, I gave him Reaſons to hope, that at our next favourable Meeting, he ſhould have no Occaſion to complain. In ſhort, to appeaſe the Child, I paſs'd my Word for you, ſo he *quietly* took a Nap, and ſtill continues very *orderly*. Therefore, Madam, I muſt conjure you to be aſſiſting to me, that I may keep my Promiſe to him; for this little *God*, in Caſe he's diſappointed, will lay about him like a *Devil*, and prove a greater *Thorn* in your Side, than

Your moſt importunate Lover.

To Madam *de B*——

The Author excuſes himſelf for not writing a Love-Letter for her, as ſhe deſir'd him.

THE laſt Time I had the *Honour* of your Company, you were pleaſed to enjoin me two different things. The former I now acquit my ſelf of, in ſending you the Gloves you deſired me to buy for you; but as for the Love-Letter you commanded me to write, let me die, Madam, if it's in my *Power* to obey you. Not but that I have uſed all imaginable *Endeavours* to bring it about. Upon my Word now I have haraſs'd and tear'd my poor Head beyond Expreſſion, and all to dictate me a few fine *Compliments*, in order to give you this ſmall *Satisfaction*; but this Head of mine is the moſt *perverſe*, fantaſtical Head in Nature; and when I have moſt Need of his Aſſiſtance, is then ſure to play me the ſurvieſt Tricks. In ſhort, 'tis a giddy, hair-brain'd *Rambler*, and ſo great an Enemy to all *Conſtraint* whatever, that when my Heart honeſtly adviſ'd him t'other Morning to obey your Orders, I

muſt

muſt, replies he, *be as implicit a Slave as thou art, to do every thing that is order'd me; but Thanks to Heaven, and my own good Conduct, I am free, and will obey no body but my ſelf. Hark you me Friend*, cries my Heart to him, *you are a Blockhead for calling me Slave, I will maintain it before all the World, that it is an Honour to obey* Caliſta, *and little leſs than Rebellion to diſpute the meaneſt of her Orders. What! an Honour to be a Slave*, ſays my Heart in a Fury; *you may preach up the Merit of Paſſive Obedience as long as you pleaſe, but 'tis a Doctrine I ſhall never ſwallow; for know I am a Republican in my Nature, and declare againſt all Tyranny whatever. And how! dareſt thou call* Caliſta *a Tyrant*, ſays my Heart, *ſhe whoſe Goodneſs is equal to her Beauty, and who, if ſhe delighted in making Conqueſts, might drag all Mankind after her triumphant Chariot? If ſhe tramples upon the Liberties of a freeborn People*, replies my Head, *if ſhe ſees her Subjects ſuffer without endeavouring to ſave them, if ſhe keeps up a ſtanding Army of little* Cupids *in her Eyes contrary to Nature's* Magna Charta, *all which is undeniably true, why then I poſitively affirm, that ſhe's a Tyrant, and ought not to be obey'd in her arbitrary Injunctions.*

You'll be *ſurpriz'd*, Madam, without Queſtion, to hear that I am plagu'd with ſuch an *inteſtine* War within me; and perhaps, having never heard 'till now, that the *Head* and *Heart* can be of two *different* Factions, you may queſtion the *Sincerity* of this Relation. But, Madam, I once more aſſure you 'tis *true*; and what will more *amaze* you, this *Heart* of mine became your *Slave* chiefly through the wicked *Inſinuations* and Counſels of my *Head*, which was eternally telling it how gentle and good condition'd a *Miſtreſs* you were, and by that Means engag'd it to part with its *Liberty*. But after it had once prevail'd with my *poor Heart* to ſurrender up its *Freedom* to you, like a malicious *Traytor* as it is, it *refus'd* to follow its Directions, pretending that it wou'd always continue *free*; leſt it might believe it ow'd you any manner of *Service*, and

to

to give you a Proof of it, positively refus'd to write the Love-Letter you demanded of me. Pardon me therefore Madam, if I cannot obey you upon this Occasion; and be assured that my Heart utterly disproves this Obstinacy of my Head, condemns its Rebellion, and will dispute the Glory of being entirely yours, with the *proudest Heart* in the Universe.

And now, Madam, may I be so bold as to ask you your Opinion of this Letter? Is it not a *nonparelle* in its Kind? And is it possible to write any thing more *extravagant?* I dare not pretend to determine beforehand how you will relish it; but if 'tis so happy as to contribute to your Diversion, I shall be infinitely pleased with my Performance, since to *satisfy* you is the greatest Satisfaction that can be to

Your most Faithful

and Obedient Servant.

To Madam *de L*——

A Billet written one Morning when the Author had taken Physick.

I Know you are in Town, and am impatient to see you; and yet, as my ill Stars will have it, cannot *satisfy* this Impatience. What vexes me most, is, that I am asham'd to acquaint you with the Reason. All I dare tell you at present, is, that 'tis an absolute incontroulable *Reason*, which I am forced to submit to in spite of my Teeth; and if I went about to *contradict* it, I should find my self in the wickedest *Disorder* imaginable. Thus I am constrained to obey this haughty

haughty Tyrant, who, to be free with you, ſo *imperiouſly* ſummons me to dance *Attendance* after him, that he has made me lay down my *Pen* half a Score Times at leaſt while I have been writing this ſhort Epiſtle. But I hope his Reign will not laſt above two Hours longer, that ſo ſoon as I have din'd I may do my ſelf the Honour to wait upon you, and tell you in Perſon with what Zeal I am

Yours, *&c.*

To CALISTA.

Upon ſeeing her bathe her ſelf in a River.

WELL, Madam, all your Tricks and Artifices are to no Purpoſe. Laſt Night my good Fortune led me to the happy Place where you were bathing your ſelf; and tho' I ſaw a Sight infinitely *finer* than that of *Diana* naked as ſhe was born, yet *Acteon*'s cruel Deſtiny did not attend me. But Madam, if I might ask you a civil Queſtion, why ſhould you take ſo much Pains to conceal your Beauties? Upon my Word now, I ſaw nothing like a ſhameful Part about you; or if I did, 'twas only the Thighs, and *ſomething* elſe of your Siſter and Couſin, which ought to be aſhamed to appear in your Preſence. The firſt Doctrine I rais'd from my Text was, that thoſe very Members you give your ſelf ſo much Trouble to *hide*, are not a jot inferiour to what you expoſe to common Sight, from whence I drew this Inference, that there are a Thouſand pretty Women in the World that have more Reaſon to hide their Faces, than you have to hide your——Had you lived in that happy Time, when

when the good Folks of *Syracuſe* dedicated a Temple to the fair-buttock'd *Venus*, your Ladyſhip had certainly been *Goddeſs* of the Place, every one would have brought his Offering to you, and ſaluted your plump *Poſteriors*, acording to the Ceremony there obſerv'd. Pardon me, Madam, this Quotation is too juſt and natural to deſerve your Cenſure. As I never beheld any thing in all my Life ſo *charming* as I beheld you laſt Evening, I want Expreſſions to tell you how much I am enſlav'd by your Beauty. If I were now in my Poetick Vein, I ſhould proclaim to all the World, that the *red-hair'd Charioteer* of the Day, meaning the *Sun*, quitted the Ocean laſt Evening, where he uſes to *ſolace* himſelf in the Arms of his beloved *Thetis*, to ſport away the Night in that fortunate River where *Caliſta* was bathing herſelf. Heavens! how often was it in my Thoughts to plunge Head foremoſt into the Water after you, and try the Adventure of the Nymph *Salmacis*. But Madam, as theſe were the firſt Motions of my Paſſion, ſo they are excuſable, becauſe the wiſeſt Philoſopher upon Earth is not *Maſter* of them. The next Moment I made ſome ſober Reflections upon this Deſign, and muſt own I was terribly afraid of you, although you were naked and diſarm'd, and carried not that unmerciful Fly-flap about you, with which you uſe to correct the Inſolences of my Hand, when it preſumes to touch your Bubbies, or examine the Fringe of your Petticoat. After all, Madam, 'tis more for your Advantage than you are aware of, that I ſaw you laſt Evening; for whenever you act the *reſerved*, I muſt own you carry Treaſures about you that deſerve to be well look'd after, and not expoſed to unſanctified Eyes. Having ſeen the Beauties of your Body, I cannot but approve the Severity of your Soul; therefore you need not quarrel with me for preſuming to ſee you, ſince it turns ſo much to your Advantage.

A Billet

A Billet from *CALISTA* to the Author.

She is angry with him for not knowing her at a Maſquerade.

YOU are a Man of the leaſt *Gallantry* that ever was known. I am inform'd, that a Lady in a *Maſque*, and who, notwithſtanding her Diſguiſe, ſeem'd to be well ſhap'd enough, took you aſide yeſterday from your Company, and ſaid a Hundred obliging things to you, to all which you reply'd ſo coldly and dully, that ſhe went away very *ill-ſatisfied* with you. This Lady had an indifferent *good Opinion* of your *Wit* before, and had the Charity to think you might act your Part tolerably well in a Frolick of this Nature; but you have moſt effectually undeceived her. As this Lady's Sentiments are always the ſame with mine, don't come to tell me any more Stories of your *Proweſs*, for I ſhall certainly ſend you back to the Lady in the Maſque.

The Author's ANSWER.

BEfore I received your Billet, I was told that you were at the fine Maſquerade laſt Night; nay, that you were the very Perſon with whom I *diſcours'd* ſo long. But why ſhould you think it *ſtrange* that I did not *know* you, you that never ſpoke four *kind* Words to me in all your Life, and then entertained me with ſo much ſeeming *Tenderneſs*? In ſhort, your *Soul* was infinitely more *diſguis'd* than your *Face*, ſo that had your Maſque been off, I ſhould never have been able to

to know you through ſo much *Fondneſs* and good Nature. I ſhould have ſworn that my very Eyes *deceiv'd* me, and that it was not *Caliſta* that talk'd with me. Since I was taken up with theſe Thoughts, judge you whether all the ſoft Expreſſions and Careſſes of a Stranger were like to operate with me, and whether I was in a Humour to begin an *Amour* with a Perſon who ſeemed to have ſome wicked Deſigns upon your Property. Thus you could not but obſerve with what *Indifference* I entertained you, ſo that, my dear *Caliſta*, inſtead of complaining of me, I think you ought to commend my Fidelity, and from thence conclude, that you have no *Rival* to apprehend.

Æneas

Æneas Sylvius's LETTERS: AND HIS SATIRE ON THE *WOMEN* of the Town.

A Letter of ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, *who was afterwards Pope* Pius II. *to his Father, about a Baſtard Son whom he ſent to him.*

Tranſlated from the *Latin* by Mr. *T. BROWN.*

Æn. Sylv. Oper. *p.* 513. Edit. *Baſil.*

YOU ſent me word in your laſt, that you could not tell whether you were to rejoice or grieve at the late *Preſent* that *Providence* made me of a Son. For my Part, I ſee Reaſon enough for the former, but not the leaſt Pretence for the latter: For tell me, what prettier Sport is there, than for a Man to beget his own Likeneſs? Or what more refreſhing Sight can

can there be on this Side Heaven, than to see one's Table well stock'd with Olive-branches? As for my self, without Blushing I own to you, that 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to me, to find that I have not bestowed my Pains in a barren Soil, and I daily return my Thanks to Heaven for sending me no *cloven Present*, no whimpering silly Girl, but a fine chopping lusty Boy, who will help to divert you and my Mother with his innocent Prattle. Now, Sir, if you took any Satisfaction at my Birth, why should not the Cockles of your Heart dance upon this Occasion? Or why should you not be as well pleas'd to behold my Picture in a Grandson? But perhaps you'll tell me, that your Conscience is somewhat uneasy, because the poor Child was begotten of Sin, and out of the Pale of Matrimony. If the Shoe pinches you there, I must ask you a few civil Questions before we part. Pray, Sir, what Materials was I composed of? As I take it, I am not made of Stone or Iron, or any such unrelenting Ingredients. You begot me true Flesh and Blood; and if I have committed any Crime in making use of my Parts, I'll e'en place it to your Score; for I'll swear I had all the peccant Utensils from you. In the next Place, do but consider how it was with your self at my Years. You know well enough, without my refreshing your Memory for you, that you never lay under the Scandal of a Fumbler. I am your own lawful Son; no Blot to your Family I hope: No *Eunuch*, or any thing like it. Neither am I Hypocrite enough to pretend to more Sanctity than the rest of my Neighbours. I frankly own I have been a Trespasser, a vile abominable Trespasser in my Time; but to my great Comfort *David* and *Solomon* went the same Road before me: And as I am modest in my own Nature, a Curse light on me if ever I desire to be thought holier than King *David*, or wiser than his Son. If 'tis a Sin, it can say Abundance of shrewd things for it self; It can plead Antiquity and Universality, and quote the Lord knows how many Texts out of the New

and

and Old Teſtament; and to deal plainly with you, I don't believe there's one Man between the two Poles, unleſs he has a very ſcurvy confounded Body indeed, that has not at one time or other been guilty of it in Thought or Deed. This Corruption, if it may be call'd a Corruption of a Man to employ his Natural Talent, is of all Countries and Regions: But under the Roſe, Sir, why ſhould *Copulation* be treated with ſuch ill Language as generally 'tis? Or why ſhould our *Caſuiſts* ſo furiouſly condemn it, ſince Nature, that never does any thing in vain, has interwoven this Appetite with our very Conſtitutions, and inſpired the whole Creation with an eternal Deſire to continue their own Species? But I ſuppoſe you'll reply, that there are certain Limits within which 'tis lawful, and that this Action ought never to be done without the Church's Conſent. Well, for once, let us take it for granted that a Man ought never to get up and ride without the Prieſt's Benediction: But how does this mend the Matter? Was there ever any Sin, do you think, committed within the Matrimonial Sheets? I hope, old Gentleman, you'll not advance ſuch falſe Doctrine as that is. There are fix'd Rules too for our Eating and Drinking; but what Man in a Thouſand is ſuch a ſlaviſh Coxcomb as to be confin'd to them? Some whining grave Raſcals may tell you they were never guilty of Sin, and demurely wipe their Mouths after they have ſaid it, but I hate all Liars; and ſince I carry human Infirmities about me, ſcorn to conceal or deny them: So much for this Point. But becauſe you ſeem to diſtruſt that other People have had a Finger in the Pye, and would fain be ſatisfied whether the Child really belongs to me or no; Pray Sir, be pleaſed to take this ſhort Hiſtory of the whole Affair. I had been Envoy at *Strasburg* ſome two Years, and, as it happened, had no great Buſineſs upon my Hands, when a Woman, newly arrived from *England*, who had Youth and Beauty enough to pleaſe a nicer Palate than mine, chanced to come to the ſame Inn where

where I lodged: She ſpoke the *Italian* Tongue perfectly well, and I had a long Converſation with her in that Language, which was ſo much the more entertaining to me, becauſe I ſo little expected to meet one that underſtood *Italian* in thoſe Parts of the World. In ſhort, what with her Wit and Beauty, ſhe gain'd an abſolute Aſcendant over my Heart; ſo that as often as I beheld her, I could not help thinking on the famous *Cleopatra*, who, chiefly with the Gaiety and Charms of her Diſcourſe, made ſuch a Pair of Aſſes of *Julius Cæſar* and *Mark Anthony*. Thought I to my ſelf, who can blame ſuch an inconſiderable diminutive Fellow as I am for doing what the moſt illuſtrious Heroes of Antiquity have juſtified by their own Examples? Sometimes I ſupported my ſelf by the Precedent of *Moſes*, ſometimes of *Ariſtotle*, and ſometimes by famous Inſtances in the Chriſtian Church. To make ſhort of my Story, I was paſſionately in Love with this *Belle Tramontane*, and attempted her with all the *Rhetorick* I was Maſter of. But ſhe, deaf to my Vows and Paſſion, ſlighted all my Proteſtations; ſo that for three long-live Days (an Age in the Chronicles of *Love*) I found I had made little or no Progreſs in her Affections. Whether this was the Effect of her *Virtue*, her *Fear*, or *Diſcretion*, I won't be poſitive, but am inclin'd to the latter: For as it appeared, ſhe ſtood in ſome Awe of the Houſe, from whom ſhe expected certain Kindneſſes.

The fatal Night now approached, and next Morning early ſhe was to purſue her Journey. What *Fears*, what *Apprehenſions* reached my Soul, leſt the *Quarry* ſhould eſcape me? I threw my ſelf down at her Feet, embrac'd her Knees, and conjur'd her not to bolt her Door; adding, that in the Silence of the Night I would ſteal to her Chamber, and give her the laſt Convictions that I was her moſt devoted Vaſſal. She refuſed to comply with my Deſires, ſtood much upon her *Virtue*, and gave me not the

leaſt Hopes of ſucceeding. I ſtill importun'd her upon the ſame Chapter, but ſhe ſtill made me the ſame Anſwer, and inſiſted upon her *Virtue*. Well, when all the Family was gone to Bed, ſaid I to my ſelf, ſhall I ſee whether the Lady has done as I deſir'd her, or no? All Women are Riddles; perhaps ſhe has ſince thought better of the Matter; and after all, 'tis no great Trouble to try the Experiment. Finding all was huſh'd, I grop'd my Way to her Chamber in the dark: The Door was ſhut, but not bolted; ſo in I came, ruſh'd into Bed, and after a little fooliſh ſtruggling, got Poſſeſſion of her Body, the Fruit of which Night's Work was this hopeful Boy. This merry Scene befel me about the Beginning of *February*; and nine Months after my dear lovely Bed-fellow, whoſe Name was *Betty*, dropp'd in two, and was delivered of the above-mention'd Babe. This Account I had from her own Mouth at *Baſil*, where it was my good Fortune to meet with her again. At firſt I thought ſhe had invented this Story on Purpoſe to wheedle a Sum of Money out of me, and gave no great Heed to it: But then conſidering that the Enjoyment of her at *Straſburg* had not coſt me a Farthing, but only put me to the Expence of a few fooliſh Oaths, and ſo forth, which are eaſily coin'd in a Lover's Mint, I began to alter my Opinion. She acted before upon a generous Principle of Love, and no indirect or mercenary Ends; therefore, why ſhould I now ſuſpect her Integrity? Beſides, the Time and all other Circumſtances agreed ſo well, that I could no longer doubt of what ſhe told me, eſpecially it being a Juncture when ſhe could expect no great Matters from me. Theſe Reaſons induc'd me to believe that the Child was begot by the Sweat of my Brows: Therefore, pray, Sir, take him into your Family, beſtow ſome little *Greek* and *Latin* upon the Rogue, breed him up in the Fear of his Maker, and afford him Shelter in a Garret, till he's big enough to find the Way to his Daddy.

Farewell.

A

SATIRE

ON THE

WOMEN of the Town.

In a Letter from Æneas Sylvius, *afterwards Pope* PIUS *the Second, to* Nicolaus *of* Waterburgh.

By Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

I Remember the other Night you were complaining to me, that you were engaged in the Purſuit of an Amour, and that your Mind was ſo taken up, and bound with thoſe amorous Bands, that it was no longer in your Power to ſet it at Liberty. You owned to me, that the Object of your Paſſion was neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow, but a Woman; who, as ſhe muſt be confeſt extremely beautiful, was yet a mercenary Whore, that for her Price would

expoſe her ſelf to every Chapman. This you told me was that which troubled you, aſſuring me, that you would willingly caſt off this fatal Engagement, but that you were ignorant what Meaſures to take to regain your Liberty, and dethrone ſo infamous a Paſſion. You told me, that though you had applied your ſelf to ſeveral Prieſts upon this Head, yet none of them had diſcovered ſuch Remedies for the Evil, as promiſed you any Hopes of Succeſs. For this Reaſon you ſought of me, and with the moſt earneſt Sollicitations preſs'd me to furniſh ſome Medicine for your Diſeaſe; and that I would point you out the Path by which you might ſurely make your Eſcape from ſo terrible a Conflagration.

I will now comply with your Deſires, and will offer you ſuch wholeſome Remedies as muſt effect the Cure, if you will but obſerve my Preſcription. Nor ſhall I be under any Apprehenſion of the Phyſician's Forble, provided you will act the obedient Patient with Sincerity; although I am apt to believe that the Medicines which were preſcribed by the Prieſts, did by no means want their Efficacy, if you could but have obſerved their Directions; but the Courſe perhaps ſeemed to you too violent and ſevere. For when they bid you fly her, exchange not a Word with her, nor ſuffer your Ears to hear a Word ſpoken of her, you imagin'd theſe new Precepts too hard for mortal Fleſh to obey. With the ſame Reluctance, a Wretch in a Fever hears his cool Draughts forbid; yet if he deſigns to recover, he muſt keep his Phyſician's Direction. Thus, my dear *Nicolaus*, if you will make your Eſcape from Love, and regain your wiſh'd-for Freedom, prepare your ſelf to liſten to, and know the Precepts I ſhall give you.

Know then, that you are now infected with a moſt dangerous Diſtemper, and there is no Way of recovering your Health, but by undergoing many *Fevers* and *difficult Operations*. For, my dear Friend, every Man who is in Love is ſick; nay, not only ſick, but

but in *Slavery*, and *poſſeſs'd* with a perfect *Madneſs*. I ſpeak of *unlawful Love*; for it is a Virtue, not a Vice, to love God, our Parents, Country, Wife and Children: This is the full State of Health, not that of Sickneſs. Your Caſe is very different; for you are in the Purſuit of unlawful Love. But tell me, what do you believe this unlawful Love of which we ſpeak, is? The Ancients held him to be a little, naked, blind Boy, born of *Venus* and *Vulcan*, with Wings at his Back, and Arrows in his Hands, with which pricking and wounding the Boſoms and Hearts of Men and Women, he infus'd into the Wounds the Ardour of Love. Thus *Virgil*:

Now do I know what 'tis that LOVE *we name,*
Born among Rocks, from Rhodope *he came,*
Or Thracian Iſmarus, *or* Garamant *extream;*
Not from our Race has ſprung the fatal Boy,
Who only does our Happineſs deſtroy, &c.

But this was but the vain Day-Dream of mortal Wights, who wandering in the Miſt of Ignorance could not arrive at the Truth. Love, as *Seneca* has it in his Tragedies, *is nothing elſe but a certain Force and great Energy of Mind; a kindly Heat of Youth, begot by* Luxury *and* Idleneſs, *and is nurſed and foſter'd up by the Eaſe and Plenty of a flowing Fortune.* This robs a Man of his Underſtanding, perverts his whole Judgment, ſtupifies the Senſes, and extinguiſhes the Soul. For when you love a Woman, your Life, your Soul dwells in her, and not in your ſelf. What therefore can be a more wretched State, than not to live while you are alive; or to have the mere Functions of Life, without the Benefit? Than to have the Senſes without Senſibility? Than to have Eyes and ſee not? And Ears, and yet not be able to hear? A Lover is tranſform'd by an unhappy Metamorphoſis into another Man; he neither ſpeaks nor acts as he was wont to do. From hence that of *Parmeno* in *Terence*——

Ye Gods! says he, *what sort of Distemper is this I have got? Are Men used to be so chang'd by Love, that no one can know them to be the same Persons?* The Comick Poet, you find, thinks Love a *Disease*; nor is his Sentiment without Reason: For *Hippocrates* in *Macrecius* calls *Luxury* (either the Mother or Daughter of Love) a Part of the most desperate *Malady*. This *Distemper* is generally the Companion of Youth; but it likewise vexes Men of *Middle* and *Old Age*. And by so much is the Disease both the more virulent, dangerous and ridiculous, by how much the Party affected is the more eminent in Knowledge or Years.

Since therefore you are taken Captive by *Love*, and are his Vassal confess'd, know that you are *sick*. But if you are sick, make it your Endeavour to get a Cure: For where is there any Man who is afflicted with a Disease, who would not be cured? Certainly the greater, more virulent and dangerous the Disease is, by so much the more earnest is the Care and Desire of the Patient for a Remedy. Your *Sickness* is great, let your Care of your Recovery be as great. Think, my dear Friend, think in what a Condition you are. You value not your self at all; you are not at all concern'd about whatever may befal you; your whole Mind is fix'd on your Mistress; her it is you love; she is the Object of your nightly Slumbers: Of her is your Discourse; and she it is that swells up all your languishing Sighs; and every thing you do serves only to renew your Memory of her. Behold the most pestiferous Folly, Madness and Disease in the World! Do you yet think that there is no need of seeking after a Cure? Who, in such a *Distemper* as this would not desire the Return of his Health?

But, my dear Friend, these are the Medicines necessary for your Health; which if you make use of, you shall again be a sound Man, but if you neglect them, your Disease will accompany you to your Grave, nor is there any one that can help you. The first and most necessary Ingredient is the Reflection, how

how far you have receded from the Precepts of God, whom, when you ought to love with your whole Heart, and your whole Strength, you have diverted your Paſſion to a Creature, and in her have you plac'd all your Delight; and thus you are fallen into the Worſhip of Idols; for he that prefers the Creature to the Creator, is an Idolater. You will, perhaps, deny your being an Idolater, as not preferring the Created to the Creator; but if you could be brought to ſpeak the Truth, you would fairly confeſs, that you *love* your Miſtreſs more than God himſelf; as indeed the Effect will demonſtrate: For you are negligent of what God commands, that you poſtpone and contemn; but you take Care to execute the Commands of your Miſtreſs with the utmoſt Diligence; and this very thing is to prefer a *Woman* to *God*. Alas! How great an Evil is it, how dangerous, how deteſtable, to love a *Creature* to that Exceſs, that in the Balance with her you value not the *God* that made you, at all! God, when you were *Nothing* gave you a Being, made you capable of knowing the divine Sacraments, and the Path to Heaven; but your Miſtreſs has perverted you from that noble rational Animal that God had made you, to the Brute; and leads you through the Myſteries of Iniquity to the ready Path to Hell. This ſame good God, when you and the reſt of Mankind had, by the Tranſgreſſion of your firſt Parents, loſt Paradiſe, vouchſafed to be born for you, to be made Man, to be taken into Cuſtody, to be ſcourg'd, diſgrac'd, and at laſt crucified, and died to redeem you with his precious Blood: Conſider what a monſtrous Ingratitude it is, what Iniquity, what Inhumanity, what Barbarity, to relinquiſh and deſert him who has done all this for you, for a *vile*, *worthleſs* Woman! This is, or ought to be ſufficient to move you and all other Chriſtians, to quit *unlawful Loves*, and to ſerve God alone.

But, my Friend, let me intreat you to conſider farther what it is you do. You ſay your Miſtreſs is beautiful, is charming in your Eye, nay, in Reality: Do you believe ſhe will always be thus beautiful and charming? *Beauty*, as the Tragick Poet ſays, *is a fleeting Good*; and the Woman that to Day is ſo inchanting, to Morrow may fright you; her Charms in a Moment are chang'd into Deformity; and ſhe paſſes inſenſibly from an Angel to a Devil. Why are you ſo very ill a Husband? Why of ſo weak and fooliſh a Conduct, to barter your laſting, your permanent perpetual Goods, for ſuch periſhable Commodities?

But let us grant what you ſay, and allow, that her Form, her Beauty, is admirable and ſurprizing; that is but a trifling Advantage, a Good of no Value, a mere tinſel Bauble, and glares, and is without any infinite Worth. A Woman's Beauty, unleſs adorn'd with Chaſtity, is of no Price; for that is the true Praiſe of a Woman, not her Form or Beauty. But you purſue her not for her *Chaſtity*; you are not enamour'd of her *Virtue*, but her *Looks*: And thoſe, alas! have but a fading ſhort-liv'd Glory, a Flower, that like a Roſe, bluſhes like Crimſon in the Morning, and languiſhes, and dies with the Evening Sun. There is nothing more beautiful, or has greater Charms, than *Virtue* and *Honour*; if you could with a ſerious View look wiſely on them with the Eye of your Mind, you would confeſs them infinitely more tranſporting than your *Miſtreſs*. Not *Lucifer*, in his Morning Beams, nor *Heſperus*, in his Evening Glory, has Half the Beauty that is in *Virtue* or *Honour*; which whoever forſakes for her a *Woman*, I beg you reflect, how mad and diſtracted he muſt be.

But, my dear Friend, that I may not multiply Words with you, the Woman you doat on is not yours alone, but ſeveral more are admitted into her Arms: Nor can her Love be ſo confin'd to you, but that ſhe has ſome ſtill to ſpare to beſtow in the Careſſes

ſes of her other Admirers. What can *you* do in the Crowd of her Cuſtomers? Remember you are now in the Evening of your Age; that you are old, nay, on the Verge of Life, and almoſt within the harder Embraces of Death it ſelf. Conſider, are you qualify'd for the *Combats of the Fair?* Can you enter the Liſts of the ſtrong and robuſt? What ſeek you in that Fight, where the Victor falls to the Ground? You will find it a difficult Matter for an old Man to carry off the Lady from the young. But ſuppoſe you are of Strength ſufficient to bear off the Prize, when it is the very Nature of the Fight, that he that conquers is only laſt ſlain. For what is a *Woman, but the Spoiler of the Young, the Pillager of the Middle-ag'd, and the Death of the* Old? *The Devourer of our Eſtates, the Deſtruction of our Honour, the Fodder of the Devil, the Gate of Death, and the Supplement of Hell!* Recollect my dear Friend, recollect what numerous Evils have from Women ſprung! Since *Solomon, Holofernes, Sampſon,* were deceiv'd by Women, do you think your ſelf ſo well fortify'd, as not to be abuſed by her? But by how much more weak, incautious, and imprudent you are than thoſe Men, with ſo much the more Care remove your ſelf from a State of being ſubject to their Deceit, againſt which they could not defend themſelves. A Woman's ſinful *Love* is of no Value. In ſuch a Woman there's no Stability, no Conſtancy: She who ſeems fond of you to Day, to Morrow will be ſo of another; perhaps laugh the Moment you have left her, with her young Gallant, at your Dotage. What Eſteem can you have for that *Love*, which is divided into ſo many Shares? There never was yet a Woman found whoſe Love was ſo ſincere, but would change for the Addreſſes, Gifts, and Prayers of a new *Lover*.

A Woman is an imperfect Animal, various, fallacious, ſubject to a Thouſand Diſeaſes, and a Thouſand turbulent Paſſions; without Faith, without Fear, without Conſtancy, without Piety. I ſpeak of thoſe

Women, who admit of criminal Paſſions. Theſe are never fix'd and ſtable; for when once they have deviated from the Paths of *Right*, they think themſelves free to ramble as they pleaſe, and ſtand no longer in Fear either of their Husband, or their Friend. I cannot imagine, that the filthy Pleaſure of *Coition*, can now be delightful to you, who are almoſt exhauſted with old Age. For what Advantage can that fooliſh, naſty Pleaſure bring to you, who are old and dry? Or even to Youth, tho' not moiſt and dry, ſince Repentance treads on the Heels of the Fact? Is not that Admonition, Citation, or certain Change, which troubles and vexes the Mind immediately after the Commiſſion of the Fact, of ſome Weight in your Conſideration? How wicked is the Man, that on ſo many Admonitions does not yet give over his Folly? Who mends not on Puniſhmens, nor grows better by Correction? What does that carnal Act produce, but the Ruine of the Fleſh? I wiſh indeed nothing periſhed by it but the *Fleſh*, and that it did not likewiſe kill the Soul! But when the Man and Woman are in this Conjunction, they ſeem to me to be like two earthen Veſſels, which are rubb'd againſt one another, till they break, and are crumbled into nothing.

But, perhaps, you are not taken up with the Enjoyment of your *Miſtreſs*'s Perſon, but only are pleas'd to look upon her, and hear her talk. But pray tell me, what do her Looks carry in them ſo very tranſporting, but that you may elſewhere find ſomething as beautiful? The Beauty that we ought to ſeek and admire is in Heaven, with which nothing in this World can compare; in thoſe is all Perfection, in theſe perpetual Defects; thoſe are perpetual, theſe frail and ſhort-liv'd; thoſe are fix'd, theſe fleeting. This *Form*, which you ſo much admire, a Fever will ſteal away; but if it be ſpar'd by the Diſeaſe, *old Age* will be ſure to make an End of it; which will render that Face ſo juicy, ſo plump, and blooming now, in a little time plough'd up with Furrows, and drain'd up

up of all its Moiſture, wither'd and dry'd. And thoſe fine Limbs, which ſo take your Eyes, and infatuate your Heart, Time will dry up, blacken, and defile with Sores and putrid Ulcers, and quite tranſform into another Figure. Thoſe ſprightly Eyes, which now ſhoot ſuch killing Glances, will not always do ſo; the Time will come, when they will be mere beamleſs Fires, weak and dead, all dim and faded, unmoving and unminded. That Mouth, which now breathes all the fragrant Odours of the ſpicy Eaſt, will dart a poiſonous Stench, like ſtinking Vaults or Carrion: That Neck, that bears it ſelf up with ſuch a ſtately Pride, will bend beneath the Weight of Years, and veil the Honours of the Head it bears now ſo lofty, in a weak, trembling, and crooked Row, down to the very Breaſt: And all that lovely Body ſequacious to the Touch, ſo finely turn'd, ſo plump, ſo warm, ſo juicy, will become a cold, ſhrivell'd, dry'd, ſapleſs Trunk, if her Vices attend the *lazy* Puniſhment of *old Age* for her Follies, and other Diſeaſes carry her not off in a more loathſome Condition in her Youth.

Let theſe things ſeriouſly ſink into your Mind, and cut off the fallacious Promiſes of *Hope*. Fly from her before ſhe flies from you; for it is much better to contemn a thing than loſe it. But I am wonderfully ſurpriz'd to hear you talk of being ſtrangely pleaſed with her melting, ſweet, charming, and melliflúous Tongue, when ſhe ſpeaks. For what can a Woman's Diſcourſe in it ſelf, have ſweet or alluring? What does your Miſtreſs ſay to you? Either ſhe complains, grieves, threatens, flatters, or tells you idle Tales; repeats what ſome neighbouring Female did, or what her Dream was; how many Eggs her Hen has laid, and of what Flowers her Noſegay is compos'd; the Colour of her Knots, Furbeloes, Flounces, and all the ſilly Whimſies of Mode and Faſhion. All the Diſcourſe of a Woman is of ſome ſlight, vain, fooliſh thing or other; which to be pleas'd with, a Man muſt be guilty.

ty as much Levity as *she*. Sometimes she tells you her Affairs with some other *Lover*; as how they lay, the Manner they embrac'd, what Gifts he gave her, what Supper he treated with, and what Joys and Transports she found in his Arms; but this, methinks, shou'd rather give you Pain than Pleasure. Or, perhaps she tells you how much she loves you, how she prefers you to all her younger Admirers; how agreeable your silver Hairs and Beard are; that your Arms tremble with Eagerness, not Age; that the Fewness and Weakness of your amorous Efforts is the Effect of *Desire*, not *Impotence*; that your hollow Cheeks and Eyes are the Beds for *Cupid* and the *Graces*; your toothless Gums agreeable as the Coral and Ivory of Youth; that your cadaverous Smell is a Perfume of *Arabia*; that she hates *Youth*, is fond of *Age*, and *only* admires *you*; and yields only to the Necessity of her Fortune, when she admits any other into your Place. But this, my Friend, is imposing on your Understanding, and is a Wheedle so nauseous, that Folly it self can't sure take a Pleasure in it; being a Banter on common Sense, the Cant of her Profession, and an Abuse to your Face.

But let the Pleasure you take in her Discourse be what it will, can you be so mad, and so far out of your Senses; as not to take more Delight in the Discourse of some ingenious and learned Man? Reflect, take a View of all that is pleasing and *comfortable* in *Love*, and then of all that is *troublesome* and *grievous*, you'll find the former few, the latter so many, that you will agree with his Opinion, who said, *Love* was a little Drop of Honey mix'd with Abundance of Gall. Since therefore, my Friend, all *Love* (of which we talk) is *vain*, *short*, *bitter*, and *damnable*, and sinks a Man into most deplorable Diseases, you must take Care to be deliver'd from it.

But the Cure is this, that you perswade your self, and convince your Mind, that *Love* is an *Evil*: After which, avoid your Mistress's *Syren* Tongue; fly Idleness;

neſs; be always doing ſomething; aſſociate with good Men, by whom you may profit; frequent no Play or Sport, nor any Feaſt or Entertainment. If you have any Preſents of your Miſtreſs, throw 'em from you; have nothing in your Power, that ever belong'd to her; believe her to be the *Devil's* Meſſenger, that wou'd deſtroy your Perſon and Happineſs. Keep in your Memory the Benefits you have receiv'd from Chriſt; reflect on the Celeſtial Rewards of thoſe who do well, and the infernal Puniſhments of thoſe who do ill. Remember, that your Days are every Day fewer in Number, and that your laſt Day is juſt thruſting into your Company. Reflect how ridiculous a Thing it is to be in *Love*, eſpecially a Man of mature Years, and paſt the inconſiderate Heats of Youth. Think of the fickle Temper of Women; think of the Loſs of your Time, than which nothing is more precious; think of the Waſte of your Fortune, which is not eaſily repair'd; think that the Life, that we live in this World, is but extreamly ſhort, tho' ſpent in Pleaſure it ſelf, and that in the other World, which we ſeek, has no End.

If you carefully, and ſeriouſly think of theſe Things, and make them throughly enter into your Mind and retain thoſe Precepts I have given, you will ſoon baniſh that *Love*, which now torments you, and will prove your ſelf a Man grateful to God, and worthy of Heaven.

Farewell.

LET-

LETTER XLV. *Ed. Basil.*

Æneas Sylvius, Poet Laureat, and *Imperial* Secretary, to *Petrus Noxetanus*. Health.

A Perſwaſive to marry the Woman he had lain with: The Praiſe of Union, *and Conduct of a* Foreigner *in any Prince's Court.*

I Own my Obligation to my good Friend *Campiſius*, for his engaging you to write to me; but then pray be not you leſs grateful, who owe him ten Times as much. After a tedious Silence, he got me your Letter: But ſtray'd and wander'd from your Nature, he pick'd you up, and reſtor'd you to *your ſelf*. Who ſo agreeable, communicative, and complaiſant as you in your own Temper? But ſome ſtrange Chagrin or other had ſtol'n you away, and loſt you in a Forgetfulneſs of your Friends, and an odd, ſullen, ill natur'd Silence: No more like the honeſt *Peter* I always knew you, than a *Carthuſian* is like a Cavalier. But well fare the Heart of honeſt *Campiſius*, who, by reſtoring your former good Temper, has given me new Life. I was on my laſt Legs, gaſping and giving up the Ghoſt, for want of the Cordial of your Correſpondence; but this Letter has ſet me up again, given me new Life, and made me a ſound Man again. 'Tis true, ev'n this Comfort is not without Pain, the Remedy is not without its Bitter; but it is like the diſagreeable Reliſh of a Potion, it cures my Mind while it diſguſts my Taſte; for what diſquiets you, muſt make me uneaſy. But I have my Refuge ſtill, by giving more

more Credit to others in your Affairs, than to your ſelf. *Deſpondence* or *Aſſurance* always mingles in our Accounts of our ſelves, according to our Temper. But I ſuppoſe you do like a true Man of Courage, not magnify your ſelf, and are averſe to Thraſonical *Rhodomontado's*. Thus you tell me, you are poor, while *Campiſius* aſſures me you are rich, and *Caſtellanus* confirms his Report. But you may be both in the Right, you may be rich in Fact, and poor in Spirit, or you may be poor in Opinion; or you may diſguiſe your real Wealth under the Pretence of Poverty, as not avaricious of vain Glory, or not valuing your ſelf on Riches. Perhaps in Affluence, you fix not your Mind on your Poſſeſſions; or you may not be content with what you have, or do not make Uſe of it, but this is indeed to be poor with a Vengeance; but this you are Maſter of too good Senſe to be guilty of: It is the Vice of Fools, and cannot therefore be your Curſe. But be it as it will, 'tis nothing to me, to whom you are equally valuable in Poverty, and Wealth. I lov'd you for your Virtue, not Bags; and therefore while you retain that, Affluence and Neceſſity are the ſame thing to me, my Love and Value are the ſame; whatever belongs to Fortune, has no Influence on the Endowments of the Mind. As for your Father and Childrens being on your Hands, Nature and Gratitude oblige your Care. And tho' there are, and have been Monſters in the World, who have broke through the eternal Bands that tye Parents and Children together, and run to that Exceſs, to deſtroy the very Source of their Being; yet nothing ſo black and infamous can affect you, or render the Duties of Nature uneaſy. But letting theſe things paſs, I come to a Part of your Letter, which I confeſs made me do more than ſmile; for I could not forbear laughing at what you writ about your *Philocrium*, or if you had rather have her call'd your *Antiphila*. And your two Letters made me fancy my ſelf converſing with my old Friend and Acquaintance, honeſt *Terence*, of *Poetical*, tho'

tho' *Pagan* Memory; for ſometimes you ſeem'd to me to be *Pamphilus*, ſometimes *Æſchinus*, and ſometimes *Clinias*. But yet I comfort my ſelf, that your Luck has not been ſo damnably bad in this amorous Affair, ſince you have met with a Girl to your Heart's Content, of a good Education, tolerable Qualities, agreeable Humour, complaiſant to your Temper, obſequious to your Will and Commands, and not a termagant damn'd Virago, that wou'd fight for the Breeches, and follow the wicked Devices of her own Inclinations, and lead you a Life that is worſe than the Gallies; that wou'd ring you a Peel from Morning till Night, and can then allow you no Reſt, what betwixt importunate Duns for conjugal Duty, and new Clothes. I prithee then leave off this Cant of Poverty, and no Dower, ſince I hope my dear Friend, your Deſign is not to take her Bags for better and for worſe, but her Perſon; ſince you propoſe to wed ſoft Fleſh and Blood, and not the glittering Metal. As for my own Part all that I ſhould deſire in a Wife, is, that ſhe ſhou'd be handſom, young, and good-humour'd, fruitful and confin'd to me alone; free from wandring Deſires, at leaſt free from rambling in Action; tho' I am afraid, it wou'd puzzle a Logician to ſeparate the Deſire and the Action in a *Woman*. For when once a *Woman* has got it in her Head, Opportunity is only wanting to have it ſomewhere elſe; and that is a Defect her Induſtry for her Pleaſure will eaſily ſupply. But as I was ſaying, all I ſhould demand in a Wife is Beauty, Chaſtity, good Humour and Fertility. For, believe me, my good Friend *Peter, Experto fide Roberto*, give Credit to my Obſervations, a great Fortune in a Wife brings a great many Inconveniences. A Woman that brings a large Portion, thinks ſhe may do what ſhe pleaſes; ſhe'll be drunk, proud, haughty, imperious, impertinent, ſaucy; ſhe'll think ſhe may make bold with your Bed, when ſhe ſupports your Grandeur; ſhe'll think ſhe may ſay any Thing, when ſhe furniſhes your Equipage; ſhe'll ſcold when ſhe pleaſes.

ſes; and that is as often as her Inclinations ſhall lead her, by your Diſquiet, to make room for her Gallant; ſhe will have a Tongue with ſuch an everlaſting Twang, that a Husband may find as much Eaſe in a Crowd, and Quiet in a Paper-mill. Others are deform'd, ſickly, barren, and have a Thouſand other Defects, from which you know your deſign'd Wife is free. What an odd fantaſtick Whim is it therefore for you to hanker after the frothy Trifle at a Feaſt, when you may fill your Belly with good ſubſtantial Food? You like her Perſon, but find fault with her Poverty; that is, you are pleas'd with what ſhe has, and are vex'd at what ſhe has not. I prithee, Friend *Peter*, remember you have a comfortable *Modicum*, enough to make the Pot boil; and bleſſed be Providence you have a good Place, which with the tolerable Management of the Age, may turn to a pretty Account. If Reaſon will not ſatisfy you, let Example direct you: The Marqueſs of *Saluces* pick'd up a Nut-brown Laſs from tending her Hogs, whom he found in a Wood where he was hunting, and preſently marry'd her, to eſcape the haughty Pride of a Wife of Quality. And yet this poor Country-Girl, advanc'd to the Marqueſs's Bed, by the Conduct, Humility, and Reſignation of her Humour to her Lord's, left an Example to all the Ladies of her Time. What then have you now to ſcruple in your Amour, ſince you find Princes themſelves leading you the Way, and ſhewing what you ſhou'd do for your own Happineſs? I muſt tell you, dear Friend of mine, if what you write be true, if the Girl be ſo ſequacious of your Humours, agreeable to your Inclination, and pleaſing to your Reliſh, I wou'd not have you defer the Matter. Delays are dangerous; and the Liquor often palls, while you preach o'er your Can; or your Neighbour, that is more thirſty, may drink off your Glaſs. Beſides, I wou d have you conſider, that you have better Luck than moſt People meet with, who deſign a Voyage to the Iſland of Matrimony; you have had a *Sample* of the Com-

Commodity you deſign to buy, before you part with your Money. You have try'd how and how, before you venture on Matrimony: Nay, you can ſcarce ſay, *For better, or for worſe*, when you know already how Matters ſtand; and buy not *a Pig in a Poke*, like your Neighbours. Moſt Men are cheated in the *Barter*: For they, good credulous Souls, marry their Wives, before they know whether they are *Fiſh, Fleſh, or good red Herring*. 'Tis true, they meet, perhaps, with a ſparkling Eye, a pretty pouting Mouth, an artificial Complexion, and the like: But the Devil on't, is, that a fine Face to a Woman, is often like a fair carv'd Sign to a Tavern; it ſerves to draw you in; but then you find nothing but ſtumm'd Claret, and other diabolical Mixtures. 'Tis like the Gilding to a Pill, the Gold makes the nauſeous Doſe go down, which without it you wou'd keck at. Thus a gaudy Out-ſide often ſets off ſecret Defects: The ſilk emboſs'd Manteau, and lac'd Petticoat frequently cover crook'd or gouty Legs, and boulſter'd Shoulders, beſides nameleſs Evils more diſagreeable. *Paint* and fine *Waſhes* ſham a Complexion, which is none of their own; and thoſe Bubbies, which ſeem full and ſwelling in Stays, fall down flabby and lank, when the Lady's undreſt: The Diſguiſe thrown off, the Monſter appears: And when you hope to preſs a Goddeſs, you find an *Incubus* in your Arms. But theſe are Evils you cannot dread in *Antiphila*; you know the ſnowy white of her Body is of a Piece with her Face and Boſom; you know the Symmetry and Proportion of her Parts, the round Hardneſs of her Breaſts, the Fullneſs of her Thighs, the eaſy Swelling of her Belly, and all thoſe hidden Beauties of her Perſon, that are inviſible to all beſides, you know to be wonderfully and really tranſporting. You have experienc'd the Vigour of her Embraces, endearing, active, ſprightly, acted by Nature, not Art, nor yet inſipid, languid, and dull. Yes, yes, dear Friend of mine, Women commonly hide ſuch Defects in an agreeable Appearance, that after the firſt Hymeneal Rites

Rites are over, come to Light, and give ſuch a Diſguſt, that inſtead of a Heaven, they are perpetual Hell to their Husbands all their Life after. I tell you truly, I form my Judgment of others by my ſelf, who have ſeen, and known, and lov'd many a *Bona Roba*, whom after Enjoyment I cou'd heartily have kick'd: And the Pleaſure of the Chaſe has been deſtroy'd, by the Diſagreeableneſs of the Quarry: Nor were I ever ſo deſperate as to think of Committing Matrimony, wou'd I like a Wife, whom I had not been ſo very familiar with, as to know her *intus & in cute*, that is, perfectly well in all her Paces before-hand. I am a true *Plain-dealer*, I hate to mince the Matter with a Friend. Theſe are my Sentiments of the Point, and theſe were wont to be yours. You us'd to declare, that you wou'd not ſacrifice your Liberty to any Woman, but ſhe who ſhou'd have Cauſe to own, that ſhe was infinitely oblig'd to your Generoſity. Well, you have now found juſt ſuch a Woman, according to your Heart's Deſire: Why the Devil an't you happy while you may? What makes you ſtumble at the Gate of Bliſs? Stand to your Principle, keep to your Reſolutions, or confeſs your ſelf weaker than a Woman, and know not what you wou'd have. But, perhaps you'll ſay, what will the People ſay of me to marry my Miſtreſs? (to give it the ſofteſt Word.) I ſhall be the Subject of all the Lampoons of the Town, every diminutive Wit will have a fling at me. Terrible Bull-beggars indeed! as formidable as *Bevis* and *Garagantua*, Fogh, Fogh! meer Scare-Crows to fright Children and Jack-Daws. He that is afraid of what People will ſay, he that dreads the Bounce of the Paper-pellets, will never be eaſy or happy; he can't eat, nor drink, nor ſleep, nor wear his Hat; nay, he can't ſo much as walk to pleaſe himſelf, but if theſe Scandalmongers take a Whim, ſlap-dash he's down in black and white. I tell thee, dear Friend of mine, he that will govern himſelf by other Folks Humours, can never be happy, nor eaſy, nor conſtant, nor wiſe, nor honeſt. Every Man is

fond

fond of his own Doings, his own Thoughts, his own Humours, and every Man has a right to follow his own Thoughts and his own Humour; yet if he do, another overweaning Coxcomb will find Fault; and if he be curs'd with the Itch of Rhiming, will fall upon him. Nay, ſhould you yield to his Temper, and marry any one elſe, 'tis a thouſand to one but you are lampoon'd for marrying at all; the Age is ſo abandon'd, that Virtue is grown a Scandal, and at this rate you muſt turn Knave not to be taken notice of. Follow therefore your own Inclinations, chuſe your own Pleaſures, make uſe of your Natural Right, as the reſt of Men do; and then if *Antiphila* really has your Heart, you will ſoon give her your Body. If ever I have the good Fortune to ſee my own delicious Country again, to reviſit the beauteous and delightful Field of *Italy* once more (which is all in the Hands of Fate to determine) I ſhall never think my Joys compleat 'till I ſee you, your dear *Antiphila*, your Children, Servants, Horſes, Dogs, and the reſt of your Domeſtick Furniture, and paſs a delicious Evening or two over a Bottle with you. But be not, dear Friend of mine, frighten'd at a Viſit from me, as if I ſhould eat you up with a damn'd long hungry Equipage; for, Faith, I am none of thoſe lucky Privado's of Fortune, to have ſuch a long Train of lazy Followers at my Heels, or to hope to return to my Country in ſuch a pompous Magnificence: and indeed I ſhall be very well ſatisfied if I can keep the Wolf from the Door, as the Saying is. If I can get but Money enough to defray the Expence of my Journey, I ſhall think my ſelf as great as the King of *Perſia*. I thank my Stars, I am not troubled with that damn'd jilting Harlot *Hope*, my Deſires are bounded with my preſent Fortune; and if any thing elſe happen to fall into my Mouth, it may be welcome, but not wiſh'd for. You deſire me to be ſerviceable to your Father, and that for your Sake, if I want other Motives; but that Motive

tive is ſufficient, not only to perſwade my Endeavours, but to compel them. But you know the Prince whom I ſerve declares himſelf of no Party; all his Care and Study is for Union; nor is it fit for a Servant to deſire or urge what may be diſpleaſing to his Maſter. And indeed, the Emperor's Deſires ſeem to me ſo reaſonable and ſo ſacred, that it would be a ſort of Sacrilege to oppoſe them; and I have Reaſon to hope that they will be no Enemy to your Affairs. If your good Fortune depends on him, I am confident they'll be ſo far from being the worſe, that they will be infinitely the better: For then Courtiers and Officers grow rich and thrive, when *Union* is eſtabliſh'd; which, when it will be, I know not. In the mean time, I ſhall inſinuate my ſelf into the Emperor's Favour, be obſequious to his Commands, and follow him cloſely; his Will ſhall direct mine, nor will I oppoſe him in any thing, or meddle with what does not immediately relate to, and particularly regard my own Intereſt; becauſe 'tis a thing of dangerous Conſequence for a Stranger to be too buſy with the Affairs of a Foreign Court. I am here a Foreigner, and therefore I comply with the Natives in whatever they do; I aſſert what they ſay, and deny what they diſallow; ſo that if they have any Wiſdom in their Conduct, I ſuffer them to reap the Benefit of it; if they are Fools, I let them fall by their own Folly; I am not envious of any Man's Glory, nor would I have the Infamy of any Man's Diſgrace. Whatever I am commanded, I write without adding or diminiſhing; nor would I by Contradiction ſeem wiſer or more fooliſh than they, but ſhall always be ſilent, ſecret and obedient. If this were not my Conduct, I could do my ſelf no Service here, and I am confident you are too much my Friend to deſire me to do any thing againſt my Intereſt, leſt being now but very inconſiderable, I ſhould then be nothing at all. I ſhall add no more, but my deſire that you would write to me about your Nuptials. *Farewell.*

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII. *Ed. Baſil.*

Æneas Sylvius to Mr. *Fund*, Secretary of *Cologne*.

To comfort him for the Loſs of his Miſtreſs, who had run away from him.

THE Secretary of *Nuremburgh* call'd on me the other Day, who is a Man of Probity and good Letters, and very much your Friend. He told me he had left you in a great deal of Grief; that you had ſome cruel Loſs; that ſomething, I know not what, had ſlipt through your Fingers, which gave you abundance of Diſquiet; nay, he tells me you are ſo extreamly concern'd for this Loſs, that it quite mopes you, you utter not one Word, but with more than *Pythagorick* Silence you paſs your melancholy Hours. Though I could not make him explain himſelf but by broken Sentences, when I preſs'd to know the Cauſe of ſo extravagant a Sadneſs; yet from what he ſaid, I believe I can eaſily imagine the Ground of your Diſcontent, which now will admit of no Comfort. For what could ever make ſo ſtrange a *Metamorphoſis* in a Man, but a *Woman*? You us'd always to be a Man, and to meet the Emergences of Fortune as a Man ſhould; that is, as one who had expected the Event, and was therefore prepared againſt it, for the Dart foreſeen is eaſily avoided. When you have loſt a Friend, you have heal'd up that Wound with a Moral, *That he was born to die.* When your good old Father left this wicked World, you pacify'd the Rage of your Grief with—

My

My Father has ſhew'd me an Example that I was begot by a Mortal, and that I muſt alſo die. Nay, I remember when your good Lady was pleas'd to take her eternal Leave of you, you bore it with as much Reſignation as a young Girl the Force of the Man ſhe loves; or a Clergyman a good Benefice; or a Courtier a freſh Grant. 'Tis true, you put on Mourning and a rueful Countenance, with Hat over the Eyes, and Looks fix'd on the Ground, and all the *Pompa Rogi* in wonderful Decency and Order. But dear Friend of mine, when you were come Home, the Relations remov'd, and all Friends departed but my ſelf; did you not ſtop me, and in a Glaſs of good *Rheniſh* waſh away your Tears, and urge the Example of *David*, who waſh'd and eat Meat as ſoon as his Child was paſt Recal? I ſpeak not this to upbraid you, but to ſhew that you are a good Chriſtian, for St. *Paul* tells us, *We ſhould not grieve for the Dead like thoſe who have no Hope.* 'Tis true, ſome might be apt to ſay, the Devil's in a Man that grieves for the Loſs of a *Wife*; that a dead Wife is the beſt Piece of Houſhold Goods a Man can have; that it would be as prepoſterous to ſhed Tears at the interring our *Left Rib*, as to go into Mourning for getting out of Priſon, or eſcaping a Shore from a Shipwreck, or from being ranſom'd from *Algiers*, and a thouſand ſuch *good Morrows*. But my dear Friend *John*, I took your Moderation as the Effect of your Philoſophy, not to grieve for a Loſs that could not be retriev'd, and puniſh your ſelf for what you could not help. But then I am damnably puzzled to reconcile your preſent Conduct to your paſt. What has made this ſtrange *Tranſformation* in you? What has thus alienated you from your own dear ſelf? In ſhort, what the Devil is the Matter with you? Have you had an ill Run at Play? Loſt all your *Ready*? Have you been diſappointed in ſome good Place, which you thought you were ſure of? Has any ſcoundrel Poet lampoon'd your Underſtanding, or any Informer accus'd

cus'd you of Bribery or Treachery? Or have you betray'd a Truſt without a Reward ſufficient to quaſh the Law, and baffle your Adverſary? If none of theſe things have been your Lot, what could you loſe dearer than a *Wife*, who had brought you ſo many brave chopping Boys? Yes, a *Miſtreſs*, young, charming, beautiful, witty, gay, wanton, a Miſtreſs of every thing that could give you Satisfaction and Joy.——— This is it.———I have hit the Nail on the Head! You are ſick of Dame *Eve*; *Woman* is your Diſtemper. *The fickle* Cælia *has given you the ſlip, is run from your Embraces, perhaps to the Arms of another. Why, ſo let it be, well fare his Heart who has got her! The Devil and Nine Pence go with her, that's Money and Company, according to the laudable Adage of the ſage Mobility!* But what in all this can give you the Spleen? What make you ſo outrageous in your Grief, as to admit of no Comfort? Was ever Man troubled in a Tertian to find his Ague had left him? *But you plac'd your Happineſs in her! She was your Soul's Delight!* The Devil ſhe was? What, could my grave conſidering Friend *John* at paſt five and forty, place his Happineſs in a Woman? And in a young, brisk, buxom Harlot of fifteen? Is the Inconſtancy of the Sex, after all, ſo little known to him, whoſe Mind veers every Moment, runs round the Compaſs as ſoon as the Sun round the Earth? You might as eaſily fix the Longitude, as a Woman's Mind; to Day ſhe's pleas'd with the Gay, to Morrow with the Grave: One Hour ſhe loves the Tall, the next the middle ſiz'd, and a Moment after, a very Pigmy: Now the Fair, then the Black, and now the Brown: Conſtant to nothing long, nor pleas'd with any thing above half an Hour. Woman is the *Whirly-Gig* of Nature; ſhe changes ſo often and ſwiftly, that ſhe ſeldom knows her own Mind, it's ſoon alter'd from what it was. Woman is a vain, idle, fallacious, various, cruel, deceitful, thoughtleſs, giddy, ignorant Animal, and can afford no ſolid Joy to a Man of common Senſe. Fools

them-

themſelves, Fools only can pleaſe them; and yet 'tis more than a *young Fool* can do to fix them to one; what can an *Old* one do then? No, no, dear Friend of mine, as fickle and unconſtant as Woman is, though ſhe whisks round the whole Compaſs to every new Pleaſure, yet ſhe never makes a Stop at an *Old Man: Wit* and *Age, Learning* and *Underſtanding*, are Points they never turn to; I mean their *Minds*, their *Souls* (that is, if the *Turks* Article of Faith be not true, that they have no Souls) their Love never turns towards *Age*, their Bodies do indeed pretty often; but not for *Love*, but *Money*; they like an *Old Man* for a *Bubble* well enough; but it is becauſe his Dotage furniſhes their *Vanity* and their *Luſt*. My dear Friend, we only raiſe a Devil we can't lay, ſome young Fellow muſt do that; and they will have a young Fellow, as long as they have Youth, Beauty, and Dreſs, and an old Man's Purſe at Command. You and I, dear Friend of mine, are plaguily turn'd of the Noon of Life, we are haſtening towards its Evening, our Sun is poſting to its Weſt amain; and Women are Motes that love to play and gambol in its Meridian Beams. You and I have nothing to engage a young giddy Girl, full of Juice and ſtrong Appetites, which we have nothing to appeaſe. You know the wiſe *Marcus Aurelius* had a damn'd ſalacious Empreſs, that ſought other things than Philoſophy; and while the Good Emperor buſied himſelf, and ſpent his Time in writing Morals, ſhe employ'd hers more agreeably with luſty brawny-back'd Fellows, in *Phyſicks*, or *Natural Experiments*. And when a *Woman* has once given up her *Virtue*, 'tis in vain to ſet Bounds to her *Pleaſures*. We are but a Jeſt to them and their Gallants, and all our impotent Defects are their Diverſion and Laughter. So that I can't for my Life find out the Damage the young Jilt has done you, by running away from you. No, you have reaſon to bleſs your Stars for the Deliverance;

rance; and the Coxcomb that has her has Reaſon to envy your good Luck, and will ſoon wiſh ſhe may take the ſame Frolick again. She is gone to plague and ruin ſomebody elſe, and left you to enjoy your Quiet and your Fortune, which the ſilly Jade had not Senſe enough to value. Rejoice, rejoice at the happy Chance, in ſending the worſt of the accurſed Race far from you, that would elſe exhauſt your Eſtate, and kill your Reputation. You will be no longer the Talk of the Town, the Jeſt and Chit-Chat of the Tea-Table, and Scandal muſt ſeek ſome other Food to feed upon. The Faſcination is removed; be your ſelf again, be a Man, and tye not your Happineſs to ſo frail a Thread as a *Woman's Inclinations*; corrupt, as fickle in their Taſtes, and only Toys for the Leiſure and looſer Hours of Youth. Let your Friend and the Bottle perfect the Cure, and not long for ſo infamous a Slavery, that your friendly Stars have removed. Know your own Happineſs, and know your ſelf, that there will be an End of your Grief. I have ventured on this Way of Comfort, becauſe I gathered from my Friend *Nuremburgh*'s Diſcourſe, that this was your Diſtemper. If I am miſtaken, I ſhall be glad of the Error. And if there be any other Cauſe of your Sorrow, cure your ſelf. All Grief is alleviated by Time; conſult your own Eaſe and Quiet, it is the chief Buſineſs of this Life to make it agreeable. Don't you go againſt Nature, and vex your ſelf, and diſquiet your Days for what you cannot help. Grief may puniſh your Mind, but can never retrieve your Loſs; for as the Country Proverb has it, *An Hundred Pounds of Sorrow pays not one Ounce of your Debts.* Farewel.

THE

THE DEATH OF LUCRETIA.

By ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, *Epist.* 4. 11.

Lucretia the Daughter of *Spurius Lucretius*, and Wife of *Collatinus Latinus*, being ravish'd by *Sextus Tarquinius*, Son of *Tarquin* the *Proud*, by Force, and his Threats of killing a Slave, and laying him by her dead Body, as taken in the Fact of Adultery with her; she sends for her Husband and Father, and some other Relations, and tells them the whole Affair; and having made them promise Revenge, declares her Resolution of killing her self; from which her Father and Husband endeavour to dissuade her in the following Words.

The SPEECH of *Lucretius* and *Collatinus*, to diſſwade *Lucretia* from killing her ſelf after her Rape.

INdulge not a Grief, Lucretia, *for a Crime ſo involuntary; you have given abundant Proofs already, that your Aſſent to the Adulterer was only the Effect of his Force, and in which your Mind had no Share. The Revenge that you demand, and the Accuſation you make, are undeniable Evidence of the Compulſion you was under, ſince the whole might ſtill have remain'd a Secret. The Conduct of your paſt Life is a ſufficient Confirmation of your Innocence; through all which you have ever appeared a faithful and conſtant Devotee to Frugality and Chaſtity, both Abroad and at Home; in Publick, and in the Eye of the World, and in Private, in the moſt ſecret Receſſes of your own Houſe and Family. Do you not, my dear* Lucretia, *remember that the other Day, when the curſed Adulterer and I came on thee unawares, when you expected neither Husband nor Viſiter, how did we find thee? Good Gods! at thy Work among thy Maids unfaſhionably buſy? That Day, that Surprize gave my* Lucretia *the Victory, the Palm of Chaſtity from all the* Roman *Dames. For the Daughters of the King, and the Ladies of his Family, in the Abſence of their Husbands, were not found more glady employ'd in Feaſting and Balls, in Mirth and Diverſion; ſuch a different Conduct made* Lucretia *ſhine out in a Glory incorruptible, while the univerſal Conſent gave her the ſingular Lawrel of Modeſty. Be not then ſo uneaſy at your Fate, or bend beneath the Weight of your Diſgrace, comforted with this Thought, that we will amply revenge ſo outrageous an Injury, and he ſhall pay dear for a Pleaſure as imperfect as unwilling, conſtrain'd from thy Arms by the Embraces of the boiſterous young Villain. You ſhall joyfully*

behold

behold this impious Heir to his Father's Impieties ſink under a Puniſhment equal, if poſſible, to the Injury. Having, though unwillingly, feaſted his lawleſs Appetite with the Sweets of thy lovely Body, wilt thou voluntarily add to his Pleaſure, by ſatiating his horrid Thirſt of Blood with the Sight of that precious crimſon Flood that runs through thy Veins? Alas! my Lucretia, *is not the Father's Cruelty, and the Son's Inhumanity ſufficiently known? What Slaughters among the* Gabii *did this Spoiler of thy Honour perform? And how many Innocents fell there Victims to his Revenge and Ambition? If you hate this Monſter indeed, if this Averſion to him is from your Soul, and if you are ſincere in your Deſires of his Puniſhment in Perfection,* live.——*Take Care to preſerve your Life, that in his expiring Pangs he may behold the Triumph, and rejoice; and while he finds himſelf periſhing with Infamy and Deteſtation, let him have the Pain to behold that Body he had endeavoured to defile and diſgrace, ſurviving his Aſſaults, with a Fame entire and* unſully'd. *Ah! my* Lucretia, *precipitate not thy Husband, who loves thee above his Life, into a Widowhood as terrible as deteſted. Deprive not thy weeping old Father of his Daughter, nor by ſo violent a Fate, bring his grey reverend Head to the Grave in a Sorrow beyond Comfort, nor rob thy poor Infants, thy tender little Offspring of a Guardian, of ſo dear and careful a Mother. Oh! rather wiſh for Life, prolong thy Days, to be a glad Witneſs of the Revenge we will take. Reflect but juſtly on things, and you have no Cauſe to deſire to die. 'Tis true, the Royal Villain has polluted the Manſion of thy Body by his odious Enjoyment; but then the Lady of this beautiful Manſion is free and incorrupt, your Mind is innocent and clear of a Guilt your Body could not avoid; and there can be no Crime, where there is no Conſent. Who is there ſo ſenſeleſs not to acquit thee of Guilt, when they conſider the Circumſtances? The Time, the Perſon, the Place, betray'd thee to the Miſery; naked in thy Bed, lull'd aſleep by the Cares of the Day, when all things but Luſt and Revenge were at Repoſe, unguarded, unſuſpecting ſo black a Treachery from a Friend, from a Kinſman, and from a King.*

Thus

Thus defenceleſs, unwarn'd, undreſs'd, aſleep and unarm'd, what Reſiſtance couldſt thou make to a young Prince, robuſt in his Limbs, as ſtrong in his Luſt, and impetuous in his Deſires, and violently bent on Murder or Adultery? That Youth, that blooming Beauty in his Face, and Symmetry in his Perſon, that muſt have melted down the Virtue of all other Women, had no Effect on a Boſom ſo rigid as thine. The Violence he offered, the welcome Excuſe of the Fair, touch'd not thy Mind: And while your Body ſuffer'd the curſed Tranſports of the youthful Adulterer, your Soul was as inſenſible of Pleaſure as he was of Compaſſion or Juſtice. And while the Weakneſs of your Body ſubmitted to the Force of his Strength, your Mind was unmov'd in the midſt of all his Careſſes. If your Soul is ambitious of a Glory moſt peculiar, this Triumph of Chaſtity is ſo great, that nothing can be added to its Perfection. When in ſpite of all the Allurements and Frailty of weak Fleſh and Blood, you made your ſelf a mere Statue of Marble, cold and inſenſible of all the Efforts of a vigorous, handſome, young Prince, full of Love, and with the utmoſt Eagerneſs and Avarice ſatiating his LUST. *Add to this, my dear* Lucretia, *that you yielded not to his Threats for the Fear of Death, but of an Infamy far more terrible than Death can be to the Virtuous. The Terror that vanquiſh'd you was the Ruin of your good Name, when he ſwore not your Death only, but that of a Slave, to be left by your breathleſs Body, as ſtabb'd in the very Act of Adultery. Your Father, nay your Husband, abſolves you from all Guilt; ah! be not you only a Judge ſo inexorable, as to condemn your ſelf for a Misfortune which your frighted Imagination pronounces as a Crime. 'Tis allow'd, that we may fly Infamy by Death; but by yours you corrupt your Fame, while with the Wound you give your Boſom, you kill both Father and Husband. By your Death you pervert the Joy of Revenge, which can be but half compleat when it wants you for a Beholder; and by this* Self-Murder *you corrupt that Innocence, and proclaim that Shame which our Hands would expiate and ſecure. If Reaſon won't prevail, have Regard to Authority; your* Husband, Father, Bru-

tus,

tus, *and all your Relations, fairly and fully acquit you of all Guilt, and with one Deſire forbid your Hand the fatal Office it has aſſum'd. Why by this Deed will you condemn all their Judgments? Beſides, by your Death you incur the Guilt you would avoid; for it will be hard to perſwade, that ſhe was innocent, who thought fit to puniſh her ſelf as criminal.*

LUCRETIA's *SPEECH before ſhe ſtabb'd her ſelf.*

" O My dear Father! and thou my Huſband *Collatin!* once more dear to me than the " Light to theſe Eyes? Do not hinder me from put- " ting an End to my Life and my Miſeries at once! " If I kill not my ſelf, it will never be believed that " I was overcome not by the Fear of Death, but by " the Fear of Infamy? Who, if I live, can be ſo " weak to believe that the Apprehenſion of the odi- " ous Imputation of Adultery with a Slave, to be " fix'd on my Memory for ever, with which he " threaten'd me, was more prevalent than Death, a " Fear of which my Life would diſcover, but one " bold Stroke with my Hand would remove? What " a Blemiſh, what a Spot would it be to my Fame, " to chuſe rather to live the ADULTERESS *Lucre-* " *tia*, than die the CHAST *Lucretia?* Ah! let not " your Fondneſs of my Perſon prove injurious to my " good Name! For do not you perceive, that you " preſerve me not to Life, but Infamy; my Reputa- " tion dying in the Life of my Perſon. By a Con- " duct ſo fond, you conſider not what you indulge " to Injuries of this Nature; the Matrimonial Bed

" cuſe the Royal Raviſher of the Violation of my " Honour, and the Pollution of my Body. And " you, my earthly Body, becauſe you have brought " forth the Cauſe of Adultery, betray'd thy ſelf by " thy Charms to the Embraces of the Tyrant, diſ- " charge my ſtruggling Soul; pour out thy Blood in " Expiation! That it may be a happy Omen to the " ſpeedy Deſtruction of the cruel *proud Father*, and " *ill-fated Son*. And you my Husband, once moſt " dear to me, and you my reverend Father! whoſe " tender Eye and once chearing Preſence, my Shame " and my Misfortune make me willingly fly, and all " you my Friends, farewel! *Lucretia* ſhall never be " brought as an infamous Example to any *Roman* La- " dy, that Infamy and Life cou'd in her ſubſiſt to- " gether.

With that ſhe plung'd the Dagger into her ſnowy Boſom, and only had Life to ſay, *Revenge the injur'd Lucretia*; which was done by the Expulſion of *Tarquin* and all his Race.

The End of Æneas Sylvius's *Letters*.

L E T-

LETTERS

TO

GENTLEMEN and LADIES...

To Mrs. Elizabeth Handy, *my Lady* ——'s *Gentlewoman.*

SINCE you have promiſed me to *conſider* me for drawing your Picture, and to be juſter than your Miſtreſs, who has not as yet paid me a Farthing for drawing hers, and a Thouſand other Services I have done her in my time; I am willing to *gratify* your Deſire, and paint you with all the little *Art* I am Maſter of. At the ſame time I may without Vanity affirm, that your Picture will be a *truer* and more *finiſhed* Piece than hers, ſince you don't expect I ſhould flatter you; for which Reaſon you muſt not take it ill of me, if I tell you without farther *Ceremony*, that you are not handſom. Shou'd I uſe this Freedom with your Miſtreſs, tho' I have the Truth never ſo much on my Side, ſhe wou'd call me all the vile Names under the Sun; but I know I am talking to you,

you, whom I fear *leſs* than her, by the ſame Token I love you a great deal *better*.

Once more then I muſt tell thee, my deareſt *Betty*, that thou art not *handſom*; but then, I defy the Devil himſelf to ſay, thou art *deform'd*. No, no, my dear Child, thou haſt a ſmiling, roguy Air, and a certain *Je ne ſcay quoy*, which our fineſt Ladies are often without, and ſets all the *Springs* of Nature in *Motion* as often as I think on't. Thy *Complexion* is brown, and none of the cleareſt. Thy *Eye-Brows* are as black as Coal, and by the Aſſiſtance of *Art*, wonderfully becoming. Thy *Noſe* is a little turn'd up, which is an infallible *Sign*, dear Rogue, that thou art a Lover of the *Mathematicks*. Thy *Mouth* is ſomewhat of the largeſt; but then, to make thee *Amends*, 'tis ſo much more proper for a Man's Tongue to wanton in. They thy *Teeth* are as regular as the Paliſade before thy Ladies Parlour, and as white as Ivory. Thou haſt the daintieſt ſmacking *Lips* in the Univerſe, thou wouldſt invite a Hermite to ſign and ſeal upon them. Thy *Hair*, which reaches down to thy *Waſte*, and is of a lovely Black, gives no little Addition to the other Charms. As for thy Bubbies, dear Child, they are none of the whiteſt, but they are plump and fleſhy, and riſe and fall ſo prettily, that I am *ſtark mad* to have the Preſſing of them. Were Bubbies to be bought and ſold for ungodly *Pelf*, thou mighteſt ſafely boaſt, that thou art *richer* than thy Lady. As for thy *Shape*, I may venture to ſay without Flattery, 'tis fine and delicate. Thy *Legs* are ſo ſtraight and well-proportion'd, and thy *Feet ſteal* in and out ſo prettily under thy Petticoats, that I long to be better *acquainted* with them. If thou hadſt deſign'd I ſhould have painted thy other Parts, thou oughteſt to have *ſhewn* them me; for between Friends, thou ſhouldſt *conceal* nothing from us Painters; and I don't queſtion but that thy Picture would have been ten times more compleat, had I drawn thee *ſtark naked*. However, I have ſeen enough to convince me,

that

that thou art a moſt *delicious* Morſel of Iniquity; and, unleſs the Planets *deceive* me, I dare ſwear thy Inclinations are not *averſe* to the *Fleſh*. Thus, my dear Child, I have *drawn* part of thy Picture, by which a Man, that has but *once* had a Sight of thee, may eaſily *know* thee again: But now I am preparing to ſhew thee ſome of my Maſter-ſtrokes, to ſatisfy thee I am no *Bungler* at my Trade, but can tell how to *draw* People after the *Life*. Not to make thee *vain*, Nature has been wonderful *indulgent* to thee; thou can'ſt *ſet off* thy Perſon with a little *Expence*, and appear in an ordinary Stuff more *advantageouſly*, than any of our *ſtiff-rump'd* Counteſſes in their *Silks* and *Sattins*. In the Point of *Dreſſing*, thy Fancy is the moſt *Orthodox* in the World: *Envy* it ſelf cou'd never *charge* thee with putting one *Pin* out of its due Place; nay, even thy very *Negligence* has Charms, and *becomes* thee. As for thy pretty little *Fingers*, nothing in Nature comes *amiſs* to them, they are *perfectly* skill'd in all the Myſteries of *Embroidery*, they can *ſtitch* and *ſow*, cut *Birds* and *Beaſts*, and the whole Hiſtory of the *Creation* in Paper, *raiſe* Fortifications in *Paſte*, and a Thouſand other *Curioſities*. Thou haſt more *Wit*, than wou'd ſet up a dozen Waiting-Gentlewomen, and can'ſt *ſee* as far into a *Mill-ſtone*, as the *oldeſt* Match-maker in Town: Thou can'ſt *diſcover* a hundred Things, which no Body elſe wou'd have taken any *Notice* of; nay, I have *obſerv'd* more than once, that thou *knoweſt* the Intention of People, let them take never ſo much Care to *conceal* it. I'll defy all the Waiting Women in the Univerſe to ſhew ſo much *Meekneſs* of Spirit, as thou do'ſt, or ſo *virtuous* a Diſpoſition to bring an *Intrigue* to a *happy* Concluſion. 'Tis true indeed, that in Relation to thy *wicked* Lady, this Talent of thine has hitherto been *unſucceſsful*; but if thou continueſt much *longer* about her Perſon, I don't doubt but ſome of thy

Strata-

Stratagems will take Effect. Thou haſt an *amorous* Inclination, as I hinted to thee above; and I am damnably *miſtaken*, if thou can'ſt *live* a Day, without *engaging* in ſome *new* Amour: But, then, Child, thy Love is *noble*, 'tis built upon no *ſordid* Princip'les of *Lucre*; it propoſes nothing to it ſelf, but the *Eaſe* and *Relief* of Mankind, and always *ſoars* above thy Condition. But let thy Lovers be of what *Quality* they will, thou know'ſt how to make them obſerve their due *Diſtance*, and govern 'em like a true *Miſtreſs*. Thou haſt Dexterity enough to manage a *laudable* Commerce with *five* or *ſix* Gallants at once; for, to thy *eternal* Praiſe be it ſaid, ne'er a Woman in the World is deeper read in all the *Refinements* of Gallantry than thy ſelf. Thou know'ſt how to beſtow thy Favours with *Diſcretion*, to employ ſometimes *Compaſſion*, and ſometimes *Diſdain*; to act the *Fond* and the *Indifferent*, according as the *various* Diſpoſition of the *Scene* requires it; in ſhort, to make a *proper* Uſe of thy *Looks* and *Sighs*. Thou can'ſt *dart* a favourable *Glance* at one, whilſt thou *ſqueezeſt* the other by the Hand; and *talk* tenderly to a third, while thou *tread'ſt* upon the Toes of the fourth; and manage Affairs ſo *diſcreetly*, as to make none of them *deſpair*: Not that thou art ſo *willing a Tit* neither, as to let every Blockhead *get* up and *ride* for asking: Faith, Child, I'll *ſay* that for thee, thou waſt always a *Reſpecter* of Merit, and wou'dſt vouchſafe thy *Friendſhip* to none but thoſe that *deſerv'd* it. If any young Fellow falls *roughly* upon thee, in one of his *amorous* Fits thou know'ſt how to *humble* his Inſolence, without *tearing* his Ruffles, or playing the *Fury* with his Hair. Should thy Miſtreſs *ſurprize* thee conferring Notes with a Friend in a *Corner*, or in a *Poſture*, that wou'd give *Offence* in another, thou art not a Jot *diſcompos'd* for the Matter; but know'ſt ſo *well* how to perſonate the *Innocent*, that 'tis impoſſible to find the leaſt Cauſe of *quarrelling* with thee. Upon all ſuch *Occaſions*, thou haſt a thouſand *Excuſes* ready *cut* and *dry'd* for the Purpoſe;

poſe; and thy Wit never *diſplays* it ſelf ſo ſignally, as in theſe *Rencounters*, which wou'd utterly *dumfound* a Perſon of leſs *Aſſurance*. Beſides, *Betty*, to give thee thy *Due*, thy Soul is neither infected with *Jealouſie* nor *Envy*; thou art no *Enemy* to the Divertiſements of *others*, but takeſt as much Delight to *procure* as to *receive* them thy ſelf, and art never in thy *Kingdom*, but when thou art holding the Door. When thou ſee'ſt two *Lovers* under any *unhappy* Circumſtances, thon know'ſt how to *inſinuate* thy ſelf into their Confidence with *Addreſs*, and art *raviſhed* to find any Opportunity to contribute to their *Pleaſures*. After all, thou art *generous* to a Miracle, and not at all influenc'd by *Intereſt*; thou preferr'ſt an honeſt Fellow's hearty *Affection*, to the *Purſe* of a wealthy *Coxcomb*; and did'ſt never in all thy Life *ſtoop* ſo low, as to *value* that glittering *Trash*, call'd Money. Nay, Child, I dare *engage* for thee, that did thy *Abilities* come up to thy *Will*, thou wou'dſt *give* inſtead of *taking* the Pence, and *allow* thoſe that had a Share in thy *Affections*, a noble Share of thy *Fortune*. And, *Betty*, 'tis this virtuous *Principle*, that makes thy Lovers ſtick ſo *cloſe* to thee: As thou art infinitely more *generous* and *witty*, than all the *Servant-maids* in *Chriſtendom* put *together*, ſo one may juſtly conclude, that thou haſt none of their *Vices* or Imperfections. Thou do'ſt not *trouble* thy Head to *find* out, and afterwards *proclaim* the Faults of thy Miſtreſs; thou raiſeſt no idle *Squabbles* about the Wages or Gettings of thy Fellow Servants; and as 'tis thy chief *Deſire* to *converſe* with People *Face* to *Face*, thou *can'ſt* not endure to ſpeak *ill* of them behind their *Backs*: So much for thy *Morals*. Now to give ſome Specimen of thy *Intellectual* Parts, thou can'ſt *nicely* diſtinguiſh between *fulſom Love*, and Love dreſs'd up in *clean* Metaphors, and haſt *inform'd* thy Judgment, by reading *Romances* and other *good* Books, that talk *feelingly* and *judiciouſly* of theſe Affairs: 'Tis true, that ſo many *ſhining* Qualities make thee as much *envy'd* by the Maids and Footmen,

Footmen, as thou art *admir'd* by the Maſters and Miſtreſſes. In ſhort, my dear Child, thou art the *Heroine* of Waiting-Women, and *Glory* of thy Function; and I make not the *leaſt* Queſtion, but that *one* of theſe Days we ſhall *all* of us ſee ſome *notable* Adventure befal thee, that will *convince* the World, that thou waſt deſcended of *illuſtrious* Parentage.

Thus, my charming *Betty*, I have endeavour'd to *draw* your Picture, which, I hope, will give you ſuch *Satisfaction*, that you won't grudge to *pay* me for't in the ſame *Coin* that you *promis'd* me, who am,

Your moſt Humble Admirer.

Upon a Harlot in St. James's, *that hang'd her ſelf for an* Iriſh *Captain, and was unluckily cut down by her Maid.*

AN old Acquaintance of mine came to my Lodgings this Morning, and accoſted me after this Manner. *Harry*, cries he, there's the ſtrangeſt Accident has happen'd yonder, near *Covent-Garden*, that ever you heard, and prithee, try if you can gueſs it. Why, ſays I to him, I have no extraordinary Hand at this Sport; but if 'tis ſo very ſtrange, and the Scene near *Covent-Garden*, as you ſay, let me ſee: Has the talking Parrot in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* foretold the Downfal of the *French* King? Now I talk of a Parrot; when Doctor *Burgeſs* preach'd laſt, did he make no Body laugh? *No.* A Whore profer'd a retaining Fee at *Rouſe*'s, and deny'd it? *No.* A City-Reformer ſurpriz'd between a Pair of red-hair'd Strumpets,

at

at the *Horſe-ſhoe*? *No.* A new Play talk'd of at *Will's*, and no *Exception* made to it? *No Sir.* Thus *No* was the Word ſtill. At laſt, ſays my Friend, in his old leering Way, to put you out of your Pain, a certain *Harlot* in St. *James's*——has run away from her Lodgings, carry'd off all her Effects in her Pocket-Handkerchief, I ſuppoſe, and ——Why, is that ſo ſtrange? *No, no*, but hear me with Reverence and Attention, —— decently ſuſpended her ſelf yeſterday Morning, between the Hours of Twelve and One, *preciſely*, —— the true *Canonical* Hour for hanging. Says I to him, as I hope to be ſav'd, but, prithee *Jack*, for what ——Why, what ſhou'd ſhe hang her ſelf for but *Love*, ſaid he very gravely —— The Devil ſhe did, ſays I again: Thou may'ſt as well tell me, a Foot-Soldier wou'd die a Martyr for Small-beer, a true Stateſman for his Country's Intereſt, or a City-Apprentice for *Suffolk* Cheeſe ——Why, truly, Sir, you may make merry as long as you pleaſe, ſays he, but 'tis even ſo as I tell you, and her Name ——Why, that is what I long to know ——Don't interrupt me then, 'tis the famous Mrs. ——Well, Peace light on her Soul, 'twas *glorioufly* done ——But you have not heard all, ſays he, ſhe had not hung a full Minute, when alas, to ſee the great Uncertainty of human Affairs! Her Maid, the Duce take me, if my very heart did not leap up to my very Mouth at the bare mention of her Name, hearing a Noiſe above, run up Stairs, and unluckily cut her down: And a Chirurgeon, with a *Pox* to him, made a Shift to bring her to her ſelf, and recover'd her. And thus, continu'd he, ſhaking his Head in a *ſorrowful* Manner, they have between 'em ſpoil'd one of the beſt Jeſts in *Chriſtendom*.

This is the *exact* Relation my Friend gave me of this *Affair*. Now to do thee *Juſtice*, thou art the *only* Harlot ſince the Creation, I believe that ever had it put into her Head by the *Devil*, to fall a Sacrifice

crifice to *Love*. Who cou'd have imagin'd that a Woman of thy free *communicative* Spirit, ſhou'd fix her Affection, which was diſtributed before to all Mankind in *common*, to *Jews* as well as *Gentiles*, upon one tranſitory Mortal; nay, love him to that Degree, as to *venture* Fire and Brimſtone for his Sake. This is ſo *monſtrous* and ſurprizing, that I much doubt me, my dear Child, it portends ſome *unlucky* Revolution to *Europe*, the Downfal of the *Proteſtant* Religion in the *Palatinate*, the Univerſal Monarchy of *France*, the unkinging of his *Popiſh* Majeſty, or the beating of Prince *Eugene* out of *Italy*. Had'ſt thou adminiſtred a little *Neapolitan* Conſolation to thy *Hibernian* for his Infidelity, thou had'ſt *reveng'd* thy ſelf upon him in thy own Way and *Profeſſion*; but to *hang* thy ſelf for a *faithleſs* Wretch, was ſo wrong a Step in *Politicks*, that I can't imagine how thou cou'dſt fall upon it! Alas, thy *Buſineſs* is living, and not dying; or, if thou muſt needs *reſolve* upon the latter, thou oughteſt to die in thy own *Element*, I mean, of Love's active Diſtemper, and even of that, no where *under* a Garret. *Money* is a Whore's Religion, *Love* is downright Superſtition: Now, why ſhould one of thy Function, in this *Atheiſtical* Age too, die for an *Error*, when our very Parſons won't do it for the *Truth*.

But, my Dear, I only ſay this by Way of Raillery; for, between Friends, I ſo heartily approve of thy virtuous Reſolution, that I am almoſt ready to hang my ſelf for its Miſcarriage.

Bleſs me! what wou'd I have *given* to have been in thy Chamber, when this glorious Scene was tranſacting there; but, Heaven be prais'd, I have a tolerable good Fancy of my own, with whoſe Aſſiſtance I can make a Shift to *gueſs* pretty well how it was. I imagine then, I ſee thee taking ſome half a Score melancholy *Turns* about thy Room, with a *noble* Diſtraction, and *heroick* Wildneſs in thy Looks, like Queen *Dido* a little before ſhe aſcended the Funeral

neral *Pile.* Methinks I hear thee pouring out a Volly of hearty *Ejaculations* againſt thy falſe Gallant,——then down with thy Looking-glaſs,——then out with the Cords,——then faſten them to the Staple,——then mount the fatal *Joint-Stool*,——then take the fatal Leap, ha, ha, ha, it makes me ready to die with the Conceit,——and then ſwing.

With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape, and a Grace,

As the Song has it, like a School-boy in a Bell-rope, but ſo prettily and decently, that I muſt needs ſay for thee, with the Knot ſo *nicely* plac'd under thy right Ear, thy Mouth ſo *merrily* diſtorted, and the Humidity of thy Nature ſo *pleuteouſly* ſtreaming down upon the Floor, that, for my Part, I wou'd rather have beheld this Sight, than any of the *Roman* Triumphs, and ſooner ſeen thee dangling *under* the Rope, than a Thouſand *Lady Mary*'s ſhowing their Agility *upon* it.

Faith, my dear Child, to be *ſerious* with thee, I wou'd not have had thee cut down for a *Million*, and a Million, thou know'ſt, is a pretty *round* Sum, as times go. In the firſt Place, had thy noble Deſign taken Effect, thou wou'dſt have been immortaliz'd in all the *News-Papers* about Town, and thy *Phyz* moſt curiouſly engrav'd in Wood, by honeſt *John Overton*, to *adorn* the Walls of every Coffee-houſe in *Drury-lane*. The poor Siſter-hood of *Wild-ſtreet* wou'd have quoted thy Name with as much Veneration, as the Boys in *Cheap-ſide* talk of the *London* Apprentice, that kill'd his Brace of *Lions*, and kept the Anniverſary of thy *Suſpenſion* more *religiouſly* than the good People of *White Friars* do that of their *Martyr*, Captain *Winter*. Then there wou'd have been half a Score mournful Odes made upon thee, that's certain, ſung moſt harmoniouſly at *Holbourn*.

bourn-bars and *Fleet-ditch*: The Ballad-Women wou'd have cry'd, *Here's a new and true Ballad of a Miſs of the Town, that hang'd her ſelf in great* Queen-ſtreet. Then ſome of the Standers by wou'd have ask'd, *For what?* For what? Why becauſe ſhe had, perhaps, cries one of them, been overwork'd in *Bridewell*; or becauſe ſhe had fall'n into the Hands of Juſtice *Perry*, cries another; or was ſtript of her only Petticoat, by an *unmerciful* Drawer, ſays a third; or an unkind Spark gave her a ſmall Token of his Affection, cries a fourth, and left her not a Farthing to get rid on't. Thus the Mob would have bandied their Opinions about thee, and at laſt, the Ballad-Woman clear'd all, by telling them, *In Truth, you are Miſtaken, ſhe hang'd her ſelf for Love.* Upon this, there wou'd have been ſuch *ſhouting* and clapping of Hands, ſuch *hollowing* and huzzaing, that the whole Town wou'd have rung with the Noiſe. Nay, who knows but the City-Poet, in a few Years, wou'd have brought thee into *Smithfield*, where thou wou'd'ſt ſoon have o'er-topp'd *Jephtha*'s Daughter and *Bateman*'s Ghoſt? Or laſtly, who can tell, but thou mighteſt have been preferr'd to the Almanack, and a new *Æra* commenc'd from thy glorious *Suſpenſion*? Well, it makes me ſtark mad, my dear Creature, to think that thou haſt *loſt* all theſe Advantages and Honours, theſe Trophies and Epitaphs, through the over officious *Folly* of thy Maid. Prithee, let me conjure thee to turn her away for my Sake, or rather for thy own; for why ſhouldſt thou keep a ſilly Slut in thy Service, that has robb'd thee of *Immorality*?

THO. BROWN.

To Mr. *Briſcoe*, in *Covent-Garden*.

An Account of a Journey to Exon.

April 8. 1700.

AS we have one *good Quality* in our *Sex* beyond what yours can boaſt of, that is, ſeldom to make a Promiſe, but with a Deſign to keep it; I have therefore been careful to let you ſee I cannot eaſily forget any thing, which ſo great an Obligation as my *Word* hath engag'd me to remember: And as there was nothing needful but a bare Remembrance of my Promiſe to induce me to preſerve it; ſo I hope on your Part there will be nothing more requir'd to render what I have ſent you acceptable, than a Willingneſs to receive it. I confeſs I have given you but a rude Account of my Journey, every Part juſt ſcribled over with as much Freedom as 'twas acted, wanting Leiſure to put it in any other than a *looſe Morning-dreſs*; not queſtioning but it may pleaſe you as well without the Formalities of Stile, as a *pretty Woman* without Stays may ſome of your *Acquaintance*.

In the firſt Place, I ſhall give you a *rough Draught* of thoſe *diſcording Mortals* our Company was compos'd of in in the *Stage-Coach*, viz. A *Barriſter at Law*, an *Attorney's Clerk*, a *Corniſh Juſtice*, a *Taylor*, and a *Valet* to a *Parliament-Man* that *would be*; but ſome Diſpute ariſing in the Election, prevents me fixing his Title: That had I been travelling in a *Dutch Scout*, or a *Graveſend Tilt-boat*, I could not have been treated with leſs Manners, or teaz'd with more Impertinence.

The *Juſtice*, notwithſtanding the Government's Care for the *Reformation of Vice*, was as drunk as a *Dutch Captain* before he engages, and for the firſt Day talk'd of nothing but *Fox-hounds*, *March Beer*, *Warrants*, *Whipping-Poſts* and *Vagabonds*, hollowing as laudably in every Interval of his *Nonſenſe*, as if he had been riding three-quarter-ſpeed at the very Heels of *Beagles*, larding his other *Qualifications* now and then with a Scrap of an old *Hunting-Song*, with a *Hey down, he down, &c.* which gave good Reaſon to ſuſpect he had been much more converſant with *Robin Hood's Ballads*, than with *Keeble's Statutes*, underſtanding the latter, I believe, as much as a *German Jugler* does *Necromancy*, or a *Lord Mayor State Policy*.

The *Limbs* of the *Law* were much diſturb'd at his *Bawling*, for I conceive they love *no Body's Noiſe* but their *own*. They deſir'd him to ſleep; but he cry'd, *Zounds, I win't ſleep, I din't care a F——t for your Anger, I'm a Juſtice of Peace, and worth thirty thouſand Pounds, and am the Head Man where I live; and, by G——d, if you come to* Lanction, *I'll give you a Glaſs of the beſt* March *Beer you ever drank in your Life: But I will make a Noiſe if I pleaſe.* I was in hopes of ſeeing *Law* and *Juſtice* fall together by the Ears; but at laſt *Juſtice* ſlept, and the *Law* got the better by ſurviving it.

The *Taylor*, had you ſeen him, you would have ſworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaux*, for he had the Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Clothes bore the Marks of Poverty; he complain'd very much of his *Truſting*: I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruines more Families than the *Royal Oak Lottery*.

The *Valet* perſonated his Maſter to a Title, and was as arrogant and noiſy as e'er a *Country Squire* in *England*.

Now, if I were to be hang'd, I can't tell who had moſt Manners of all theſe: The *Lawyer* ſlept Dogs Sleep moſt part of the way, I ſuppoſe the better to

rumi-

ruminate on the Ca... was as impertinent as a M...had in Hand. The *Clerk* as dull as an *Old Woman at a Funeral Gossipping*, and I to eat and drink heartily upon the ... fail'd not make me club to the Reckoning; *Juſtice* and ... were both of a ſide in that Particular; and the *Court of Equity* being very chargeable, I choſe to ſubmit upon any Terms rather than ſeek for Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might ſerve for a reaſonable Penance for all the Sins I ever committed in my Life, I arriv'd at *Exon*, where we met the *Judges* entering the Town in as much Triumph as ever *Ceſar* did *Rome* after a Victory; the *High Sheriff* rode in as much State as a *Colonel* of the *City Train'd Bands*, and much in the ſame Order, only the *Sheriff* march'd in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day being *Sunday*, call'd by the Natives of this Country *Maze Sunday*, (and indeed not without ſome Reaſon, for the People look'd as if they were *gallied*) I was wak'd by the tremendous Sound of a *Horſe-Trumpet*; I imagin'd ſome *Monſter* was to be ſeen, and looking out of my Window, I ſaw ſeveral ſorts; the firſt were Mrs. *Sheriff* and her *Husband*, (for Women rule in this Climate, and therefore I give her the Preheminence) in a triumphant Chariot (erected on purpoſe for that Occaſion) with *Dick* and *Doll* crowding to ſee their *Worſhips*, as if it had been his *Czariſh Majeſty*: This Cuſtom, it ſeems, is to conduct them in this Manner to the moſt magnificent Church of the Place, where we will leave them to their ſeveral Ejaculations. I am,

Your Oblig'd Servant

You know Who.

The

The Anſwer. By Mr. Brown.

Madam, *April* 12, 1700.

I Received your Letter, and am glad to find by it, that you have got that by making a ſmall *Journey* to *Exeter*, for which other People are forc'd to croſs the *Alps*, and beat the *Hoof* to *Rome*, I mean the *Remiſſion* of your *Sins*, which you think you have made a reaſonable Attonement for, by ſuffering ſo much from the *Impertinence* of the *Corniſh Juſtice*, and the two Limbs of the *Law*.

But, *Madam*, don't flatter your ſelf, or think that your Chalk will be ſo eaſily wiped out. You have been a great *Sinner* in your Time, and *four Days Penance* in a *Stage Coach* will hardly attone for the Sins you have *committed*: And becauſe we are too apt to be over-favourable to our ſelves, give me leave, *Madam*, to awaken your *Conſcience* out of this *dangerous State* of *Security*, by laying before you ſome of the many *Sins* you are accountable for.

Imprimis, Here are *People* in *Town* that charge you with *Murders* numberleſs; and unleſs you *heartily repent* of them, and promiſe to *commit* no *more*, I find but little Hopes of you. Yes, *Madam*, you are charged with *Murder*, with this *horrid Aggravation* too on your Side, That whereas other *Aſſaſſines* only *murder* their *Enemies*, or ſuch as they ſuppoſe to be ſo, you make no *Scruple* to *kill* your *Lovers*, that throw themſelves at your *Feet*, and would purchaſe a *ſingle Smile* from you at a *Seven Years Service*.

In the next Place you are accus'd of *Theft*. Set your Hand to your *Heart*, *Madam*, and do but conſider how many of thoſe *valuable Commodities* you have *ſtolen* in your time, yet never had the *Conſcience* to reſtore them to the *right Owners*. What makes the Crime worſe in you, you have added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and ſtole away

was People's *Hearts* at *Church*, in the Time of *Divine Service*, and in the *Sight* of *Moſes* and *Aaron*.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this is no *Theft*; and that if *Men* will put their *Hearts* upon you, how can you help it? But, *Madam*, ſome People gave them you, who had no Right to diſpoſe of them, as I could inſtance in a Thouſand *married Men* that *ſigh'd* for you; and, according to the *ancient Proverb*, the *Receiver* is as bad as the *Thief*, for they *ſtole* 'em from their *Wives* to beſtow 'em upon *you*.

Thirdly and *laſtly*, *Madam*, you have not only your own *Sins*, but thoſe of other People to anſwer for. How many *Women* have you made guilty of the *horrid Sin* of *Detraction*, and tell a thouſand *malicious Stories* of you, only becauſe you were handſomer than they? How many *Men* have you made guilty of *Perjury*, and tempted them to forſake their *former Vows*, to *ſacrifice* 'em to you?

Thus, *Madam*, I have made *bold* to lay ſome of your *Sins* before you. Should I undertake to ſend you a full *Catalogue* of them, I ſhould have as fine a Time on't, as the *Commiſſioners* that are to inſpect Publick Accounts. Therefore never think, that your *Exeter-Journey* has *compounded* for *them*. I would adviſe you this *holy Year of Jubilee*, to turn your Face towards *Rome*; but, alas, you'd ſpoil the *Devotion* of all the *Pilgrims* there, that, according to our laſt Advices, are above a *hundred thouſand ſtrong*. In ſhort, *Madam*, I don't know what Courſe to adviſe you to; only don't ſtay long in the *Country*, for that would be to *treſpaſs* againſt a *poſitive Text*, and to put your *Candle under a Buſhel*. Come to *Town* as ſoon as you can, begin to make Reſtitution in the Place where you have done the moſt Miſchief.

You deſire in my Anſwer I ſhould tranſmit you ſome *News*: I aſſure you, *Madam*, there is not enough ſtirring about *Town*, to fill the laſt half Column of the Weekly Papers, without a tedious Repetition of the ſame fulſome Stuff: That the *City News-hounds* ſit as

huſh over their *Coffee*, as ſo many *Engliſhmen* in a *Tavern*, when the Drawer has brought the *Reckoning*: But however, for once I will ſtrain a Point to oblige you.

Notwithſtanding the *late War* in *Flanders*, and the preſent Year of *Jubilee*, have rid the Nation of Abundance of *Fools*; yet *Knaves* are every Term as thick in *Weſtminſter-hall*, and *Cuckolds* every Day as numerous upon *Change*, as if they had ſtill without Loſs preſerved their *ancient Number*.

Poetaſters are grown as numerous in this *Town*, as *Quack-Doctors* or *Stock-Jobbers*; and every one ſo applies himſelf to the *Stage*, that the *White-Fryars* Printers are quite beggar'd for want of *Ballads*: Yet *Wit*, I obſerve, is as ſcarce as 'twas in the time of *Jeffery Chaucer*, when a Diſtich of *Verſes* were worth a Page of *Proſe*, and a Song with a *Fa-la-la* Chorus, was much more liſten'd to than a *Sermon*.

Diſcretion in *Married Women* is here grown as ſcarce as *Modeſty* in *Maids*; they ſo forward their Daughters by their own fooliſh *Talk* and *Example*, that the *pretty Miſs* at Seven, inſtead of a *Rattle*, talks of nothing but a *Husband*; and the young Lady at Eleven is as ripe in her Thoughts, and as pert in her Behaviour, as if her Education had been at the famous Mrs. C—'s near *Red-Lion-Square*, inſtead of a *Dancing-School*.

I know, Madam, ſome of this News muſt ſeem ſtrange to a Woman of your *Virtue*; but the more ſurprizing, generally the more acceptable, eſpecially if it be true; for which Reaſon I ſent it to you, to ſupply the Scarcity of ſuch as might have been more welcome, and therefore beg your Acceptance of it in room of better, from,

Madam,

Your Humble Servant

To

To his Miſtreſs.

Upon ſeeing his Rival go into her Lodgings.

I Was dreſs'd, and juſt going to make you a ſmall *Viſit* laſt Evening, when I unluckily ſaw a Coach ſtop at your Door, a *Gallant* bolt into the Houſe, the *Saſhes* drawn down by truſty *Rachel*, and all Appearances of Buſineſs going forward. This made me immediately drop my Deſign: for as I would not willingly be hinder'd in one of my own Intrigues, ſo I am too good a Chriſtian to interrupt any Friend of yours in his. Cou'd I but expreſs to you how uneaſy I paſs'd the Evening, and what racking Thoughts poſſeſſed me all Night, as *hard-hearted* as you are, I dare ſware you would pity me. All the while I toſs'd and tumbled in my Bed, I fancy'd my happier Rival revell'd in your Arms, ſurfeited on your Lips, lay expiring upon your Breaſts, and ——— but I dare truſt my ſelf no longer with ſuch ſtabbing Ideas. In ſhort, I am upon the Brink of Deſpair, and you have no other Way left to cure my Jealouſy, but by impoſing upon my Underſtanding, and telling me, that all I ſaw was a perfect *Illuſion*; perſwade, the *Gallant* was the Fellow that furniſhes you with *Small-Coal*; that the *Coach* was a Bandbox with your Linnen in't; the two *Horſes* a Brace of *Elephants*, juſt marching for *May-Fair*. Tell me, truſty *Rachel* was drinking burnt Brandy, with a Couple of Tinder-box-cryers, at the next *Red Lattice*, tho' I ſaw her draw down the Parlour-Saſhes about Six. To conclude, invent any thing, ſay any thing, ſwear any thing, tho' it be never ſo abſurd, ſo you give it me but under your *Hand*, 'twill be the beſt of *Cordials* to

The Deſpairing

Amintas.

To his Miſtreſs.

He deſires her to ſteal him a kind Glance out of her Window.

Madam,

WHat have I done to diſoblige you, that you ſhould keep me ſo long in *Darkneſs*? In plain *Engliſh*, why have I not ſeen you ſhine out of the Sash this Morning, ſince you know I compute the Day not from the Sun's *Riſing*, but your *Appearing* at the Window? 'Tis now exactly *Ten*, yet 'tis as dark in my Hemiſphere, meaning my Room, as if 'twere *Midnight*; and all for want of your divine Eyes to enlighten it. You'll hardly believe me, but, upon my Faith, 'tis true, I am forc'd to uſe a Candle to write theſe few Lines to you; therefore, tho' it were only to ſave me the Expence of Candles, which the Maid with Tears in her Eyes told are riſen a full Penny in the Pound, ſince the declaring of the War; peep out of the Window, and give Light and Comfort to

T. B.

To his Miſtreſs.

Upon calling her a Hypocrite.

Madam,

YOU quarrell'd with me laſt Night, for calling you a *Hypocrite*; by the ſame Token I promiſed to retract my Words the next time I did my ſelf the Honour to write to you. I would willingly *oblige* you all I can; but having conſider'd the Matter ſeriouſly upon my Pillow, my *Conſcience* tells me you are a down-

right

right *Hypocrite*; and, Madam, I find there's no going againſt one's *Conſcience*.

To be a *Hypocrite* is to be one thing in Reality, and *another* in Appearance: Now, Madam, let us examine, whether you will not come within the Pale of this Definition. To ſee the charming *Innocence* of your Looks, one would be apt to ſwear you never intended or executed any Miſchief with them; and yet you have more *Bloodſhed*, they ſay, to anſwer for, than the *French* King. Then your Eyes are the greateſt *Hypocrites* in Nature; he that obſerves the languiſhing Softneſs of them, would conclude they only warm'd by their Beams, whereas the *Sun* in *Afric* does not ſcorch more violently. Your *Cheeks* are adorn'd with ſo delicious a Red, that Half the World imagines you are painted, whereas you wholly owe it to the Indulgence of Nature. And laſtly, as for your Converſation, nothing is ſo eaſy and free, yet nothing ſeems ſo artificial and ſtudied.

On the other Hand, Madam, your Humble Servant is perfectly the *Reverſe* of what he appears to be. You'd take him for a wavering *inconſtant* Fellow, and ſo does the Generality of your Sex, that regulate their *Judgment* of him by *Appearances*; but to my certain Knowledge, he's the *ſincereſt* Lover upon Earth. 'Tis true, he ſeems to prefer his Heart to a Thouſand other Women; yet, take my Word for't, he only deſigns it for you: If ſometimes he acts the *Indifferent*, and tells you he cares not a Farthing you; don't believe him, for then his Paſſion is at the higheſt, and he could readily die for you.

Thus, Madam, 'tis plain we are both of us *Hypocrites*, tho' of a different Species. What will you ſay to my *Propoſal* then of bringing both our noble Qualifications into one common Stock? For, perhaps, ſomething very ſincere may be the Reſult of it.

To Madam *de B*——

Upon her being angry with him for telling her that his Soul had left him to go and inhabit with her.

FOR Heaven's Sake, Madam, what have I done to you, to put you into ſo *cruel* a Paſſion? Was it then ſo *unpardonable* a Crime in me, to tell your Ladyſhip, that my Soul had *quitted* its old Tenement to *take* up its Quarters with you? For my Part, I cannot ſee wherein it ſhould ſo mightily *diſpleaſe* you. If you believe nothing of the Matter, why then ſhould you be ſo *offended* at it? And if 'tis *true*, that this *Vagabond* of a Soul has *left* me for you, take it to your *ſelf* a God's Name, and don't ſend it back to its old Maſter, that has now no *Title* to it: For ever ſince the *Frolick* has taken it to loiter about you, it comes ſo ſeldom home, that I have no Time to *puniſh* it for *deſerting* me. Perhaps you may think this Adventure without Example: But, I can aſſure you, 'tis not ſo new as your Ladyſhip imagines. If ever you had read *Pliny*, he wou'd have inform'd you, that the Soul of one *Hermotimus* us'd to *abdicate* his Body, as often as the *Whimſey* took it, in order to divert it ſelf more agreeably elſewhere, as it ſaw Occaſion? And then when the Frolick was *ſpent*, wou'd come home civilly to its *old* Habitation, and tell *Hermotimus* what *fine* things it had obſerv'd *abroad*. This was a wonderful pretty Way of *travelling*, for one to run over the Lord knows how many *Leagues*, without the leaſt *Fatigue*, or being expos'd to any of thoſe

thoſe *Inconveniences* that uſe to incommode other Travellers. But Madam, there's a ſenſible Difference in the Caſe between *Hermotimus* and me: For that worthy Gentleman's *Body*, all the while his Soul was abſent from it, lay as *cold* and *immoveable* as a Stone; but, for my Part, I eat, and drink, and dance, and laugh, while my Soul is taken up near your Perſon. By this, Madam, you may ſee, that you have wrought a *Miracle* upon me, much more *conſiderable* than any in *Pliny*; tho', under the Roſe, that ingenious *Roman* was no *Niggard* of his Prodigies, when once his *Hand* was in. I am,

Yours, &c.

To Madam——

To acquaint her, that he had the good Fortune to eſcape a double Scowring, viz. *Death and Marriage.*

SINCE I have been depriv'd of the *Happineſs* of ſeeing you, I had like to have done two of the *fooliſheſt* Things, which a Man in his *ſober* Senſes can poſſibly be guilty of, if 'tis in his *Power* to avoid them; I mean, Madam, I had like to have gone the Way of all Fleſh, in a *mortal* and *matrimonial* Senſe; or, in plainer *Engliſh*, either to have been *interr'd* in a Church-yard, or *undone* at the Church-Altar. To ſet me right in your good Opinion, 'tis but convenient I ſhould inform you, Madam, that neither of theſe was of my own ſeeking; but that a burning *Fever* threaten'd to ſend me, *nolens volens*, to the *Grave*, and my good-natur'd *Parents* to condemn me to a

Wife. However, Heaven be praiſed, I have made a Shift to avoid both thoſe *Bleſſings*; and ſince you have been always pleas'd to *expreſs* ſome *Concern* for my *Welfare*, I am *vain* enough to believe 'twill be ſome *Satisfaction* to you to learn how I *eſcap'd* them.

My Fever had brought me to a very *low* Condition, ſo that I *expected* every Moment when I ſhould take a Leap in the *Dark*; for which Reaſon I was willing to clear my *Debts* before I parted, and if I had ſtolen any Thing from any of my Neighbours, honeſtly to *reſtore* it, that I might not be *imbarraſs'd* in my Journey to the *other* World. Immediately I remember'd, that I had read in ſome of our Caſuiſts, (perhaps it was St. *Auſtin*, but I won't be poſitive) that to *ſteal*, was nothing elſe but to *take* away ſomething that belonged to our Neighbour, without his *Conſent*: Upon which Account remembring, that I had *ſtolen* certain *valuable* Goods from your pretty Couſin *Belinda* without her Leave, my poor *Conſcience* flew in my *Face*, and acted the Part of a *Fury*. This Conſideration, in ſhort, ſo *terribly* alarm'd me, that 'tis impoſſible to tell you what *Agonies* I lay under; ſo that being fully reſolv'd to make *Reſtitution* of all that very Moment, I ask'd my Confeſſor, a grave *ancient Pillar* of the Church, whether he wou'd give himſelf the Trouble to take into his Cuſtody a few Things I had *ſtolen* from a certain Perſon, and deliver them to their proper *Owner*. The old Gentleman, overjoy'd to find ſo *pious* a Diſpoſition in me, made anſwer, that he wou'd do it with all his *Heart*. Upon this I gave him a little *Purſe*, which I wore about my Neck in Nature of a *Relick-Caſe*, wherein he found a Lady's Picture in Miniature, three red Ribbons, and a Locket of Hair. When my venerable Spark ſaw this, *Come, come*, cries he, *if you have been guilty of no other Theft, ne'er trouble your ſelf about the Matter: this is a Peccadillo, a meer Trifle, and my Life for yours, will never riſe in Judgment againſt you. Ay, but Father*, ſaid I to him, *this is nothing to what follows, for I have*

ſtole

ſtole ſomething of a thouſand *Times* greater *Value than this. How, my dear Child,* ſaid he, twirling up his Whiskers moſt judiciouſly, *and what can that be? 'Tis,* anſwer'd I, *what both the* Indies *cannot purchaſe; 'tis what would pay the* greateſt *Monarch's* Ranſom *upon Earth; and I muſt beg you to reſtore it with the* other *Things. That you may be ſure of, young Man,* reply'd our Scruple-drawer; *for what ſays one of the brighteſt Luminaries of the Latin Church? Non tollitur peccatum niſi reſtituatur ablatum:* Which, for your Ladyſhip's Edification I thus tranſlate.

If you reſtore not what you ſtole,
Old Nick *will burn you to a Coal.*

With that, in ſpight of my Weakneſs, I jump'd out of Bed, took old *Eccleſiaſticus* by the Beard, and gave him ten or a dozen hearty *Buſſes,* and deſir'd him to *reſtore* them to your Couſin *Belinda:* Although my Relations, that ſtood round my Bed, were in Tears to ſee me ſo near my laſt *Exit,* yet they could not forbear *laughing* at ſo *ridiculous* a Scene; nay, even the good *Father* himſelf loſt all his *Gravity,* to find me troubled with ſo *merry* a Remorſe of Conſcience. However, to compoſe my afflicted Spirit, he promis'd, *in Verbo Sacerdotis,* that both the *Purſe* and the *Kiſſes* ſhould be faithfully *reſtor'd* to their right *Owner.* When they had given me *Satisfaction* in this *important* Point, I gave one of my Brothers a Will I had made a little before, and intreated him, that, if he had any *Kindneſs* for me, he wou'd take care to ſee two Articles of it perform'd: The firſt was, to bury the *Box,* wherein I preſerve your Letters, in the ſame Coffin with my ſelf; and the ſecond, to go to *Æmilia,* ask her for my Heart, and deliver it to Madam ——— to whom it rightly belongs. I likewiſe bethought my ſelf of ſome ſmall Matters I had ſtolen from *Caliſta,* and accordingly communicated theſe Scruples to my *honeſt* Confeſſor. But after I had given him a

full

full Account of the whole Affair, he fairly told me, that ſince I had made ſo many fruitleſs Journeys for her ſake, danc'd ſo many Hours Attendance after her, thrown away ſo many *Sighs*, and been at the *Expence* of ſo many Tears upon her Account, I had *honeſtly* deſerved a better Reward than a Patch-box, a Tooth-picker, and a ſmall Ear-ring amounted to, and therefore need not diſquiet my ſelf upon that Score. Thus you ſee, Madam, what a World of Care I took to diſcharge my Conſcience, that I might troop off like a good Chriſtian. But, as it happen'd, I might have ſav'd my ſelf the Trouble of making all this *Preparation*, for Heaven *contented* it ſelf to ſee me put all in Readineſs for this unwelcome Voyage, without carrying Matters any farther. In ſhort, my Fever abated, and I began to perceive ſome ſmall Glimpſe of a Recovery. 'Twas at this critical Juncture, when my Relations, intending, I ſuppoſe, to take their Advantage of my Weakneſs, which had not as yet wholly left me, propos'd a Match to me; and I, to convince you that I was not yet fully recover'd, in ſome Manner conſented to their Propoſal: But no ſooner did I find my ſelf in *Statu quo*, that is, re-eſtabliſhed in perfect Health of Mind and Body, but I took Care to eſcape the *Eccleſiaſtical Trap* they had laid for me, and made the beſt of my Way to *Paris*, where I am at preſent, but cannot tell you to what Place I ſhall remove next. However, this I know, Madam, that let my Deſtiny carry me to what Part of the World it pleaſes, I ſhall inviolably preſerve that Friendſhip which I have ſworn to you; and that nothing can give me greater *Satisfaction*, than to find by your Letters, that you maintain the ſame for me, who am,

Paris.

Madam,

Your moſt Obliged and
Moſt Obedient Servant.

To

To *CALISTA:*

To tell her what cruel Deſigns his Deſpair had thrown him upon.

WHen I parted from you yeſterday, I left you with a full Reſolution to *murder* my ſelf, that I might have the Honour of pleaſing you once in my Life, and free you, as you are pleas'd to expreſs your ſelf from a troubleſome *Perſecuter*. But hitherto I have not put my Deſign in *Execution*, as having not been able to *determine* what *ſort* of Death to pitch upon. At firſt I had an Inclination to *imitate* the late *Celadon*, of amorous Memory, and plunge headlong into the *River*; but then I was afraid leſt the Water would carry me to the Banks, as well as him, and the compaſſionate Nymphs ſave me in ſpite of my Teeth. Then the Fancy took me in the Head to go and decently hang my ſelf before your Door, and copy the Example of *Iphis*, who is the firſt Lover upon Record that brought a Halter into Reputation: But I conſider'd, upon ſecond Thoughts, that it would eternally reflect upon your Family, ſhould I make a Gallows of your Door; and beſides, *Hanging* is a ſcurvy ſort of Death, to which I have had an Averſion from my Cradle. In the next Place, I thought of *Poiſoning* my ſelf, but ſoon laid it aſide, believing that Poiſon was no more able to diſpatch me, than *Mithridates* in the Days of *Yore*, ſince I had made it in a Manner *familiar* to me, by being ſo long accuſtom'd to it; for, mind me, Madam, having fed ſo many Years upon Fear, Deſpair, and Melancholy, which are the rankeſt and moſt violent Poiſons in Nature, and this without any Prejudice to my Perſon, I think I may ſafely conclude, that I may venture now to take a ſmall Dole of

of *Arſenick* or *Antimony*, and yet do my ſelf no Harm After this, I bethought my ſelf, that to peirce my Heart with a Dagger, was as pretty an Expedient as a Man in my Circumſtances could wiſh; but when I reflected, that *Lucretia* had ended her Days with a Piece of cold Iron, I ſoon abandon'd my Deſign; for why the Plague ſhould I pitch upon that ſort of Death which a fooliſh Woman formerly choſe, who died out of Madneſs for having committed that very Action, which it makes me ſtark mad, that I have never been ſo fortunate as to commit? And therefore ſince my Deſpair proceeded not from the ſame Motive as that of the indiſcreet *Lucretia*, what Reaſon had I to chuſe the ſame Deſtiny? In ſhort, I ſpent the whole Night in conſidering of this Affair, but cou'd come to no final Reſolution. Now, Madam, I wou'd not have you think, that the Fear of Dying has hinder'd me all this while; no, 'tis the Manner of doing it, which has given me all my Uneaſineſs; for to unload my Conſcience to you all at once, ſince I have found ſo many Plagues and Croſſes in my Life, I would, by my Good-will, taſte a little Pleaſure at my Death. And this, Madam, I might expect to find, cou'd I put a certain Thought that has ſuddenly come into my Head, in Execution; which is, my faireſt Creature, to die between thy Arms, to expire upon thy Boſom, to be ſtifled with thy Kiſſes, and ſmother'd with thy Embraces. I am very well ſatisfy'd, before I have made the Experiment, that there is nothing of that Horror in this ſort of Death, as there is in Drowning, Hanging, and the like. Oblige me therefore ſo far, as to let me die in this Manner; for ſince you are reſolv'd upon my Death, what ſignifies it whether it be given with Pain or Pleaſure?

A Billet from a Lady.

Wherein ſhe deſires him to help her to a Song ſhe had forgotten.

I Remember, that yeſterday towards the Evening, I heard a *Sonnet* or *Madrigal*, I cannot tell you which of the two it was, repeated to me by I don't know who or where; but this I remember full well, that it was one of the prettieſt Fancies I ever heard in all my Life. This treacherous Memory of mine has unhappily loſt it; by the ſame Token, I have puzzled my Brain to no Purpoſe, all this Morning, in hopes to recover it. Prithee favour me ſo far, as to try whether you can retrieve it in yours, for I ſhall have Occaſion to ſhew it in certain Company to Night, where it will be very acceptable. I can give you no other Marks to know it by, but that it talks of *Cupid*'s having been of ſeveral Trades; but what thoſe Trades were, the Lord of *Oxford* knows for me, and concludes with this Line, or ſomething like it,

Where he ſtops one Hole, he leaves a Score in the Room.

If your Memory can't help you to it, I expect your Muſe ſhould ſupply the Defect of it, and ſend me before Evening either the Song I have forgotten, or one of your own upon the ſame Subject, full as good as the other. *Farewel.*

The ANSWER.

Madam,

I Have not the leaſt Idea of the Madrigal or Sonnet you write to me for, and indeed how ſhould I? My Memory can't help me to't; for to the beſt of my Remembrance

membrance, it was never *intruſted* with it. As for my *Muſe*, I have taken a great deal of *Pains* with her to put her in a *good* Humour, and *perſwade* her to *comply* with your Commands: Beſides that, ſhe *hates* nothing ſo much as to write upon *Compulſion*; ſhe told me very *bluntly*, that ſhe lay under no *Obligation* to pay the *Debts* of your Memory, or to *gratify* a Lady's Demands, that could forget a *fine* Piece of Poetry ſo *eaſily*. You muſt *own*, Madam, that ſhe had ſome *Reaſon* for what ſhe ſaid; for ſince you have *loſt* ſo charming a *Song*, as this laſt *appears* to have been by your *Concern* for it, how can it be *imagined*, that you ſhould take any Care to *preſerve* ſuch fooliſh Words as *mine*? At *firſt* indeed I was of her *Opinion*; but upon *ſecond* Thoughts both alter *my own* Mind and *hers* alſo, by *repreſenting* to her, that you cou'd not oblige her more *effectually*, than by *forgetting* her *Verſes*, ſince, at the ſame time, you would forget her *blind Side*.

Before I *part* with your Ladyſhip, I cannot but *remind* you of your *accuſing* me in your laſt, with being the moſt *faithleſs* Lover upon Earth. A *hideous* Charge! were it true; but, Heaven be *praiſed*, 'twill give me no great *Trouble* to *juſtify* my ſelf, tho' in making this Juſtification, I ſhall be *forc'd* to advance a certain *Doctrine*, which is not *commonly* receiv'd: I am perſwaded, Madam, that there can be no greater *Fidelity* in the World, than to *ſhew* it to ſeveral People at the *ſame Time*. When a Man has promis'd it but to one Miſtreſs, he needs no *mighty* Stock of it to keep his Word with her. But when he *vows* Fidelity to ſome ten or twelve *Bona Roba's* at once, he *ought*, in my Opinion, to be *plentifully* furniſh'd with this *precious* Commodity, to *enable* him to *acquit* himſelf of his Promiſe. As for my ſelf, Madam, I can *honeſtly* boaſt, that I am poſſeſſed of this happy Talent, and am the *faithfulleſt* Man living to half a dozen *Miſtreſſes* at this preſent Writing.

In all Love's Dominions I challenge the Boy
To ſhew ſuch a forward frank Lover as I:
So faithful and true where my Promiſe is paſt,
At the firſt ſo ſincere, and ſo warm at the laſt.
Imprimis, *I've ſworn true Allegiance to* Phillis;
And the ſame I have done to divine Amarillis:
Then to Cælia *the fair I my Heart did reſign;*
Next I laid down the Triſte at Iris's *Shrine.*
Caliſta *then gently put in for the Prize,*
Nor did the coy Sylvia *my Off'ring deſpiſe.*
But now you'll enquire, can they all quarter there?
Why, Madam, my Heart's large enough, never fear.
There's room for my Phillis,
And ſoft Amarillis:
And Cælia *the fair,*
Who need not deſpair
Of a good Lodging there:
With Iris, Caliſta, *and* Sylvia *beſide.*
Yes, Madam, this oft by Experience I've try'd.
So large is the Place, and ſo plenteous my Store,
I with Eaſe can provide for ſix Miſtreſſes more;
Nay, if you diſtruſt me, e'en ſend me a Score.

I don't know what your Ladyſhip will ſay to theſe *Heretical* Principles; but you may be ſatisfy'd I firmly believe them, having made this Confeſſion to you, not only in Verſe, but in the Sincerity of Proſe, in which I beg Leave to aſſure you, that I am with the utmoſt Reſpect,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient, &c.

To

To the Lady S——le, *who deſired him to draw the Character of his Rival.*

YOU are certainly the moſt ingenious Woman in the World at *tormenting* of your Humble Servants, ſo that 'tis really a great deal of Pity you had not been Daughter or Wife to one of thoſe Emperors who took ſo much Delight in inventing new Puniſhments to perſecute the poor Chriſtians. How nobly had you ſucceeded in that glorious Employment, and what Pleaſure would it have been to your good-natur'd Daddy, or Husband, to ſee the Fruitfulneſs of your Invention? All the Tortures, the Gibbets and Racks of thoſe famous Tyrants had been nothing but down-right Sport and Paſtime, if compar'd to the Torments which your fertile Genius would have found out. Have I not ſufficient Reaſon, Madam, to entertain this Opinion of your Cruelty, ſince I have found to my Coſt, how dexterous you are in perſecuting your Subjects? Is it impoſſible to deviſe a more emphatical Puniſhment, than to oblige a Man to write the Panegyrick of his Rival? And yet you have impos'd this cruel Neceſſity upon me. Since *Adonis* has the good Fortune, I won't ſay the Merit, to appear lovely in your Eyes, you muſt e'en lay your Commands upon me to draw him as ſuch, and charge me not to let Envy or Jealouſy have the leaſt Hand in his Picture: Nay, what is more, you expect I ſhould flatter his Defects, and ſet off his good Qualities. This, as I take it, is what you require me to do, in order to pleaſe you; but, Madam, is it poſſible I ſhould pleaſe you and my ſelf at the ſame time? I need not inform you ſure, what a Mortification it is to praiſe one's Rival even for his Perfections; what muſt it be then, to be forc'd to tell Lies in his Favour? Do you believe, that becauſe you are *charm'd* with his Merits, I muſt be ſo too? Or, becauſe you have been pleaſed to make him your Idol, that I muſt

fall

fall down and worſhip him in my Turn? I *appeal* now to your Ladyſhip, whether you did give me a juſt Provocation to compare you to thoſe ancient *Tyrants* that perſecuted the poor Chriſtians, becauſe they would not adore falſe Deities; for don't you exerciſe the ſame Injuſtice againſt me? But this is nothing, you are my Sovereign; and tho' it goes never ſo much againſt the Grain, I muſt obey; neither ſhall I ſcruple to ſacrifice my own Pleaſures, that I may promote yours. For this Reaſon, I will immediately take my Pencil in Hand, to draw the Picture of your beloved *Adonis*, and uſe all imaginable Precaution, that neither Envy nor Jealouſy ſhall be concerned in tempering the Colours.

Adonis is well ſhap'd, and of a reaſonable Stature. 'Tis true, ſome People think him ſomewhat of the *loweſt*; but what of all that? 'Tis rather an *Advantage* than any *Prejudice* to him, ſince no Man can call him a great Coxcomb, without giving himſelf the *Lie*. His *Hair* is of a fine flaxen Colour, and *curls* moſt deliciouſly, ſo that he may boaſt without Vanity, of having a *fine Head*. 'Tis a downright *Calumny* to ſay his Head is none of his own; for I am intimately *acquainted* with the Barber that ſold him his Periwig, who has told me a Hundred Times, that like a noble Gentleman, he gave him five Guineas more than it was worth. His *Head* ſtands between his two Shoulders, exactly like that of other Mortals upon a *Pedeſtal*, which, in truth, is ſomewhat of the ſhorteſt; but then to make him *Amends*, Nature has ſupply'd in *Thickneſs* what it wants in *Length*. His *Complexion* is as fair as a Lily, and indeed 'twere next to a Miracle were it otherwiſe; for to my certain Knowledge he owes the Devil-and-all for *Coſmeticks* and Waſhes, ſcrubs and lathers his Phyz moſt *unmercifully*, and beſtows ſome half a Dozen of *Waſhballs* upon it every Morning. His *Eyes* are blue and rouling; 'tis true they are ſomewhat heavy and dull; but then 'tis to be conſidered they are only ſo in your Preſence; and what *Wonder* is it, Madam, if when the *Sun* ſhines in its Meridian Brightneſs, the leſſer *Stars* diſappear? His

Eye-

Eye-brows are fair, but over large and ſomewhat *Saracen*-like; I mean when the Tweezers have not play'd their Part; for which Reaſon, I wonder at the *Impudence* of his Enemies, who pretend, that he has an *effeminate* Face. When Nature was in a liberal Vein, when ſhe beſtow'd a Head of Hair upon him, I cannot *reſolve* you, as not being able to *judge* of it through his *Periwig*; but this I am *aſſur'd* of, that ſhe ſhew'd her ſelf extreamly *frugal* when ſhe gave him a *Beard*; I ſay, Madam, extreamly *frugal*; for had ſhe given him one Hair *leſs*, ſhe had *ruin'd* his Beard to all Intents and Purpoſes. But *bleſſed* be the Faſhion, which extends its *Empire* over our *Beards*, as well as our *Habits*; *Adonis* has juſt *enough* for his *preſent* Occaſion. His *Noſe* is not to be *played* upon, becauſe 'tis ſomewhat of the *ſhorteſt*, which may be the *phyſical* Reaſon, perhaps, why he does not *ſmell* Things at a Diſtance. His *Cheeks* are *ruddy* and ſanguine, and indeed well may they *bluſh*, to be placed ſo near a *Mouth* that ſpeaks nothing but *Abſurdities*. In ſhort, the *Turn* of his Face ſeems to *promiſe* no mighty Stock of Intellectuals; but who knows but his Soul is an errant *Hypocrite*, and *conceals* it ſelf on Purpoſe to *ſurprize* all the *World*, when it makes its *firſt* Appearance? As for the Qualities of his *Body*, 'tis certain he poſſeſſes them to *Advantage*: He is a profound Critick in his Clothes; and tho' he duly employs half a Score *Hours* every Morning before his Toilet and Looking-glaſs, yet it cannot be *pretended*, that he beſtows them to no *Purpoſe*. He *dances* to Perfection, ſo that one may with *Juſtice* ſay of him, that if he has no Mercury in his *Brains*, he has enough in his *Heels*. He makes a good Figure on *Horſeback*, I cannot *deny* it, who the laſt Time I had the *Honour* of your Company, receiv'd an unlucky *Fall* from my Horſe, which he afterwards *mounted* before you, and *managed* with an extraordinary good *Grace*. I remember it full as well as if it were but Yeſterday, how plentifully you *laugh'd* at my Misfortune, and what mighty *Commendations* you beſtowed upon his Horſemanſhip. But, *Caliſta*, the *Miracle* is not ſo *great* as you imagine; for there is always

ways a ſtrange ſort of *Sympathy* between *Beaſts*, and that, perhaps, might occaſion the good *Intelligence* between the *Horſe* and *Adonis*. As for his *Courage*, I have nothing to *except* againſt it; he is not *afraid* of ſhewing his Face in the *Field*, and I believe wou'd not ſcruple to *hazard* his Life for a *Trifle*, becauſe he *knows* very well, that in doing ſo, he hazards a *Thing* of no very great *Importance*. He is *liberal* even to Profuſion, and *flings* away his Money like Dirt; but 'tis among his Songſters and Fidlers; becauſe they *compliment* him with the Title of *his Excellence*. He is *free* in his Diſcourſe, and has nothing of the *Diſſembler* in him; but, *Caliſta*, thoſe that always *ſpeak* what they *think*, don't always *think* what they *ſpeak* He is no *Liar*, and all that know him will do him the Juſtice to *clear* him from that Imputation; for there wants a great deal of *Wit* and *Memory* to qualify a Man for that *Calling*. As for *Wit*, his Adverſaries give out, that he has *little* or *none*; but I am *ready* to take up the *Cudgels* in his Defence, for, I think, he has given a *convincing*, and indeed an *undeniable* Proof of his Wit in *loving* you. But to this, the others reply, that he *loves* you merely becauſe he was *told* you were amiable, and only ſuffers himſelf to be *carried* down the Stream with your other *Admirers*. 'Tis true, his *Judgment* was never poliſh'd by Education; he has no more *Reliſh* for Learning than a Horſe, and is a perfect *Stranger* to all the Sciences: But, what is *equally* happy for him, he imagines he *knows* them all, and ſomething *more*: And as Happineſs *conſiſts* in one's *thinking* himſelf happy, ſo perhaps *Wit* and good *Senſe* may conſiſt in one's thinking himſelf *witty*. If this Inference holds *good*, no Man ever poſſeſs'd it in ſo *eminent* a Degree as *Adonis*, ſince no Man ever had a better Opinion of his own *Merit*. At the ſame Time, *Caliſta*, we muſt own that you have principally *contributed* to fix this *Error* in him, by heaping your Favours ſo *profuſely* upon him; and that 'tis *pardonable* in a Man to deceive *himſelf*, after he has deceiv'd a *Woman* of your Wit. As for his *Devotion*, 'tis agreed on all Hands that it muſt needs be very *great*; for he never *fails* of ſhewing his fine Perſon

at

at *Church* when *you* are there, which is as much as to ſay, he goes thither very *often*. He is as *diſcreet* as a Man in his Condition well can be, and to be ſure, *boaſts* not of Favours he never *received* from you. In his ordinary Converſation he pleaſes no *one* in a Million; but what *ſignifies* that, ſince he is ſo happy as to pleaſe you, and you *alone* are all the *World* to him. One cannot ſay, without groſly *flattering* him, that he *rallies* agreeably; but the Reaſon is, becauſe all *Raillery* is downright Slander; and *Slander* ſurely is below a Gentleman of his extraordinary *Worth*: He tells his Stories with a very ill *Grace*, and *teazes* all thoſe People to *Death* whom he deſigns to *divert* with them; but tell me, after all, what mighty *Honour* is it for a Man to be a good *Story-teller*, in plain *Engliſh*, a good *Buffoon*?

And now, *Caliſta*, I have finiſhed the Picture of your dear *Adonis*, as well as I was able. I am afraid you'll not think it altogether ſo charming as the *Original*; but I find my ſelf obliged in *Conſcience* to inform you, that *Love* is a moſt *deceitful* Painter, upon which Account 'tis not ſafe always to *believe* the Repreſentations of ſo known a *Flatterer*. Perhaps too my *Jealouſy*, whatever care I took to *hinder* it from having any Hand in this *Affair*, has not ſeconded your Intention. Well, be it ſo then: However, I aſſure you, *Caliſta*, that my *Jealouſy* is much more *juſt* than your *Love*, and better *knows* how to draw Pictures after the Life. I am,

Madam, Your moſt obedient Vaſſal, &c.

Mr. T. BROWN's *Pocket-Book of Common-Places.*

TO ſee the Number of the Churches and Conventicles open every *Sunday*, a Stranger wou'd fancy *London* all

all Religion; but then to ſee the Number of Taverns, Ale-houſes, *&c.* he wou'd imagine *Bacchus* the only God that is worſhipp'd there.

A Man need not go out of *London* to hear Barbariſms and Nonſenſe; they are the univerſal Traffick from *Limehouſe* to *Milbank.*

If no *Trades* were permitted but thoſe which were uſeful and neceſſary, *Lombard-ſtreet*, *Cheapſide*, and the *Exchange* might go a begging: For more are fed by our *Vanities* and *Vices*, than by our Virtues, and the Neceſſities of Nature.

Tradeſmen often break to get an Eſtate, as *Tartars* retire to get a Victory.

All the Advantage *Quality* has of us, is to eat *Aſparagus* at *Chriſtmas*, *Mackarel* in *February*, and *Larks* in *November*; run in Debt without *fear* of the *Bailiffs*, and put out no Lights in the Winter.

Men often intereſt Providence in their minuteſt Affairs, when they forget the greater. Thus a Captain in *Flanders*, dining at a Tavern, was pawned for the Reckoning; but juſt in the Nick, the Earthquake paid it, by knocking out the Brains of his Hoſt.

I wonder the Tax-Projectors in *France* have never thought of an Impoſition on Ice! Unleſs they have paſſed it over, as not reaching the Poor.

Some wou'd have us believe Camps the Schools of good Manners; but certainly we might as well learn Sobriety in a Tavern, and Chaſtity in a Brothel.

Tireſias knew more than *Solomon*; for the *blind Prophet* knew the Pleaſures of both Sexes, which was more than the nine hundred Concubines cou'd impart to the *King.*

I have found the Women generally againſt *Circumciſion*, and the diſmembring of the *Spaniſh Monarchy*; I can't tell their Reaſon, unleſs it be, that they are not for leſſening the Members.

For a Prince to think to ſuppreſs a Faction, by bribing one or two of its Heads, is to draw a Rent-Charge on the *Crown*; for when Men know they have paid for it, the Party will never want a freſh Supply of Leaders.

It s

It's a great Advantage to Traders of all ſorts, to come into a well-cuſtom'd Shop: So the Pope gets Money by ſucceeding St. *Peter*, Dr. *Gibbons* by coming into Dr. *Lower*'s Houſe, *&c.*

How little is popular Favour to be depended on? Four Years ago *Muſophilus* was *voted deſerving of the King's Favour*, and now voted to be try'd for Miſmanagement.

A *Faſt-Day* is only a Vacation from Cheating, and the Drunkard's Holiday.

After all, I know not whether a nice Taſte be not rather a Curſe, than a Bleſſing; for by that we are pleas'd with fewer things; and the leſs *Pleaſure*, the leſs *Happineſs*.

E'en Avarice has ſomething to ſay for it ſelf; and Sir *John Cutler*, perhaps, took as much Pleaſure to ſee his *Guineas*, as *Neal* to ſquander them away.

Lawyers leave generallyperplexed Wills: And Why? But that, as they got their Money by *Law*, their Heirs may ſpend it in the ſame Manner.

A Man, that had a bad Memory bought a *Memorandum*-Book, but never cou'd remember he had one. A notable Inſtance we had t'other Day in a certain Biſhop, who forgot where he had laid his *Memorandums*.

Vainlove is a damn'd repeating *Poetaſter*, and his Tongue is like a perpetual Motion, never lying ſtill: Yet ſpeaking of a Brother of the Quill --- 'Tis a thouſand pities, ſays he, --- *He's the honeſteſt Fellow in the World, only he talks too much.*

In the *Moſaick* Law, if the Whiteneſs had overſpread all the Body, then the affected had Liberty to go abroad for Air; if ſome part of the Body was free from Infection, he was to be kept up as *Unclean*. From which I obſerve, firſt, That *Putrefaction* is more contageous before Maturity, than after: Secondly, That Men abandon'd to Vice, don't ſo much corrupt Manners, as Half-Debauchees, half *good* and half *evil*.

If the *Euchariſt* be the true and real Body of our *Saviour*, why do you adminiſter it on *Fridays*, when you prohibit eating Fleſh?

Tobacco,

Tobacco, *Ale*, and the *Proteſtant Religion*, the three great Bleſſings of Life.

The *Roman* Sepulchres were erected near the Highways, to put People in mind of Mortality; for which reaſon we find the Inſcriptions addreſſed to the *Viator*, or Paſſenger, ill imitated by us in our *Church Tombs*. *Caligula* gave his Horſe *Incitatus* a Parſonage; and no doubt on't, but would have diſpenſed with the Horſe's keeping a *Curate* to officiate, becauſe he had an Impediment in his Speech.

The *Jewiſh OEconomy* ſeems never deſigned for *all* the World, but calculated for a narrow Territory, ſince they were obliged to go thrice a Year to *Jeruſalem*.

A reverend, but laborious dull Trifler in his Book, would perſwade us, that the Gardens of the *Heſperides* and *Alcinous* are taken from the *Garden of Paradiſe*. Yes, as much as the great Bed at *Ware* was borrowed from that of King Og; and he might as well have drawn the *Pope's Triple Crown*, from St. *Peter's* Triple Denial of our Saviour.

Mythologiſts are indeed very pretty Fellows, and are mighty Unravellers of the Fables of the old *Ethnicks*, diſcovering all the *Old Teſtament* concealed in them. Thus *Eve* was *Ate*, *Pandora*, and *Proſerpina*: *Aſtrea's* leaving the World, was *Enoch's* Aſſumption in the fiery Chariot: Becauſe *Kings*, in Scripture, are ſtil'd *Gods*, therefore the *Pagans* deify'd their Kings: *Jupiter*, *Ammon*, *Bacchus*, and *Pan* are painted with Horns, becauſe *Horns*, in the *Scripture*-Phraſe, ſignify Power. They might, after this rate, if they had a mind to it, bring Gammar *Gurton* in, and make her, and Mother *Shipton*, and *Beſs* of *Bedlam* ſignify the *Witch* of *Endor*.

The thriving Citizen makes it a chief Article of his *Creed*, that he muſt do every thing that will help to promote *Trade*; for that, to him, *is the Law and the Prophets*.

Æneas's Piety runs inceſſantly out at his Eyes. He weeps at the Burying of his Nurſe; he weeps at the Loſs of *Palinurus*.

When

When *Dido* found her ſelf abandoned, and out of Deſpair was contriving to diſpatch her ſelf, the *Trojan* Prince very fairly goes to his Veſſel, where he ſleeps ſo ſoundly, that *Mercury* muſt come to awake him.

l. 1. *bell. civ.*

Appian made a groſs Blunder in his Hiſtory, where he ſays, That the *Romans* had Kings for the Space of an hundred Olympiads; whereas all the World knows, that *Tarquin* was expelled A. U. C. 244. and there's 156 Years Miſtake in the Matter. But *Appian* viſibly contradicts himſelf too elſewhere, where he places the Dictatorſhip of *Sylla* in the 175th Olympiad.

The *Pagan* Sacrifices for the moſt part were at the Charge of the Publick. *Theodoſius* uſes it as an Argument to the Heathens to turn *Chriſtians*, becauſe their Religion was coſtly.

Cyder an ancient Liquor mentioned both by *Tertullian* and St. *Auſtin*; the former calls it *ſuccum ex pomis vinoſiſſimum.* The other writing againſt the *Manichees*, who abſtained wholly from Wine, which they objected to. The *Catholicks* charge 'em with drinking the Juice of Apples, far more delicious than Wine, or any other Liquor. From theſe Paſſages of *Tertullian* and *Auſtin*, who were both *Africans*, Cardinal *Perron* (who was born in *Jerſey* of Proteſtant Parents) thinks this Liquor was firſt known in *Africa*, from thence paſſed into *Spain* among the *Biſcayneers*, and from them into *Normandy*.

Juſtin cenſured by ſome for the Digreſſion about the Antiquity of the *Scythians* and *Ægyptians*, as *Salluſt* is by *Scaliger*, Poet. *l.* 4. for his tedious Speeches; for ſpending ſo much time in deſcribing the *Aræ Fratrum*; in making a Parallel between *Cato* and *Cæſar*, *Præter Hiſtoriæ Argumentum*, and tracing the Conſpiracy of *Catiline* to the Original of *Rome*, not to mention his two tedious impertinent Prefaces. *Creuſa* has told *Æneas*,

Ad terram Heſperiam venies, ubi Lydius, *Arva*
Inter opima virûm, leni fluit agmine Tybris.

And yet he ſays afterwards,

Incerti quo fata ferant.

The

The *Ancilia* among the old *Romans* (as a Reverend Author aſſerts) had ſome Reference to the *Jews Urim* and *Thummim*: As much as they have to the *Spaniſh* Arms in the *Tower*.

Ariſtophanes's Quarrel with *Socrates* was, becauſe he deſpis'd the Comedians, tho' he would go to ſee, *Eurip.* Trag. for which Reaſon, *Nub.* Act 5. Sc. 2. he jeers at *Eurip.* Poetry.

The Clouds did not contribute to the taking away *Socr.* Life. *Palmerius* has ſhewn that he liv'd 24, if not 25 Years after. 'Tis evident from the Play that was acted before *Cleon*'s Death, which happened in the 10th Year of the *Peleponneſian* War, at which time *Aminias* was the chief Magiſtrate at *Athens*, *Ann.* 2. *Olymp.* 8. But *Socrates* was accuſed when *Lachetes* govern'd, *Ann.* 1. *Olymp.* 95. three and twenty Years after the Death of *Cleon.* — *Anton.* — *Thyſi'* in his Comments upon *A. Gellius*, *l. c.* 17. pretends, that after *Ariſt.* had expos'd *Soc.* in his Comedy called *The Frogs*, (for ſo he miſtakes) the next Day he was accus'd and condemn'd.

'Tis confeſs'd by learned Men he liv'd 16 Years after this Play.

— Who perhaps borrow'd it from Olivarius *in l.* 7. Val. Max.

Apud Homerum *Alcinous* Odyſſ. 7. Ulyſſi *peregrino Filiam offert optans ut illam velit accipere, & vocari gener, quod quidam reprehendunt.*

Circe better employ'd by *Ovid*, than by *Virgil*. In the latter ſhe is repreſented weaving: In the former ſhe and her Companions.

Vellera mutis
Nulla trahunt digitis, nec fila ſequentia ducunt.
Gramina diponunt, ſparſoſq; ſine ordine flores
Secernunt calathis, variaſq; coloribus herbas.

And this ſeems to be the fitter Diverſion for an Enchantreſs.

Macrobius, *l.* 5. *c.* 17. blames *Virgil* unjuſtly, for making the Grounds of the *Latin* War ſo trivial. *Homer*'s *Iliads* turn upon a leſs, the Tears of a Parſon's Daughter

Errorem admiſit Lucanus, cum dixerit:

Fundat ab extremo flavos Aquilone Suevos
Albis.

Nam Suevi Rheno propiores.

Par error in ſequentibus.

——— *Ganges toto qui ſolus in orbe*
Oſtia naſcenti contraria ſolvere Phœbo
Audet.

Iſter ſiquidem & Padus & Thameſis in Orientem fluunt, quin Ganges in Auſtrum exit.

Iſidore pretends that 'till *Auguſtus*'s Time, the *Romans* made uſe of *cs* inſtead of *x*; and *Papias* adds, that after the Nativity of our Saviour, it came in Faſhion, *in Honorem Crucis*, in Reſpect to the Croſs; both which are falſe. For in the *Colonna Roſtrata*, the oldeſt Remainder of Antiquity in *Rome*, we find *exfociunt* for *effugiunt*.

Errores Philol.

Infractus *idem Servio ac* invictus; *male. Nam nemo ita uſurpat Latinorum, apud quos* infracti *ſunt vere fracti & victi.* Cruſerius *Plutarchi interpres in Vita Catonis Uticenſis* ἰχυρὸ reddit infractum, *ſed perperam.*

Priamus *Iliad* 22. *dehortans Hectorem a congreſſu cum Achille tandem ſubjicit,* ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν. *Nihil audire clarius ad contumeliam Hector potuit. Vide quid Cerdanus ſuper hac re dicat, p.* 695.

Some Writers of no mean Note among us have made uſe of *Jewiſh* Teſtimonies to prove the Trinity, as ſome *Romiſh* Authors have done the ſame to ſupport that monſtrous Doctrine Tranſubſtantiation. Particularly *Galatinus* in his firſt Book *de Arcanis Cathol. Verit. c.* 3. ſays, *That the ancient* Jews *may be thought not ſo much to have foretold Things to come, as to have reported, like the Evangeliſts, Things already done.* To this Purpoſe *Rabbi Cahana* and *R. Judas* are cited by them, tho' in the Places alledg'd we find nothing that makes to that Purpoſe; as alſo *R. Simeon*'s *Revelatio Secretorum*, a Book compos'd in *Utopia*, and *R. Baruchias* in *Eccleſiaſten*.

As *Mahomet* ſays of himſelf,

Ego

Ego quadraginta Virorum in meis lumbis vires habeo.

So may *Ed*———*ds* with more Truth assert,

I have a Stock of Impudence and Calumny, enough to furnish the whole Town upon Occasion.

Scaliger de Emend. Temp. lib. 5. pretends that *Troy* was taken about Full-Moon, and the beginning of Spring.

Petronius in his Fragment, *de expugnatione Trojæ.*

Jam plena Phœbe candidum extulerat jubar.

To excuse *Moses* for killing the *Egyptian*, 'tis merrily enough pretended, that he had the Spirit of Prophecy upon him when he did it; and knew that out of this Fellow's Loins no Proselite should ever arise.

It deserves Observation, that the Names of the two Magicians that oppos'd *Moses*, are still remaining with *Jewish*, *Christian*, and *Pagan* Historians, tho' *Moses* no where calls them by their Names. But 'tis probable that the *Ægyptian* Priests writ Memoirs of what happened, and so out of their Writings (for after the Captivity the *Jews* had no old Monuments, but what are still extant) the Names of the *Ægyptian* Magicians might be taken.

Atridas, Priamumq; & sævum ambobus Achillem.

Legendum Atriden. Neq; enim Menelao sævus fuit, sed Agamemnoni quem confodere voluit Iliade; deinde si tres, Agamemnonem, Priamum & Menelaum proponet, quo pacto dicit sævum ambobus?

Guy Patin in his Letters, tells us, that being Physician to *Gassendus*, and telling him that he was at the Point of Death, he answer'd him:

Omnia præcepi, atq; animo mecum ante peregi.

In some Countries the People are Slaves without a standing Army, as in *Poland*, *France*, &c. where the Tenants hold at the Will of the Lord; and consequently are not industrious to build and plant.

Poggius tells us of a Man that gelt himself to know whether his Wife ——— he being jealous of her.

Homerus tradidit a Pharo in Ægyptum uectis & diei cursum fuisse navis stridens quam ventus pone sequatur. Quod falsissimum cum Alexandria stet ab Amnis bis mille. tamen semper est littorea.

In *Agragas*, if we may believe *Laertius*, *l.* 8. there were eight hundred Thousand Inhabitants, *μυριάδες κατώτων ὀγδοήκοντα*, *verum mendum est in numeris, qui cum per literas numerales compendiose scriberentur facile potuerunt* π ϡ κ *mutari. Qua ratione factum ut pro viginti Myriadibus, octingenta scriberentur. Neque enim habuisse Agrigentum supra* 20 *Myriades*, i. e. 200 Thousand *his verbis docet Diodorus Siculus*, l. 13. Ἀκδαγαντῖνοι μ̄ ἦσαν πλείους τῶν δεκάκις μυρίων σὺν δὲ τοῖς κατοικοῦσι οὐκ ἐλάττους τῶν εἴκοσι μυριάδων.

John Dunton's *Athenians*, it seems, affect the Honour of being thought Originals, and it must be confess'd, to their great Honour, that they are so: For most of their Etymologies, their circular Rainbows, nay what is more surprizing, their very Translations, are meer Originals: And so is every thing, in short, but their Poetry, which is a feeble Imitation of *Jordan*'s Versification.

As for their great Skill in Etymology, I shall instance in two, *viz. Surplice* from *super* and *plico*, and *Punch quasi Paunch.* As for the first, it is called in Latin *Superpellicem*, and is far enough from the Derivation they brought. And as for the latter, *Punch quasi Paunch*, it is like *Hat quasi Hate*, because a Man hates to be without a Hat.

The *Athenian* who told us his Wife never long'd for any thing but she had it, is desired to tell her, that if she longs to see an ill-natur'd Blockhead, she need not stir out of Doors to see the Sight.

Nymphas Baccho adhibere, will pass no where for Bawdy, but only amongst the *Athenians*; where this Phrase does not signify to pimp for *Bacchus*, or to help *Bacchus* to a *Covent-Garden* Cooler, (which seems to be their Mistake) but only to a little cool Water. And in this Sense the severest Ear in the Kingdom may read it without Offence.

Æneid. l. 2. *Jamq; adeo super unus eram*, &c. *Sunt qui sequentes* 22. *versus rejiciunt, at Scaliger, l.* 3. *cap.* 11, 12, *&* 23. *germanos esse evincit, ab imbecilli sorte humana.*

Cowley

Cowley falſly repreſents *Pindar* as irregular: The *Antiſtrophe* always anſwers the *Strophe*, and the *Epods* each other.

In the *Engliſh* Play, *Oedipus* makes an Alluſion to the Decorations of the *Athenian* Stage, which were not invented till a hundred Years after.

The *German* Soldiers won't fight without Pay. Even the Gods *Neptune* and *Apollo* trounc'd *Laomedon* for cheating 'em of their Hire.

Julian in his Epiſtles, tells us, That the Fig-trees in *Judæ* were ſeldom or ever without Fruit, the Old not falling off till the New came on. This may afford Light to the Paſſage, *Mat.* 13. 14. *The Time of Fruits was not yet come.*

The Publiſher of *Petronius cum Notis Variorum*, recommends the reading of him to thoſe that would underſtand St. *Paul*'s Epiſtles.

Mr. *F*———*lle*, in his Account of *Jerſey*, tells us of a Charter given a Man to hold during Life, and five Years after.

Joſhua takes no notice of the *Phœnicians* Peopling of *Africa*, and erecting Pillars at *Tangier*: Yet *Procopius de Bello Vandal. lib.* 8. affirms it, and is believed.

Rablais has not been more extravagant in his *Garagantua*, than the *Jewiſh* Rabbies in their Stories of King *Og*. They tell us that Monarch had got a mighty Stone upon his Head, deſigning to ruin the whole *Iſraelite* Army with it. Down comes a Lapwing, and pecks ſuch a Hole thro' it, that it fell on his Shoulders; and by a Miracle his upper Teeth ſuddenly extended, kept it faſt from Motion.

Poeta loquutus eſt cum in principio Æneid. dixerit, Lavinaq; venit littora, *at cum in perſona Palinuri*, portuſq; require Velinos, *quia Scil. ſuo tempore ſic nominabantur minus excuſandus eſt.*

Florus ſays, that *Cæſar* purſu'd *Cavelianus uſq; in Sylvas Caledonias.*

The only thing I envy you in the Country, is, your Women; and there 'tis true, you have the better of us; and a mighty Bleſſing it is, if you knew how to value it

aright. You know, I have in my Time had ſome civil Correſpondence with the *London* Ladies; but after all I don't like them. I have the ſame Quarrel to them as the Parſons have to the Laity, they know too much.

Militant Drunkards here below. A Paſſage inconſiſtent with the affected Gravity of thoſe ſtrait-lac'd Moraliſts the *Poultry* Reformers, who place the greateſt Part of their Religion in the *Opus Operatum* of bellowing out of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

'Tis cuſtomary for Poets to commend one another, like the two famous Swords-men in *Beſſus*, who gave it under one another's Hands, that they were brave Fellows.

Compliments, like Funeral Sermons, ought in Strictneſs of Juſtice to be paid to thoſe Performances only that really deſerve them; and that even in thoſe Caſes, the Incenſe is not worth one's Acceptance, unleſs free and unrequeſted.

Vanity makes the *French* Loyal, and boaſt of what their King does.

Lucian makes *Prometheus* cite a Verſe out of *Homer*, that liv'd long after.

Dr. *Heylin* in his Introduction to his Coſmography, tells us of ſome People that make *Ariſtotle* to be our Saviour's Præcurſor in Naturals, as St. *John* was in Spirituals. He might better have made *Prometheus* a Type of his Crucifixion.

When the *Senate* had once permitted the Soldiers to elect *Galba*, and had confirm'd that Election, more Emperors were elected Abroad in the Field by the Legions, than at Home by the Senators.

Three Legions kept their conſtant Reſidence here, *viz.* the ſixth, the twentieth, (both ſirnam'd *Victrix*) and the eleventh; but in the declining State of the *Empire*, when the *Romans* were forc'd to recal them for the Defence of *Italy*, then over-run by the Northern Nations, the *Scots* and *Picts* ſo harraſs'd the poor *Britains*, that in Hopes of Relief, they call'd in the *Saxons*;

Incidit in Scyllam, &c.

Joſephus

Joſephus all the World knows, ſtudied to make his own Country great, even at the Expence of Truth. Thus, that *Moſes* might not appear a poor Fugitive that fled into the Wilderneſs, he makes him the General of an Army in *Æthiopia*, and married to the King of the Country's Daughter.

King *Henry* VIII. in the Year 1538, conſidering in what Terms he ſtood with the *Pope*, and *Charles* V. for his late Defection from the See of *Rome*, and his Divorce of Queen *Katherine*, thought it adviſeable to provide for his Safety, by building in all Places where the Shore lay open and expoſed, Caſtles, Platforms, and Block-houſes.

Ariſtotle and *Plato*, tho' Commonwealth-men, call'd the Government under the *Ephori*, Τυραννίδα καὶ τὸ Τυραννικον.

When we came there, we found two ſolemn Pieces of Antiquity, the old Gentleman and his Lady, coughing at the Fire ſide very conjugally, and anſwering one another like two Birds in a Cage.

The Collection of Canons and Decretals publiſh'd by *Riculphus* Biſhop of *Mentz*, under the Name of *Iſidorus*, ſpurious. Every one was ſurpriz'd at the Novelty, but no Body durſt imagine it the Work of an Impoſtor. Pope *Nicholas* and his Succeſſors underſtood the Value of them ſo well, that they built the Canon-Law upon this Foundation: and 'twas not till the 14th Century that learned Men began to doubt of them. One of the ſtrongeſt Arguments that was uſed to reject them, was taken from the Silence of the eight firſt Ages.

Foreign Gods, without enquiring into their Merits, were, with leſs ado made free of *Rome*, than one can get into the louſieſt Corporation in *England*.

'Tis a Miracle, that *Ed*——*ds*, when diſcourſing of the *Sybyls*, forgot to tell us that the *Sybil* which came with her Books to *Tarquin*, was lineally deſcended from the old Woman at *Endor*.

St. *Auſtin* pretends that the Magicians fail'd in the third Plague, to ſhew the Defect of human Philoſophy, when it comes to the Myſtery of the Trinity.

Virgil's Narration of *Palinurus's* swimming three Days, destroys what St. *Evremont* tells us of the Poets preserving Probability in Actions meerly human.

In Heroick Times, even at Feasts, Men did not eat of Dishes in common, but every one had his Portion apart, and the best Man had always the greatest.

Veiling of the Bride, a decent Custom, that common Sense might dictate to them, without travelling as far as *Palestine* for it.

Gregory Nazianzen, in his twentieth Oration, has this remarkable Passage, τῷ αυτῷ πωλῷ διδασκάλῳ χρώμενος. as merry a Sight, as it would be to see two grave B———ps lugging one another by the Beards in a Council.

Julian the Emperor, in his first Oration *de Laudibus Constantii*, tells us, that *Xerxes* took up χρόνον ἐτῶν οὐκ ἐλάσσοδα δέκα, in Preparations for the Greek War, which is impossible, since *Xerxes* began this War against them in the 6th Year of his Reign.

Eusebius, l. 1. *c.* 8. *Hist. Eccl.* quotes *Josephus's Antiquities*, and makes him relate the Punishment with which God afflicted *Herod*, for the Murder of the young Children, leaving out the Names of *Juda* the Son of *Sarapæus*, and *Matthias* the Son of *Margalotus*, who were slain by *Herod's* Command, long after the *Infanticidium*, which *Josephus* mentions not at all.

'Tis strange how the fore-mention'd Passage in *Josephus* should escape *Justin Martyr* in his Dialogue with *Trypho* the *Jew*. How *Tertullian* and *Clem. Alex.* should so strangely forget to urge its Authority against the *Jews*, and that none should ever take Notice of it before *Eusebius*.

Clem. Alex. pretends that *Miltiades* was beholden to *Moses's* History, for the Victory which he obtain'd over the *Persians*.

No mention of *Christ*, or the last Judgment in the *Sibyls*; only an Interpreter gather'd out of them.

Eum, quem revera Regem habebamus, appellandum quoq; esse Regem, si salvi esse velimus.

The

The *Essenes* first heard of in the Time of *Jonathan* the Brother of *Judas Maccabæus*, about 150 Years before *Christ*, a sort of *Pythagorean Jews*, mention'd by *Josephus*, *l.* 13. *c.* 9. *Philo de Vita Contemplativa*, describes their way of living; erroneously apply'd by *Eusebius* to the primitive Christians.

Bracca a Mantle, such as the *Irish* wear. *Tunica fago imposita*, worn over their Coats and Cassocks.

Tertullian inveighs against the *Tragedians* for using the *Cothurnus*, and endeavouring to make our Saviour (who said, *You cannot add one Cubit to your Stature*,) a Liar.

Ulysses in *Homer*, says of himself,

——————— ὃς πᾶσι δόλοισιν
Ἀνθρώποισι μέλω καὶ μὲν κλέος οὐρανὸν ἥκει.

Parum apte dictum dolis ad Cœlum evehi posse.

The Blind and the Lame (says Mr. *Gregory*) mean the Tutelar Gods of the Place, whom the *Israelites* call'd so in Derision. Else why should *David* say, 2. *Sam.* 5. 8. *My Soul hates the Lame and the Blind?* Or the People of *Israel*, *That the Blind and the Lame should not come into the House?*

Fundum Varro vocat quem possis mittere funda.

The following EPIGRAM on Dr. *OATES*.

Scriptus es in Tergo, Nec dum finitur Orestes.

A merry Argument to prove the Antiquity of *Oxon* higher than that of *Cambridge*, because *Adam* was a *Terræ-filius* before he turn'd *Prævaricator*.

Our Fathers took Oaths, as of old they took Wives,
To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives.
But we take our Oaths, as our Whores, for our Ease,
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they please.

The End of Mr. *Brown*'s Common-Place-Book.

In immaturum obitum *Annæ Baynard*, Filiæ *Edvardi Baynard*, M. D. Virginis eruditiſſimæ, quæ pridie Id. *Jun. Ann. Dom.* 1697.

Piam Animam efflavit.

ERgo eruditam perpetuus ſopor
Urget Baynardam? *Præcipe lugubres*
Thaliæ cantus, & ſeveros
Quære modos graviore plectro.

O Anna *ſæcli degenevis ſtupor!*
Gentis Britannæ Spes, Amor & Decus!
O *Virgo in æternum ſacratis*
Pieridum memoranda Faſtis!

Aptem decoros unde Lyræ Modos?
Qua voce laudes aggrediar tuas?
O *digna cantari Novenis*
Caſtalidum numeris piarum!

Te Gratia Pallas *nutriit in ſinu,*
Muſæ vocarunt te Latiæ ſuam:
Te dote non una ſuperbam
In medios Sophiæ *receſſus.*

Apollo *duxit: ſic tibi ſemina*
Naſcentis orbis; ſic penetralia,
Magnique naturæ labores,
Et vacuæ patuere ſedes.

Quæ vi tumeſcant æquora, ſubdolum
Lunæ quid orbem proferat, aut premat.
Quid contumax, venti propago
Æoliis *meditentur antris.*

Unde

Unde Iris arcum pingere gestiat,
Quis motor axem dirigit aureum:
Cur horridum fulgens Cometes
Syrma minax per inane jactet.

Non te sagittis, ut reliquas, Puer
Lusit Cupido; nempe animum Deus
Implevit ingentem, & capaces
Igne sacro tetigit Medullas.

Qualem trementi vidit in arbore
Moses *benigno Lumine splendidum,*
Densos per Errores comarum
Mobilibus sinuare gyris;

Cum flamma frondes lamberet innocens,
Ramis jocosos incutiens metus,
Blandique vestirent calores
Attonitum sine fraude veprem.

Utcunque verno dura necessitas
Te flore decerptam abstulerit Tuis,
Quid luctui indulgemus atro?
Parte tui meliore vivis.

Sic me renascens funere fertili
Phœbeus *ales Morte reseminat,*
Bustoque committit fideli
Emeritos rediturus artus.

Hinc te micantem Virgineo in Choro
Cornata *castis excipit osculis,*
Scurmanna *te visam stupescens*
Inde cupit, fruiturque visa.

Circum decora serta manu gerens
Cœli juventus constituit, aureos
Mirata Sermones, & altæ
Aure sonos bibit efficaces.

Te Candor, æqui conſcia te Fides,
Te ignara Zonam ſolvere Caſtitas,
Te Veritas blandum renidens
Ætheris comitantur arvis.

Preſtona *felix, ubere quæ ſinu*
Annum *tuliſti! te memores canent*
Fauſtam Camœnæ, tu fereris
Perpetua ſuper aſtra fama.

Nec Smyrna vatis Mæonii parens,
Nec quæ Maronem Mantua protulit
Durabit æque, Oracula vatum
Siquid habent celebrata veri.

A Walk round London *and* Weſtminſter, *expoſing the Vices and Follies of the Town.*

A TAVERN.

HAving over-Night carry'd my *Indian* Friend to the *Tavern*, whence, in order to entertain his Curioſity, I introduc'd his Pagan Worſhip into a Chriſtian Society of true Proteſtant Fuddle-caps, among whom, tho' there was much preaching over their Liquor, yet there was no Vice or Vanity, but what, in its turn, had its Aſcendancy in the Company, which occaſion'd my *Indian* to be more particularly inquiſitive about the tipling Rendezvous, where he had been ſo lately oblig'd with ſuch Variety of Amuſement. Therefore, that he might better underſtand what had paſs'd his Obſervation, in Anſwer to his Importunities, I made the Smoak-dry'd Infidel ſhew his Ivory-Teeth, and grin like a Sun-burnt Ploughman at a Mountebank-Oration, whilſt he heard the following Account, which

which for his farther Information I very frankly gave him.

This Place, said I, is a *Tavern*, and a *Tavern* is a little *Sodom*, where as many Vices are daily practis'd, as ever were known in the great one. Thither *Libertines* repair to drink away their Brains, and piss away their Estates; *Aldermen* to talk Treason, and bewail the Loss of Trade; *Saints* to elevate the Spirit, hatch Calumnies, coin false News, and reproach the Church; *Gamesters* to shake their Elbows, and pick the Pockets of such Cullies who have no more Wit than to play with them; *Rakes* with their *Whores*, that by the help of Wine they may be more impudent and more wicked, and do those things in their Cups, that would be a Scandal to Sobriety; *Lovers* with their *Mistresses*, in hopes to wash away that Modesty with the Soothing Juice, which had been a Hindrance to their Happiness, so that they may fall to without Grace, and give a pleasing Earnest to each other of their future Affections: Thither *Sober Knaves* walk with *Drunken Fools*, to make cunning Bargains, and over-reach them in their Dealings, where, cloaking their mental Reservations with a grave Countenance, they will tell more Lies about a Hogshead of Tobacco, than *Tavernier* in his Travels does about Mount *Ætna*. Thither *Young Quality* retire to spend their Tradesmens Money, and to delight themselves with the Impudence of lewd Harlots, free from the Reflections or Remarks of their own Servants, whilst their Ladies at Home are doing themselves Justice after the like Manner, and perhaps, for want of better Opportunity, are glad to break a Commandment with their own Footmen. Thither *Bullies* Coach it to kick Drawers, and invent new Oaths and Curses, and in Feasting, Rattling and Blustering, to lavish away that scandalous Income call'd a Petticoat-Pension, tho' doom'd the next Day to a Threepenny Ordinary. Thither run *Sots* purely to be drunk; that they may either wash away the Reflections of their own past Follies, or forget the Treachery of their Friends, the Falshood of their Wives, the Disobedience of

of their Children, the Roguery of their Lawyers, the Bitchery of their Paramours, or the Ingratitude of the World, that they may drown the Remembrance of paſt Evils in the Enjoyment of the preſent: Thither *Beaux* flock to ſhew their Vanity, drink Healths to their Miſtreſſes, boaſt of Conqueſts they never made, praiſe Beauties they never ſaw, brag of Duels they never fought, cenſure Books they never read, damn Authors they never knew, talk familiarly of Noblemen they had never the Honour to ſpeak to, commend the Virtue of Women they have made Whores, and rob thoſe of their Reputation they could never conquer. Thither *Cowards* repair to make themſelves valiant by the Strength of their Wine; *Fools* to make themſelves witty in their own Conceits; *Maids* to be made otherwiſe; *Married Women* to cuckold their Husbands; and *Spendthrifts* to be made miſerable by a ridiculous Conſumption of their own Fortunes. In ſhort, no People are Cuſtomers to that Warehouſe of Debaucheries, where *Rakes* and *Extravagants* forfeit their vicious Appetites at the Price of their own Ruin, but what are leſs careful of their own Good, than they are of their Vintners, except ſuch who have a ſtrong Guard upon their Purſes, and a ſtout Bridle to their Appetites, and they may venture to ſip off half a Pint at a Sitting, without the Danger of contracting an ill Habit, that may at laſt expoſe them to the World's Contempt, under the ſcandalous Plague of an empty Pocket.

But prithee, ſays my tawny Acquaintance, who was that fine Lady that ſtood pulling a Rope, and ſkreaming like a Peacock againſt rainy Weather, pinn'd up by her ſelf in a little Pew, all People bowing to her as they paſs'd by, as if ſhe was a Goddeſs ſet up to be worſhipp'd, and that it was Blaſphemy in a Mortal to lay a Finger upon the beauteous Deity? A Man may find, ſaid I, by your innocent Simplicity, how eaſily, by the Vanities of this Town, a Stranger may be impos'd upon; that very tawdry Buſy-Body of a Female, that you have ſuch heavenly Conceptions of,

is

is no more, I can assure you, than a Stage-Coachman's Daughter, and by all Relation, has sufficiently prov'd her self true Flesh and Blood, before she was advanced to the Chalk and Spunge, which are the principal Badges that belong to that honourable Station you beheld her in; but being nearly related to the Master of the House, he has put her into his Bar, in hopes sometime or other she may top her crack'd Pipkin upon some Fool of a Drawer, who has Patience enough to prove as contented a Cuckold as his Master; so that she has little else to do, but to dress, paint, and patch, ogle her Uncle's Beau-Customers, and tattle at the Bar with an amorous Extravagant, that she may coax him with her Smiles to dine there the oftner; which the Fool does more for the sake of raw Flesh, than either Boil'd or Roasted: Tho' at last she disappoints him of the great Felicity he hopes for, and only treats him with kind Glances, and a few amorous Witticisms, as long as his Money runs flush; but as soon as that begins to fail, then her Shooting-horn Looks and Freedoms are turn'd into moody Pouts and a scornful Reservedness, that makes the Block-head quit the House with *Damn her for a Jilt*; and so leaves my Lady to play the same Game with the rest of her Admirers.

I profess, says my inquisitive Acquaintance, so long as I have been in *England*, notwithstanding the Benefit of your kind Instructions, I have not yet learnt to distinguish Female Quality from the Wives and Daughters of Mechanicks, any other Way than by their Coaches and Attendance; for the former dress with as much Gaiety as the latter; speak as contemptibly of all Persons beneath them, and as enviously of those above, as they do cry foh at any thing that offends them, and magnify any thing that pleases them, just like Quality: And as for their Virtues and their Vices, they are so exactly alike in both, that it is as difficult a Matter to find the Difference, as to know a Cock-Linnet from a Hen by the Colour of their Feathers. But pray excuse my Impertinence, that

that has almoſt led you into a Digreſſion, and inform me what Tun-belly'd Mortal that was, who met us in the Entry with a low Bow with his Hat, and with a blue Flag before him, as if he had been an Enſign in ſome notable Engagement, and as an honourable Badge of his remarkable Bravery, had ty'd round his Middle his own flying Colours. That Hatleſs Hero, ſaid I, as you take him to be, is the Lord of the Family, the Controuler of the Houſhold, Governour of the *Celerepedeans*, one of the Prieſts of *Bacchus*, who received his Ordination at Fuddlecaps-Hall, that keeps his Library under Ground, and whenever he preaches, 'tis to a Congregation of Drawers over his own Liquor, in order to reform them from Tipling below Stairs, drawing Pots too full, cozening the Bar with falſe Reckonings, and giving Bumpers of Palm-Wine clandeſtinely to the Cook-wench. He has alſo the Art of changing his Temper as often as the Camelion does her Colour; and as the latter receives its Tincture from that Body which is neareſt it, ſo the former does his Principles, Humour and Diſpoſition, from whatſoever Society he is Member of at preſent. In High-Church-Company he always rails againſt Occaſional Conformity; amongſt the Low-Church Saints he is a Stickler; and is a violent Moderator among ſuch *Bifarious Anythingarians*, that always make their Intereſt the Standard of their Religion. He is a very proud Fellow in his Heart, tho' his Head drops more Bows in a Day, than falls from the ſervile Noddle of that cringing Slave who is under the Plague of being a Gentleman-Uſher to a lame Counteſs. He is always moſt ceremonious to thoſe Cuſtomers that he gets leaſt by, and will bow oftner to a niggardly Alderman over his Half-Pint, than he will to a jolly Rake that ſpends a Guinea at a Sitting; becauſe he knows that a dignified Citizen expects more Homage than a Man of Honour and Quality; not that he uſes his fawning Cringes as any Tokens of a ſubmiſſive Temper, for his Pride is even perſpicuous in the loweſt of his Humilities, but his Nods and

and Scrapes are only the Effects of a Habit that he acquir'd when he was Bar-Boy, which he reſolves never to leave till he comes to be *Lord-Mayor*, or at leaſt *Sheriff* of *London*. Ingratitude is one of the black Badges of his Character; for if ever you find him to do a Friendſhip or a Courteſy to any Fool that has beggar'd himſelf by Extravagance, to make him rich, you may ſcore it upon his Bar-board, where it would be more wonder'd at by all Spectators, than a Blazing-Comet. In ſhort, he is a Member of the Corporation of Sycophants, who, as he has ſerv'd an Apprentice-ſhip to falſe Reckoning, Lying, and ſubterranean Adultery, claims a Title by his Trade, to poiſon us with bad Wine, deceive us with fair Words, and humour us in our Follies for his own Advantage: Therefore, as Libertines do Whores, we ought to uſe them for our Pleaſure, as they do us for their Intereſt; that is to look upon them as Mercenaries, whom we maintain through Wantonneſs to gratify our vicious Appetites. I ſhall obſerve your Caution, ſays my *Moletto* Comerade; but pray who was that corpulent Lady that we met in the Entry, coming out of the Kitchen with her Head ſo finely dreſs'd, and glittering Pendants in her Ears, that ſo dazzled in my Eyes, I could ſcarce behold her Countenance? That ſhining Lamp, ſaid I, of cloven Mortality, is that neceſſary Evil in ſuch a Houſe, call'd the Vintner's Help-mate, whoſe Buſineſs it is to have a Superintendency in the Bar, to overlook and direct in all Culinary Proceedings; to ſcold at the Maids; be civil to the Head-Drawer for her own Ends; to grace the Bar upon extraordinary Days; and to oblige her ſelf with a Friend in a Corner, when her Husband is not at Leiſure to give her Nuptial Conſolation. This is the Life ſhe leads, till high Eating, a lazy Life, and Canary-Sops in a Morning, improves her to the Bulk of a Squab-Elephant, unweildy in Bed, and too big for a Bar; and then, if her Husband be able, ſhe's remov'd with two or three of her Daughters, to a little Country Houſe at *Hampſted*, where ſhe ſurfeits upon

upon Sack, ſmoaks Tobacco in an Elbow-Chair, and ſnoars away the Remainder of her Life, till one of *Ruſſel*'s rumbling Caravans runs away with the Load of Kitchen-ſtuff to the Town of her Nativity, where ſhe deſir'd to be bury'd, that her Country-folks might ſee, tho' her Mother ſold nappy Ale in Black Pots under a thatch'd Roof, yet her Daughter had arrived to the Honour of being bury'd Lady-like out of a Hearſe and ſix Horſes; but let her take Care, for no ſooner will her Back be turn'd, but ten to one that the Widower takes up with his next tolerable Cook-maid.

DOCTORS-COMMONS.

COming thro' *Paul*'s Church-Yard, and having gaz'd on the noble Pile of St. *Paul*, that Emulator of the St. *Peter* of *Michael Angelo* in *Rome*; we took a little Trip down on the left Hand, to the famous College of Civilians, call'd *Doctors Commons*. The Etymology of the Name I know not, nor is it very material, whether it be that the Advocates are but *Common Doctors*, or, that that the chief thing they are remarkable for is their *Commons*; or that it is the Common uninclos'd, where the Doctors feed on their fooliſh Clients, I know not.

Here are you ply'd with Porters (if you eſcape the little Appendixes of Proctors at their Shops, which they call Offices) who demand your Buſineſs; whether you have any *Will* to prove, or Adminiſtration to take out, any *Caveat* to enter, whether you want a Licenſe to be marry'd, or a Divorce if you are marry'd, and the like; they can convey you to a Proctor, that can ſupply all the Commodities of the Place cheaper than the Market-price.

What ſtrange Place is this, ſays my *Indian*? This, ſays I, is one of the Relicks of Popery, and the Terror of Seamen. Here a Man that is weary of his Wife, may, upon ſome honeſt Evidence be ſeparated from

from her; and a Wife that has play'd the Whore, and run out her Husband's Fortune, may sue him for separate Alimony. Here a Man must come for a Liberty or License to lose his *Liberty*. Here Executors must come for Authority to perform their Trust; and here defend themselves in not performing it. Here are Proctors, Doctors, Apparitors, and the rest of Pick-Pockets under the odd Names, that wou'd fain still do what they did in the Times of Popery. But the Reformation having par'd their Nails, they are full of Regret, and always sounding the Praise of the Power of the Ecclesiastical Authority. They are all profess'd *Jac*——, because they hop'd by King *James* to restore their Authority, and by Consequence their Perquisites. They are a drunken, roaring, nonsensical Generation, that have Abundance of Zeal without a Scruple of Religion. They are a pious sort of Atheists, and ignorant Professors of the Mystery of Iniquity. They are hot for High-Church, tho' they never go within any. They should be Scholars, but that they find the Common Road sufficient to do their Business and get Money. They are utter Enemies to Whigs, because they would reduce them under the Law of the Nation. They are for preferring the Common Law to the National, because one advances, the other destroys their Interest. For notwithstanding their Noise for the Church of *England*, they would declare for that of *Rome*, if they could get more by it. In short, a *Doctors Commons* Man is a Scholar without Learning, a Zealot without Religion, a Lawyer without Law, and a Medley of Popery and Reformation, without Reason or Honesty.

I have enough of this *Amusement*, says my *Indian*, when Right and Wrong are confounded and sunk with Terms. Let us therefore make our Escape from the litigious Congregation, said I, for we are not secure in the Words we say here; for Scandal is their Province; they are nice Judges of *Billingsgate*, whose lauda-

laudable Quarrels of Whore and Rogue, Baſtards, and the like, are the Fund of their Prattle and Feats.

We jogg'd on with ſome Expedition, till we got into *Drury-Lane*; where paſſing into *Ruſſel-Court*, a ſtrange Sort of Noiſe drew us into an *Amuſement*, conſiſting as much of Jargon as this; but what affected only ſuch as were pleas'd with the Folly, *& colenti non fit injuria.* Father *Burgeſs* himſelf is a much more pleaſing and innocent *Amuſement*; ſo we enter'd *Daniel Burgeſs*'s Meeting-Houſe.

A Presbyterian MEETING-HOUSE.

MR. *Burgeſs*'s Meeting-Houſe in *Ruſſel-Court* falling in our Way, my *Indian* and I ventur'd to take a View of the *Godly*: For the *Godly* in this City afford an *Amuſement* as well as the *Wicked*. This is the Epitome of the whole Kirk, and by this one you may judge of the reſt. Here ſits a zealous Cobler next to an Alderman's Fellow, and he uſes leſs Ceremony with his God, than his Cuſtomer; for to the latter he ſtands bare-headed for Six-pence; but to the former will not do it for Salvation; believing, perhaps, that *a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Buſh*; or that being neceſſarily one of the Elect, he is too familiar with God to ſtand upon Ceremony. This cannot be ſaid to be the Houſe of God; for that, the Scripture ſays, is the *Houſe of Prayer*; but the very *Lord's Prayer* here is as Apocryphal as the *Maccabees*. 'Tis true indeed, when the *Holder-forth* has play'd the ſpiritual Buffoon for two or three Hours, he gives you a Deſert to his Harangue, or what he calls a *Prayer*, that is, a Rhapſody of Stuff without Head or Tail; for had it Method, Order, Connexion or Senſe, it would be exploded under the Notion of a *Form of Prayer*, a Goblin as frightful as the *Whore of Babylon*, and has furniſh'd many a zealous *Scots Miſs John* with an Exerciſe for his Lungs, when Senſe and goood Doctrine are not at Hand. But tho' they are ſuch Enemies to

Popery

Popery, yet they ſympathize in praying in an *unknown Tongue*, or at leaſt in a Jargon neither underſtands; for Senſe in their Prayer, as well as in their Sermon, would ſavour too much of human Invention, and not give Latitude enough for *Enthuſiaſm* and *Cant*.

Here ſits a holy Siſter, full of ſpiritual Pride in her Face, the Word of God in her Hands, the Parſon in her Eye, and the Devil in her Tail: She pays her *Quarterage* juſtly, and that makes her *recta in Curia* with her Guide; for a Saint may make bold with her Husband's Bed for her Gallant, provided ſhe make as bold with his Purſe for her Preacher; nor can they be much be accus'd, if their Doctrine of Predeſtination be true; for *they needs muſt go whom the Devil drives*. Neceſſity has no Law; and if they offend, 'tis the Fault of the firſt Mover, whoſe Machines they are. So that if they pick a Pocket, betray their Truſt, bear falſe Witneſs, commit Adultery, Inceſt, *&c.* the Fault's not theirs, they are but meer Paſſives, and what they cannot help, they cannot ſuffer for. This may be one Reaſon the Ten Commandments are not in their Meeting-Houſes as well as in the Churches, becauſe they are only for the Wicked, who own *Free-Will*; and not for the Godly who deny it, and cannot ſin. The Promiſes and Threats of the Scripture have nothing to do with them, for thoſe are directed to free Agents, who are Maſters of their Actions; that can comply with, or break the Laws of God, as they think fit. Such were the People of God, Sinners and Penitents; but ſuch are not they, for repent they cannot, the Saints being without Sin. But if they are not the Children and People of God, I know not who'll take 'em for Saints, but the old Gentleman in Black, the firſt Preacher of this Notion. But this diſcovers them not ſo parcimonious as they would be thought, when they are at the Expence of a Guide that is as much a Machine as themſelves, and can do no more for them, than the Wire in the Finger of the *Poppet-Player*.

I have

I have been conſidering, ſays my *Indian*, why your Churches, or Places of Worſhip are ſo light, whereas our *Pagods* are almoſt quite dark, illuminated with a Lamp, which ſerves only to diſcover the Image of our God, who (all other Objects excluded) takes up our whole Thoughts in the Adoration.

O my Friend, reply'd I, you miſtake the Buſineſs of our Places of Worſhip: Women come to ſee and be ſeen; the Men to ogle, or get the Repute of Religion and Holineſs; for that gives 'em Credit and Truſt, and Credit and Truſt make 'em rich at the Expence of thoſe who confide in 'em. Did theſe Saints here come for Zeal and Devotion only, that Taylor's Daughter would not be ſet out thus, and equipt like a Counteſs, to draw the Eyes and the Hearts of the Congregation from Heaven to her: Nor would that old Maid be dreſs'd like a Girl of Fifteen, in hopes that Paint, Patches, and the religious Ogle, may get her a Husband at laſt; believing that Men cannot diſcover her Age, Uglineſs, and Ill-Nature, under the double Diſguiſe of Body and Soul, *Saint* and *Hypocrite*. Nor would Alderman——young Wife lay open her panting ſwelling Bubbies, roul her black Eyes, and divide her Looks ſo between Heaven and Earth, as if ſhe had learnt the Art of ſerving two Maſters, the *Fleſh* and the *Spirit*, at the ſame time; nor would her Husband be ſo fond of his Folly, in appearing ſo publickly, watching her more than the Motions and Geſtures of his *Domine*. He gratifies his Vanity to expoſe her to View finely dreſt, and to the beſt Advantage; but then the Remembrance of his own Impotence makes him afraid of every one that caſts an Eye towards her. Thus his Wife, not his God, brings him to the Meeting, and his Heart riſes no higher towards Heaven, than her Eyes, or the Parſon.

It would indeed be hard on the Ladies of this Perſwaſion to be debarr'd ſhewing their Faces and Perſons in their moſt engaging Airs, ſince their *Pulpit* ſupplies the Play-houſe Muſick, and the Scene to call them

them together; and perhaps this is the Reason the Teachers will not let their Hearers go to the *Theatre*, because they'll be the only Pimps to their Congregation, which they encrease by their Declamations against the Stage; since here they *kill two Birds with one Stone*, get the Reputation of Saints, and the Pleasure of Sinners. No, no, my Friend, the Adoration of God, sincere and humble Prayers, and grateful Thanksgivings, is the least of the Business of this Place; and I dare be confident, that if they made a Law, that no Woman should come dress't, or barefac'd, most of the Congregations of the Town would dwindle away, and the Play-house Audience encrease.

Do you think that honest Mr. ——— comes to Church for Devotion, or God's sake, on *Sundays*, when he has been serving the Devil all the Week? Or the gay Mrs. *M*——— for the Exaltation of the *Spirit* on the Lord's Day, when she has been for that of the *Flesh* all the Week? Or that the venerable Madam *W*——— that covers the Bawd so effectually in the sanctimonious Vizor of a godly Leer, comes for the sake of the Doctrine, or the Man? while her Zeal for the Parson makes her pass for religious, and the Necessity he has of her, gives her the Authority of Prudence, and so helps her to sheer the Flock, by providing Husbands for their Daughters, and Wives for their Sons, while she and the *Demagogue* share in the *Brokerage*. No, my good Friend, the *Meeting* is their *Spiritual Exchange*, where they barter *Hypocrisy* for *Pleasure* or *Profit*; and they are able to keep their Countenances, tho' the Cheat be universal. It was said by *Cicero*, that he wonder'd how the *Augurs* could meet without laughing in one another's Faces: The same Reason would make one wonder as much at the Top *Fanaticks*, but that Use and Interest remove the Difficulty, and a natural Sourness and slavish Temper make it easy.

Tho' they are Enemies to the Lord's Prayer, they make it up in their Zeal for those of *David*; and here the Form goes down as glibly, in their *Bawling*, which

which they call *Singing*, as Aloes Pills in the Pulp of an Apple. This ſhews, that if they were Enemies to *Church Muſick*, it is becauſe it is Harmony; whereas their Singing is a Sort of jarring Medley of Sounds, as diſagreeing as their Notions; not much unlike the laudable Diverſion of every one in the Company's ſinging a different Song: Nay, they have ſo peculiar a *Guſto* for *Diſcord*; or *odd Sounds*, that I believe they would admit the Symphony of the Tongs and Key, tho' they reject the Harmony of the *Organ*. Every thing here indeed ſeems ſo odd and contradictory to the reſt of the World.

As if (as *Hudibraſs* has it) *they worſhipp'd God for Spite.* Tho' the ingenious *Butler* ſeems a little out in one of his Words; for they do not worſhip God at all, but the *Teacher*; for as it is not properly call'd the Houſe of God, but Mr. *Burgeſs*'s, ſo Mr. *Burgeſs*, not God, is there worſhipped. Prayer and Praiſe is the Worſhip of God; but here they meet to ſee *Daniel* lay about him with his merry Stories and Theatrical Actions, which is at leaſt an *Amuſement* they think worth their while. When he has done his Harangue to the Congregation, he begins one to God, with whom he's as familiar as with his his Text, and handles him roughly, and with as little Reſpect to his Truth and Majeſty; which ſtill makes it his own Houſe; for no body elſe is admitted to pray, unleſs they can divine what he's about to ſay, and to join with him in his. If he makes a Speech to the King, with an Addreſs of *Life* and *Fortune*, he ſtudies it before-hand; but he deals not ſo with God, who he thinks is obliged to hear all his Nonſenſe, and ſo ſpeaks *quicquid in buccam venerit*, whatever ſtarts into his Fancy to *amuſe* his Congregation, and make a Noiſe; for that is all I can diſcover in theſe *Meeting-Houſes*.

The odd Looks, the Groans that eccho one another; ſome with their Hats on, others off, ſome writing, ſome ogling the Women, ſome the *Teacher*, his merry Poſtures, and *Pop-gun* Way of Delivery, with the whimſi-

whimsical Medley of his Words, is, I confess, an *Amusement*, says my *Indian*, and such a one as I never saw in my Country in my Life; we there converse only with the Gods in the *Pagods*, here you come only to hear Men; but then these Men deliver the Word of God, if we believe them, tho' what they say be never so opposite to the written Word, yet Bigotry in the Congregation, and Impudence in the *Holder-forth*, will palm Inspiration upon us, as for what he says *beyond*, or *off* his Text, which he often racks as much as the Tyrants of old did the primitive Martyrs, till it die under the Torture: But this *brings in Money, and Money buie Land*, and Land is an *Amusement* they all desire, in spite of their Hypocritical Cant. If it were not for the Quarterly Contributions, there would be no longer any *Schism* or *Separation*; for who can imagine, that when two or three Thousand are maintain'd like Gentlemen by the *Breach*, that they will ever preach up *healing Doctrines*, and dispose them to *Union?* If it were not for the sake of *Earthly* Comforts, they would not be so conversant with *Heaven* in their *Pulpits*; but *Heaven*'s their Traffick, and why should they spare a Commodity which costs them nothing, yet brings them in so good a Return?

The fairest thing I know of them is, that they wear neither *Cassock* nor *Gown*; for being no *Priests*, and without *Ordination*, they refuse to wear any *Priestly Ornaments* of Distinction from *Laity*; but that is not owing to their *Modesty*, but *Pride*, to distinguish themselves from the *Clergy* and their own *Congregation* at once; they go in *Black*, as if they daily mourn'd for the *Wickedness* which they daily committed.

Tir'd with such a Composition of *Dulness* and *Wickedness*, my *Indian* and I departed from this *Amusement*, and left it to those who had *Flegm* and *Hypocrisy* enough to endure it all the Year round. So leaving Father *Daniel* thumping the Cushion in a most immoderate manner, we pass'd on to the next *Amusement*, which was a *Quaker*'s *Meeting-House.*

The Quakers MEETING.

HEre we diſcover'd the very *Ague* of *Religion*, which yet after its ſhivering, has its *hot Fit* of Zeal and Noiſe. This *Sect* aroſe from *Nailer*, as the *Presbyterians* and *Independents* from the *Jeſuits*: Theſe indeed may plead a greater Antiquity, as having their Riſe in the Days of good Queen *Beſs*; but the *ſhaking Congregation* not till the Days of the *Martyr*. Some will have it, that the *Quakers* are the *decrepid Age* of *Religion*, where it ſhivers and ſhakes for want of *Youth* and *Vigour*: And indeed, if we may from the Appearance judge of the Matter, this Fancy is not ill-grounded; for here is ſcarce any thing of the *Chriſtian Religion* left, but every Man having the Light within him, as they have no Uſe of Guides, ſo they are not ſo improvident as the other *Sectaries*, to be at the Expence of any. Every Man, nay, every Woman too, is here inſpired; the Spirit ſpeaks in them, they are but the *Stentonorophonick Tubes* thro' which that ſpeaks: But it often proves a *lying Spirit*; and I believe, if they had no more Light than this gives within them, they might ſtill walk in the Dark.

This is the moſt *Sociable* Society of all without the *Pale*; for here every one may ſpeak Nonſenſe in his Turn, and the Women are not excluded the ſame Benefit of Talking, which, for aught I know, not only keeps the Females to their Congregations, but gets *Proſelytes*; or might, if well urg'd among the Sex. So not being obliged to hear all, and ſay nothing, one hears his Neighbour ſpeak a great deal to a little or no Purpoſe, that he may do the ſame by him or her in their Turn. I knew a pious old Matron, that every Morning us'd to ſcold at her Maids about Half an Hour, not that they were in any Fault, but only, as ſhe ſaid, to clear her Pipes. So I believe theſe People only meet to make a Noiſe by way of *Exerciſe* for Health's ſake, all others being unlawful on the *firſt Day*.

Day. Theſe are more juſt than the other Diſſenters, becauſe, as they pull not off their Hats to God, ſo they pull them not off to Men; whereas the others ſhall cringe and bow to any Man they can get Sixpence by, but ne'er veil the Bonnet to God, by whom they may get *Heaven*; it may be indeed, becauſe contrary to *Chriſt*'s, their *Kingdom* ſeems to be of this World.

To me, ſaid my *Indian*, theſe *Quakers*, as you call them, ſeem the *Bedlamites* of *Religion*, and their *Meeting*, *Bedlam*, where all that are freakiſh and mad come together: Do but conſider, when we were at *Bedlam*, what odd Objects we ſaw there: True ſaid I, and here I ſee fully as fantaſtick and whimſical; and I wonder none of their *Lights within* mov'd them to ſet *Oliver's Porter* at Liberty, ſince he was throughly qualify'd to ſpeak in their Congregations. What can be a more pleaſant *Amuſement* than that old Fellow that ſpeaks now: His crop-ear'd Hair and frizzl'd, ſhort round Forehead, two great goggle Eyes like two Fiſh-ponds, and his high thin Noſe which is like a narrow *Iſthmus*, hinders them from joining together; his skinny, flabby, hollow Cheeks, that like a Piece of half-tann'd Leather, is drawn over his Jaw-bones, while his thin Lips and wide Mouth ſtretch and open to let forth the *Light* within, in a hollow unmuſical Tone, and ſhew his toothleſs Gums with here and there a ſtraggling Stump, that promiſe us, *however he barks, he cannot bite*; his Mountain-Back overlooks his Head, and ſeems to anticipate the Wiſh of the Curſed at the laſt Day, *for the Mountains to fall on him and cover him*; with his long ſcraggy Arms, and lean Hand and Fingers, with which he ſo belabours the Rail on which he leans. His Belly is the Counter-part to his Back, and ſeems to poiſe the Machine, and keep it in *Equilibrio* on his Catſtick Legs; but what *Amuſement* he finds in haraſſing his worn-out Carkaſe in this manner, I know not; unleſs it be a Madneſs he cannot help, and in Madneſs, they ſay, there is a Pleaſure *which none but Madmen know.*

But now there riſes up a Monſter of another kind; and ſure he muſt have a large Share of the *Spirit* to inform that *Quagmire of the Fleſh*. His Head is as big as *Gogmagog*'s in *Guildhall*, and his Face not behind the Sign of the *Saracen*'s; only his Eyes are ſo diminutive, that one would think them retired to behold the *Light within*; for what with his large Beetle Brows, which like a Pent-houſe overſhadow them, and the *Agitation of the Spirit*, one would think him groping in the Dark without any at all: His Cheeks are like two blown Bladders, and a Trumpeter's ſeem no more to him than a Puppet's: His ruddy carbuncl'd Noſe ſeems as if he ſuck'd his *Inſpiration* from *Bacchus* more than the *Bible*; and we may at beſt ſuppoſe him drunk with the *Spirit*, and now diſemboguing on the *Brothers* and *Siſters*; and when the *Spewing-fit* is over, he'll ſit down to take a Nod: His Mill-poſt Legs are well adapted for the Load of his Body, which looks like an *Atlas* able to ſupport the Spheres, but that that he is never like to bring his Shoulders near enough to ſo heavenly a Burden; like Sir *John Falſtaff*, he is not made for mounting, but muſt have a ſtrange Alacrity in ſinking: the Noiſe he makes is as particular as his Perſon, and no more to be underſtood than his Religion; 'tis perfectly the Language of the Beaſt, and, as well as the *Apocalypſe*, wants *Jeureux* for an Interpreter. But this, like a great many other *Amuſements*, conſiſts more in Noiſe and Shew, than Senſe.

But who have we here lifted up by the Spirit? Tho' I fear 'tis ſuch a kind of Spirit as ſet our Saviour on the Top of the Pinacle: A brisk dapper Spark, and, if I miſtake not, a Taylor; he might be choſe King of the *Pigmies*, and in a ſecond War with the *Cranes*, might prove as notable a Conqueror, as Monſieur *Boufflers*, or any of the *French* Bullies and Hectors: A ſharp Noſe, a quick-Eye, a high Forehead, meagre Looks, a ſhrill Voice, and a voluble Tongue, diſtinguiſh him. He'll out-talk a *Frenchwoman*, and out-blunder an *Iriſhman*, or *Teaguelander*'s Underſtanding; *Scots* Honeſty, a *Dutchman*'s Temperance, an *Italian*'s Chaſtity,

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are his peculiar Qualifications; yet he's as ſolemn on the *firſt Day*, and ſpeaks as often as an old Midwife at a Chriſtening. But, like a Cracker, he makes a Noiſe, and ſplutters a little while, then with a Bounce ſtinks and goes out.

But what have we here, old Mother *Shipton* of the ſecond Edition, with Amendments? A cloſe black Hood over a pinch'd Coif, a little low wrinkled Forehead, ſo deeply plough'd with Age, that the Furrows, if plac'd beneath her Eyes and Noſe, as above them, would be very convenient Conveyances for the Liquids that continually flow from her blear Eyes and dropping Noſtrils; which with her hollow Cheeks, pale ſallow Complexion, Nut-cracker Chin, that almoſt meets her Noſe, Paralitick Motion of the Head, which keeps Pace with her Tongue, and gives much Advantage to the *Shivering of the Spirit*, makes a compleat *She-Preacher*, fit to denounce *Hell* and the *Devil*; but for Joys and Rewards, and the like, ſhe looks them out of Countenance. Nay, ſays my *Indian* Friend, if the Womens Tongues begin to run, 'tis time for us to ſeek another *Amuſement*.

I took him at his Word, and quitted this Houſe of *Dagon*, where a Poet can have no more to do than a Painter; we jogg'd on to our next Adventure, only by the Way, I ventur'd to draw this Character of the Sect.

They would be thought the *only People of God*; tho' their chief Motive to that impudent Ambition, is, that they may claim the Right of *pillaging* and *cheating* all the World beſides, as *Ægyptians*. They are a Sort of *Jews*, and not only *trade* and *fornicate* among themſelves, but *marry* likewiſe in their own *Tribe*: But I beg your Pardon for talking of *Matrimony*; theirs is only *Whoring* with a Witneſs, while the whole Congregation ſet their Hands to the Bargain. They won't ſwear, becauſe they may chance to get by that. A *long Cravat* or *Wig* in a Man, or *high Topping* and *Lace* in a Woman, they abominate as Enſigns of Vanity, but they will wear the beſt Favours and richeſt

Silks, uſe the Leather Convenience, and be prouder in their Plainneſs, than the haughtieſt Lady at Court in her Embroideries and Jewels. Their Religion indeed ſeems chiefly in their Clothes, and ſo they have more need of *Taylors* than *Teachers*. For, *They are a Congregation without Teachers; a Church without Sacraments; a Religion without Worſhip; Formality without Meaning, Men without Manners, and Chriſtians without Baptiſm.*

The Bawdy-House.

IT is an old and approv'd Obſervation of thoſe jolly Fellows who ſpend much Time in the Contemp'ation of *Bacchus*, and are acquainted with the laudable Records of the *Bottle*, that generally in Diſcourſe, after *Religion* comes *Bawdry*; and ſo it happens here: For after ſo large an *Amuſement* of the *Spirit*, we accidentally alſo tumbled into an *Amuſement* of the *Fleſh*; for paſſing from the *Spiritual Bawdy-houſes*, betray'd by the Hypocritical Sign of a Coffee-houſe, we fell into a *Carnal* one.

The *Ægyptians*, who were the firſt Authors of human Religion, never ſuffered any one to be made a Prieſt, till he were initiated in the Rites of *Priapus*: And the *Roman* Church will admit no Pope, till the Porphyry Chair has confirm'd his Manhood; ſo great an Affinity have the ancient and modern *Idolaters* made betwixt the *Pulpit* and the *Brothel*. In other Countries, neareſt the chief Churches and topping Monaſteries, you find eſtabliſh'd *Bawdy-Houſes*; and in the very Seat of St. *Peter*, we know 'em ſettl'd by Authority of State; and the ſame is done in the Political State of *Venice*, the Arbitrary State of *Florence*, and almoſt all Towns and Cities of *Italy*: But here under the purer State of *Reformation*, Bawdy-houſes are fain to go in Diſguiſe; *Coffee to be ſold*, or *fine Spaniſh Chocolate* invite you in, when in Reality they ſell only *Ratifia*, *Roſa Solis*, *Geneva*, and ſuch odd Sorts of Liquor,

Liquor, fit to enflame the Reckoning, and fire the Blood; while the *Secret Commodities* of the Place are ready in the Warehouſes, to cool one Inflammation, and give a greater; like true Tinkers, ſtopping one Hole in a Kettle to make two.

Being warm with our *Spiritual Amuſement*, we fell into one of theſe Receptacles of Sinners, with a Deſign to drink a Diſh of *Bohea* or *Coffee*, or at moſt not to exceed the Debauch of a Penny worth of *cold Nants*. We were no ſooner entered, but ſuch a Tun of Female Fat ſaluted us, that the very Sight was an *Amuſement*. The reverend Matron of the Place ſaluted us very civilly, tho' with this very odd Appearance: Her Face was broader than the full Moon, and as ſhining; but it was with Sweat or Pomatum, not Light; her gray, or rather Silver Locks, were cover'd moſt curiouſly with Powder, whoſe ſtraggling Hairs reach'd almoſt down to her Eye-Brows; ſomething of a Fore-head there was, but all drawn over with the Footſteps of Wrinkles, which the Fat had driven thence, and ſo they look'd like Seams of Wounds, which, mingl'd with Pock-holes, made an agreeable Mixture over her Face; which, with thoſe, and the large Scars, was made incapable of being clean; ſo that the Dirt, and ſallow Complexion, gave her a Phyz moſt ſurprizing; her Neck look'd like Rolls of Collar'd Pig, and her Bubbies like a Quagmire, ready to over-run the Brink, or like a Haſty-Pudding o'er-looking the Diſh; an Ell and three Quarters could not meaſure her from Side to Side, and ſhe was no longer from Head to Foot; than from Hip to Hip; She was ſpherical like a Globe; but I muſt needs ſay, very complaiſant.

My *Indian* ſtarts back as if he had met with a Rattle-Snake, or ſome other noxious Animal dangerous to human Life; and indeed he was not much miſtaken, the Sting ſhe produces being almoſt as fatal. We ask'd for a Diſh of *Bohea*. She reply'd, ſhe had none. We then deſir'd a Diſh of *Coffee*. That was a Pagan Liquor, and not to be admitted within her Dominion.

nion. We then deſir'd ſome true *Nants*. That was a *French* Commodity, and ſhe was not for encouraging the Manufacture of an Enemy's Country; but if we would pleaſe to ſit down, ſhe had good *Roſa Solis*, *Ratifia*, *Mead*, *Syder*, *Geneva*, or *Wine*, ſhe could help us to, if we requir'd it. Enquiring if ſhe dealt in no other Liquors, ſhe gave a Stamp with her Foot, and came up one ten times uglier than ſhe —— *Run*, cries ſhe, *fetch* Betty Thompſon *hither preſently, and her Bed-fellow with her.* —— Repeating our Demand, not minding what ſhe ſaid to her female *Mercury*, ſhe reply'd, That ſhe had ſent out for as good as any this noble City afforded, Pretty, Plump, Sound, Eaſy, Gay, and a Thouſand Qualities which moſt Trades give to Commodities they have a Mind to diſpoſe of. I ſhould think, ſays I to my *Indian*, we are unawares fallen into a *Bawdy-houſe*, were there not ſo many *Memento*'s of Mortality here, as are ſufficient to baniſh Lechery from the moſt vigorous. But however, this is likewiſe an *Amuſement*, and therefore give us a Quartern of *Gen*. Down we ſat, the Quartern was ſoon evacuated, another fill'd without calling for, and another, when enter two tawdry Whores, briſk, gay, and awkard, with ſickly ſmiling Countenances, flatternly Dreſs, and dirty Shoes. The familiar Doxies threw themſelves immediately each in one of our Laps, Hands about our Necks, and Lips to Lips, before we knew where we were: And if they had not given this Alarm, other Parts had been invaded before we could be on the Defenſive. *My Dear, ſhan't we have a Quartern of* Ratifia? ſays one: *My pretty Rogue, ſhan't we have a Betty of Wine?* ſays t'other.

But the *Bawd* finding we did not like the Ladies, tipp'd them the Wink, and ſent her grizly Meſſenger for others of the ſame Gang: Excuſes her ſelf, that the damn'd Jades had been drunk all Night, and not fit for Company, but aſſur'd us that the black one had been a celebrated Beauty, a Parſon's Daughter, and a Taylor's Wife, but was debauched by a young Enſign of the Guards, who leaving her, ſhe was expos'd

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to the Town, but not above Half a Year; when the Whore had pass'd all her Degrees this seven Years, and was ready to commence *Bawd* the first Coffee-house that was empty, and the first Cull she could get to furnish her with Tables, Chairs, a Table-Bed, two Quartern Pots, and about Half a Crown's worth of the infernal Liquors they deal in.

What Place, says my *Indian*, is this you have brought me to? Is it another *Bedlam*? All the People I have lately seen are mad, some one Way, some another, every House has its peculiar Frenzy. True, said I; for the *Bedlam* you saw in *Moorefields*, is but the Representative *Epitome* of this Town; for we are all *Mad*, tho' in different Manners: But as to this Place, I must tell you, it is the Picture of one of the very celebrated Parts of *Hell*; the great awkard Lady of this Place is call'd a *Bawd*, who is generally a worn-out Whore of twenty or thirty Years standing, and she deals in *Damnation*, and so is truly a Factor for the *Devil*. This is the Place of *Battle*, whereas the *Meetings* we saw are only the Place of *Challenge*: There the People meet, and agree the Bargain, here they put it in Execution: The *Bawd*, like the Hangman and the Physician, lives by the Sins of the People. Tho' she has generally *The Practice of Piety* in her Window, yet she knows of no Religion but short Quarterns, and easy Bubbles; and as she thinks little of *Heaven*, so she dreads no *Hell* like Justice ——, the Beadle, or an Informer. *She is the Informer's Slave, the Whore's Tyrant, the Tallyman's Estate, the Surgeon's Benefactor, the Shipwreck of City Prentices, the Favourite of Lords and Courtiers, and the Abhorrence of all good Men.*

While I was making this Harangue, two jolly *Bona Roba's* slip in, and march directly up Stairs, the *Bawd* after them, and the Messenger all in a streaking Sweat, down the Stairs into the *Sodomite* Cellar. Madam soon comes down Stairs, puts on a Thousand awkard Grimaces of good Humour, and vows, because we look'd like Gentlemen, she had prevail'd with two intimate Friends of hers, Ladies of Figure,

both kept, one by a rich City Druggiſt, and the other by a zealous Saint of ——, and that to oblige her only they came to her; that ſhe doubted not but we wou'd be generous, and deſir'd us to walk up Stairs. But my *Indian* and I, ſick of the nauſeous Follies of the Place, paid Madam for what we had drank, and made Haſte out of her inchanted Caſtle, for fear of ſome of her Bravoes Reſentment of our diſappointing both the *Whores* and the *Bawds* Expectation.

In the *Indies*, ſays my *Indian*, it is no Shame for the young Women, before their Marriage, to make uſe of their own; but then it is not in this manner traffick'd for by *Brokers* and *Goers-between*, who put an Extortion on the Pleaſure, and cheat both the Purchaſer and Seller. Are theſe Places common?

Why truly, ſaid I, this Town is pretty well ſtor'd, but much leſs than formerly; for ſince Liberty of Conſcience, every Meeting-Houſe is a Rendezvous, and now every Tavern a Bawdy-houſe, every Drawer and Porter a Pimp, and the Whores get more by it, and the Cullies are leſs cheated in their Liquors and Prizes. Not but there are ſome *Bawds* of Figure, which make a pretty Hand of it among the Ladies and Men of Figure. Mrs.—— has her Viſiting Day, where all Aſſignations are managed without Noiſe or Notice. My Lady—— has hers to to the ſame Purpoſe; and on other Days can furniſh a convenient Apartment for Lovers to diſpute in, and yet keep their Reputation; for tho' they are known to live by nothing, or little elſe, yet the Ladies and Gentlemen of Figure having both, one time or other, Occaſion to make Uſe of them, they ſlip over any falſe Step, that for want of good Conduct, happens to make a Noiſe, as when —— chanc'd to have his Wife dogg'd to my La—— and follow'd her, being acquainted with the Rooms, tho' aſſur'd his Wife was not there, goes up directly, and finds his Lady in a very ſuſpicious Poſture with—. But the Matter was huſh'd up, and the next *Viſiting Day* not a Perſon thinner than uſual.

There

There are Places of Reception of better Figure than the Quarters we fell into, where you may bring your Lady, and have a Bed and Entertainment from half a Piece to twenty Guineas; for ſome Men are ſo fond of thoſe *Amuſements*, that they ſpare no Coſt to advance them.

Upon Old Man's *and* Young Man's *Coffee-Houſes.*

MY friendly *American*, and your humble Servant, having left *Temple-Bar* to Weſt and be South, we bore away directly for the Palace of St. *James*; but happening to encounter the Church of St. *Clement-Danes* by the way, the numerous Beauties that throng'd thither put my Companion into an excellent Humour; he demanded of me with a pleaſant Impatience, what Place that might be which entertained ſuch good Company? I told him, 'twas a Structure ſacred to the Majeſty of Heaven. He reply'd very ſmartly, that he thought it Heaven it ſelf, ſince ſo many Angels attended there, and bleſs'd it with their Preſence. I ſmil'd at his Notion, but deſir'd him not to be too raſh in his Opinion; for thoſe very Numerical Ladies that were the Objects of his Pleaſure, had not half ſo much of Saints in their Conſtitution, as he imagin'd. Obſerve, ſays I, giving him no time to make Anſwer, There's Serjeant *Blunder*'s Lady in the Gallery, who never was civil to her Husband, or diſobliging to any body elſe; my Lord *Dorſet* certainly drew this Lady's Picture, when he expreſs'd himſelf to this purpoſe;

Nature, in Pity to our Pain,
And with Deſign to eaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs Beauty join'd
A boundleſs Will to pleaſe us.

This diſcerning fair one, continues I, knows the Complexion, Age, and Country of a young Fellow in the dark, by the Touch, as well as her Husband diſtinguiſhes Mutton by the Taſte, tho' he has been a Man

and

and Boy, this forty Years Member of the Honourable Society. There's Madam *Flexible* too, a great Railer at the Times; ſhe heartily laments ſo much Chriſtian Blood ſhould be ſhed abroad, when ſhe knows how to diſpoſe of it to a much better Purpoſe at Home. Of all the Products of your Country, ſhe likes Chocolate the beſt, becauſe 'tis indulgent to Lovers: Of all Virtues ſhe declares for Charity, but the young and handſome are the only Subjects of her Compaſſion; and ſhe never maintains any Perſon in Idleneſs; ſuch only who work very vigorouſly are ſenſible of her Munificence. In ſhort, her Husband would have been as rich as any Gentleman of the Long Robe, if this Itch of Liberality had not affected his dear Partner. Tho' after all, ſome Perſons think it very reaſonable, that what one got by his Head, the other ſhou'd ſpend by her Tail.

Their Care and Pains the fair ones do beſtow,
Not to pleaſe God above, but Man below:
Who think them Saints are damnably miſtook,
They're only Saints and Angels in their Look.

The Spirit of Poetry had took Poſſeſſion of me, and without giving my Friend and Fellow-Traveller the Opportunity of interfering, I proceeded,

The Ladies here their Lovers Hearts
By their Devotion win:
Tho' all is Rock and Stone without,
Yet all is ſoft within.

The Character given of theſe fair Hypocrites frighten'd my Sun-burnt Innocent, and he tumbled down the ſtately *Portico*, as nimbly as a Woman of the Town jumps into a Hackney-Coach. I ſtretch'd myſelf a little to recover the Fugitive, and having reduced him to Reaſon, we continued our Journey very lovingly together. The Rattling of Coaches, the Spaciouſneſs of the Road, the Pertneſs of the Company we met with upon the Way, the magnificent Equipages, the Richneſs of the Garniture, and the Pleaſure that appeared in every Body's Face, put me into the ſame ſort of Chagrin that perplex'd my *Spaniſh* Friend and old Acquaintance *Don Queuedo*; the Humour

mour took me in the Head that I was directly bound for the Devil; that this broad and open Way was the Road of Perdition; and thoſe little blind Alleys I paſs'd by, were the Defiles that lead to Paradiſe. I had read that ingenious Author a little before, and his diverting Notions had made a very deep Impreſſion upon my Judgment, when Melancholy and ſome malicious Vapours agreed to render me whimſical: Under theſe dreadful Apprehenſions I trudg'd on a pretty Way, without communicating my Thoughts to my ſwarthy Attendant that was to come in for his Share of the Adventure. But on a ſudden, 'ſpying the Reverend Dr. *Fr---n*, Succeſſor of the eloquent Biſhop *Patrick*, walking very gracefully before me; Oh, thinks I to my ſelf, 'tis well enough, 'tis morally impoſſible for me to be in the Paths that deſcend to the Gates of Deſtruction, ſince that Venerable, Orthodox, and and worthy Divine takes the ſame Road, and ſteers in the ſame Latitude; his Charity is conſpicuous, his Piety notorious, and his Converſation humble: He practiſes the Auſterities, Hardſhips and Penance of an Anchorite; he denies himſelf the good Things of this World; he is reſolv'd that he and his Houſe will ſerve the Lord; Faſting and Prayers are the great Duties of Religion, and he and his effectually perform theſe Duties: He Prays, and his Family Faſts, and betwixt the Reverend Seer and the Sons of the Prophet, they exactly comply with the Letter and Intention of the Text. I had no ſooner hit upon this Notion, but my Senſes clear'd up, and I was gay as a Prieſt that hath ſatisfied his Revenge; we immediately found our ſelves near the Statue on Horſeback of the late Royal Martyr, I pull'd off my Hat as I paſs'd by the Image of the injur'd Majeſty, when an old Acquaintance of mine, whoſe Family had ſeverely ſuffer'd in our late unhappy Diſſentions, accoſted me, and was very inquiſitive to know the Cauſe of that unuſual Action. He told me, if I deſign'd ſome Eccleſiaſtical Preferment by that Piece of Condeſcenſion, I was very much miſtaken; That it was as hard to obtain a Commiſſion to act in the Church, as in the Army,

ry, unleſs the Ready prepared the Way; That paying my Reſpect to the Statue of that departed Monarch, was to as little Purpoſe, as *Diogenes* begging of a Statue; That it was well for the Reverend Buſt it ſelf, that it ſtood in the ſacred Limits of the Verge, otherwiſe the Creditors of the Son might have made bold with the Father in Execution. As I was attentive to this Diſcourſe, a Raſcally Slave of a Chair-man takes me upon the Northſide of my outward Man with one of the Poles of his Leathern Conveniency, and afterwards cautiouſly bawls out with a ſurly Tone, *By your leave, Sir.* Not at all pleas'd with this Compliment, and deſiring no more of his Civilities, I bruſh'd off as faſt as I could, when *Young Man's Coffee-Houſe* threw it ſelf in my way, and very kindly offer'd its Protection. I acquieſced there, knowing my ſelf ſecure from more Dangers than one, and immediately upon my Entrance mounted the Stairs, and mingled my Perſon with the Knights of the Round Table, who hazard three Months Revenue at a ſingle Caſt; and run the Riſque whether they ſhall be Luxurious one Week, or ſtarve in a Garret for a Dozen. Their Weapons, if not themſelves, were much ancienter than the Inſtitutions of King *Arthur*; we read of Cheſs invented by *Palamedes* at the Siege of *Troy*; and without Diſpute Dice ow'd their Extraction to a more veteran Original; for 'tis very credible the Prince of the Air might be the ingenious Author of theſe Moveables, and imparted the Invention to divert his Proſelytes, when the Fumes of Melancholy or Wine ſet them on the Stool of Repentance. From theſe Inſtances 'tis evident, that Gaming is of venerable Antiquity, tho' the modern way of practiſing it is a little unaccountable. We were ſcarce enter'd the Room, when a Volley of Oaths ſaluted us; one blaſphem'd Heaven, but this was a little *French* Lieutenant, who had the ill Fortune to loſe his own Money, and the private Collection made by ſome charitable Perſons for the Relief of the Brethren. Another curs'd himſelf, and a third his Wife, who, it ſeems, had intreated him not to play that Morning: The ſecond

cond of theſe Gentlemen was much in the Wrong, and the laſt can as little be juſtified; for 'twas damnable unreaſonable in the Husband to give his Wife to the Devil, who has uſed all her utmoſt Endeavours to ſend him to Heaven.

The ſurprizing Entertainments bred ſuch Confuſions in my Stranger, that ſometimes he imagin'd 'twas his ill Luck to have hit upon a Rendezvous of Madmen; at other Moments he was perſwaded to believe that he had miſtook his Way, and fall'n into the bottomleſs Pit: The ſmall Experience he had in the World aſſiſted to amuſe him; and he could not imagine but this Houſe of Curſes, Imprecations and gnaſhing of Teeth, could be any other than ſome Parlour or Drawing-room belonging to his Infernal Majeſty. I gueſs'd at his Diſeaſe, by the Change of his Complexion; and to convince him of his Error, acquainted him that theſe were Military Men, who got their Money eaſily, and parted from it with as great Freedom. Upon this he very gravely enquir'd, What I meant by Military Men? And what Profeſſion thoſe Gentlemen were of? I reply'd by Military Men, I meant Soldiers canton'd into ſeveral Troops and Companies, conſiſting of ſeveral Individual Perſons, kept conſtantly in Pay by the State, to be uſeful in Action, and burthenſome in Peace; to meet with Applauſes upon View of Danger, and Affronts when the Conſternation is over. In brief, I intended Men whoſe Buſineſs was fighting in Bad Times, and who had Leiſure to ſtarve in Good; or take a Turn to the *Weſt-Indies* to find them Employment, and ſeaſon them, by change of Climate, againſt another Occaſion. My *American* reply'd, He did not doubt their Courage, but muſt needs be of Opinion, that thoſe Gentlemen, as I call'd them, muſt of Conſequence be free enough of their Perſons, who were ſo prodigal of their Souls; (for my Spark, you muſt underſtand, had made ſhift to learn ſomething from his Marine Chaplain by the way, beſides the Art of compoſing a Bowl of Punch.) But pray, ſays my Friend, are not theſe well-dreſs'd Gentlemen, who make ſo good an Appearance

pearance, very Rich? I let him know 'twas an Argument he underſtood Mankind very little, when he drew Inferences from their Dreſs; That the Soldier, in Oppoſition to the Tradeſman, (who generally provides the Ready for his Holy-day Cloaths) is always pooreſt when he makes the beſt Shew; what they wear outwardly, they want in Linings. And if his Curioſity induc'd him to know the Expoſition of the Riddle, he might enquire at the Horſe-Guards, at the Agent's Office, or of the Undertakers for the Army. Tired with theſe Scenes of Folly and Extravagance, we convey'd our ſelves down Stairs, in order to find ſomething more entertaining; the Company was numerous, and conſiſted of as much Diverſity, and as many Humours, as the Calves-Head-Club; ſome were reading News, others diſcourſing Politicks, and a third ſort of People ſmoaking Tobacco. At the upper end of a long Table ſat a little diminutive Gentleman, to whom ſeveral Perſons, in much better Habit, and more reſembling the Divine Image than himſelf, paid a great deal of Reſpect. *Bleſs me*, ſays I, *what have we got here, the natural Iſſue of ſome inſolent Dame who doted on a Baboon, and entertain'd her ſelf with the Careſſes of that agreeable Animal?* Here the Whirl-pool of Poetry ſuck'd me in, and I fell a Rhiming without farther Ceremony:

Fond Iſra'l *after Brazen Idols whor'd,*
Egyptian Meroe *a Cat ador'd,*
Fiſhes and Dogs her impious Zeal implor'd.
No Superſtition, ſurely, cou'd allow
Reſpect to thee, and none but we cou'd bow
To ſuch a brazen, peeviſh Cur as thou.

Whenever Deformity has a mind to expoſe her ſelf undreſs'd, ſhe needs no other ill Figure to appear in: *Providence* conſulted for the good of Mankind, when ſo *treacherous* a Soul was permitted to infuſe it ſelf in ſo *crooked a Receptacle*; for had his Perſon been agreeable, and not obſtructed the Infidelities of his Mind, he might have ruin'd more honeſt Fellows in Red, than the *Payment of their Debts*, a *long* and *lazy Peace*, or a *Diſban-*

Diſbanding Parliament. I expreſs'd my ſelf a little louder than was neceſſary, and being taken notice of by ſome that ſat next me, I reſolv'd to be no more a Martyr to my *Chiming*, than *Wit* at *Wills* would be to his *Religion*: So briefly depoſited my Copper at the Bar, whilſt Mrs. *Man* was pledging an *Iriſh* Colonel in *Uſquebaugh*, and vaniſh'd out of the Coffee-Room, as quick as an inchanted Supper flies from a ſaucy Clerk that has the ill Manners to ſay Grace to it. As I was croſſing the Way to wait upon a Perſon of Quality at *Old Man's*, my Fellow-Traveller accoſted me very gravely; That a Soldier's way of Life was unaccountable; That he had heard among the Prieſts of his own Country, there were two *Eternal Beings* oppoſite in their *Nature*, and vaſtly different in their *Qualities* and *Attributes*; the one Indulgent and Merciful, replete with infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs; the other of a Diſpoſition Cruel, Malicious and Revengeful; That he could not but imagine, if there were any Truth in theſe Traditions, that the Military Orders proceeded from the *black* and *ill-natur'd Deity*, which through Fear is worſhipp'd by his Superſtitious Country-men. He added, it ſeem'd inconſiſtent with the Deſign of the Creation, that one Part of it ſhould be bred up in Blood, train'd and educated to deſtroy the other, and make Havock of the nobleſt of all ſublunary Beings. I could not but be pleas'd with his Theology, yet told him, Thoſe *formidable Fellows* (pointing at the *Double Creatures over the Way*) dreſs'd with all the Equipage of Murder, were not half ſo good at Execution, as the *Gentlemen* of the *College*; That the Sound of their Mortars in an Apothecary's Shop, was as ſure a Preſage of a *Funeral*, as a *Paſſing-Bell* in the Times of Superſtition and Ignorance: That ſome *Philoſophical Inquiſitions*, after the *Cauſe* and *Cure* of *Diſeaſes*, by a ſingle Member of a *Worthy* and *Judicious Society*, had diſmiſs'd a greater Number of Wretches from the Afflictions of this miſerable World in a *Year*, than e'er a *hoary-headed Red-Coat* in all the Rencounters of his Life.

We

We popt into *Old Man's* juſt as I had ended my Morality, where the Agreeableneſs of the Company, the Magnificence of their Dreſs, and the Ceremony that was uſed on all Occaſions, entertain'd my Fellow-Traveller with very diverting Ideas: He obſerv'd the Word *Honour* to be mix'd in all their ſolemn Aſſertions, and ſoftly demanded what *God* that might be, whoſe Name was mention'd with ſuch a Religious Deference? *Honour*, I return'd, was a *Deity* which only *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* paid their Reſpects to; the one, when they ſacrific'd their Pleaſure to their Fame; and the other, when in ridiculous *Duels* they ventured Life to maintain a *barren Reputation*. 'Tis true, almoſt all Orders and Diſtinctions of Men pretend a Reverence for this *Whimſical Phantom*, which exiſts only in Imagination: But to give you a clearer Notion, how far their Actions are agreeable to their Words, I believe we have no more to do, than to reflect upon what thoſe Gentlemen in the Corner are doing: We obſerv'd there a *Colonel* and his *Agent*, upon whom a pretty brisk Youth of about Seventeen attended at three or four Yards diſtance in the Rear, and made his Honours upon every Occaſion, (we happen'd to place our ſelves very near) and immediately the *Agent* expreſs'd himſelf as follows: "This young Gentleman has a particular Re- "gard for your Honour, and a deſire to learn the Art "of War under ſo experienc'd an Officer: 'Tis true, "he can't boaſt any Antiquity of Blood, or Service in "the Army, to recommend him to ſo conſiderable a "a Poſt as that of Enſign to your Honour; but, Sir, "he has depoſited a Hundred Guineas in the Hands "of Sir *Francis Child*, which, I preſume, will plead "his Merit very weightily; beſides an Acknowledg- "ment to your humble Servant. The Favour was granted, and the young Beau diſmiſs'd to his Satisfaction. My *Indian* ſtung out of the Room in a Paſſion, for by this time he underſtood ſomething of theſe Military Intrigues, and wonder'd how Mankind could be ſo inſenſible as to pay for Ruin; he affirm'd that Blood and Money was too much; that he had often

often heard of Persons willing to buy Life, even with the basest Articles, but never knew of any so mad before, to purchase Death upon the lowest Consideration.

By this time we were come to the *Admiralty Office*; the Outside invited us in, but here we found only a Company of Tarrs walking to and fro with their Hands in their Pockets, as on the Quarter-Deck aboard; in one Room there was a Company of Lieutenants, some had serv'd twenty Years without being rais'd, because they either knew not how to bribe in the right Place, or were so tenacious of what they had so hardly purchas'd, that their only hopes were now *Half-Pay*, or *Superannuation*. In another Place were Seamens Wives with Petitions, and pressing Deputy B———, who was as surly to them, as a *true Whig* in Office; but tho' he demanded no Fee, he could be mollify'd by a little *Fellow-feeling*, that like a Sop to *Cerberus*, let Petitions and Men pass too: Then you fall in betwixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis*, the Clerks on one side, and Sea-Captains on the other; where Cowards that have lost one Ship, easily get another; and Men of Valour, without Interest, wait in vain for Preferment, from those who dispose of what they do not understand; for here the *Land* determines of the *Main*, and he that never saw the *North-Foreland*, disposes of things, as if he knew all the Creeks and Bays, Shelves, Sands, and Nations of the Universe.

But *Mum*'s the Word — for who wou'd speak their Mind among Tarrs and Commissioners; for the cracking their Shell, is too hard an *Amusement* for my Teeth. So my *Indian* and I pass'd hastily out, and made our way over the *Parade* towards *Westminster*; when we had pass'd the *Horse-Guards*, and enter'd the odoriferous Park of *St. James's*, we found it *High Change* on the *Parade*, Red Coats and Laced Hats spread everywhere, and Faces that breath'd Fire and Blood were all about us; some were eager, and walk'd fast; others were grave, and look'd as if they thought: Here is decided the Price of Commissions, which are openly bought

bought and ſold, as if a lawful Merchandize. Here Sieges are form'd, Battles fought, Victories won. Here *Iriſh*, *Scots*, and *Engliſh* meet very amicably, make a buz, and contend in Nonſenſe: Here you may hear all this General's Miſcarriages fully accounted for; that General's Succeſs magnify'd and deſcrib'd; that Colonel damn'd for being put over this Captain's Head; that Agent curs'd for tricking the Regiment out of their Pay, or by raiſing ſuch Contributions with the Colonel's Connivance, that Eſtates are now got at this end of the Town, as well as by *Stock-jobbing* in the City. Here honeſt *Pain* and *Potter*, and divers others of that Fraternity, take their Mid-days Perambulation, to agree with the Spendthrift Officers, for advancing their Money at 30 *per Cent*. Here walks a tall *Iriſhman*, with abundance of thoughtful Gravity in his Face, who had ſpent his Eſtate, and now lives on Women; and what is more prepoſterous, ſets up for a *Wit*, the odde ſt Ambition that ever was in Nature; for *Wit* was never yet the Growth of that Country.

We as naturally went from *Man's Coffee-Houſe* to the *Parade*, as a Coachman drives from *Locket's* to the *Play-Houſe*. Tho' the Scene was changed, the Actors were the ſame as to their *Profeſſion*, but infinitely different in their *Character*, *Degrees* and *Circumſtances*. The firſt Gentleman I happen'd to caſt my Eyes upon, was my old Friend and Fellow-Collegian honeſt *Bartholomew Cringe*. I wonder'd who in the Devil's Name had equipt him with a Wig large enough to load a Camel. If Nature had indulg'd our Primitive Parents with ſuch an extraordinary Production, they would have had little Reaſon to have bluſh'd at, or been aſham'd of their Nakedneſs; and the Original of that *virtuous Profeſſion Mantua-making*, our good Grandmother *Eve* might have ſav'd her ſelf a great deal of trouble in tacking together her *Primitive Green Petticoat* and *Waſtcoat*. His Sword in Length reſembled a Footman's, who aſſerts the Reputation of his Miſtreſs, which, for divers good Cauſes and Reaſons, he is very nearly concern'd in. His Coat was as blue as the Sky; and

his

his Hat boldly erected its ſable Penthouſe, to play with greater Vivacity on the ruddy Complexion of its Owner. I conſidered him with the ſtricteſt Attention, and could hardly give Credit to the Informers of my Mind, when my Spark, to end the *Amuſement*, accoſted me in a very obliging manner. Says he, Dear Friend *Tom*, you're ſurpriz'd to find your old Friend in this Place and Habit. I wear this Dreſs and Garniture, as the Emblems of my Militant Capacity. I have the Honour to perform the Duties of my Office under the Protection of that worthy Gentleman Lieutenant General ———, in the Quality of Chaplain to his Regiment of Horſe; and faith, dear *Tom*, to be plain with you, I was looking for ſuch a pleaſant Companion as your ſelf, to whom a Man might unboſom a few Secrets, which are a little hard of Digeſtion. We've had many a ſmart Touch together; and to deal ſincerely, what betwixt my Reſpects to his Excellency, and ſome neceſſary Punctilio's to the Caſſock, I am become as melancholly as a Stateſman debarr'd from doing Miſchief, or a Bawd in a *Bridewell*. If you'll do me the Favour to contribute your Aſſiſtance, in order to expel theſe ſplenetick Vapours, your old Acquaintance, a Bit to eat, a Bottle of Wine expect you at *Shuttleworth*'s, where I know you have Courage enough to come, tho' the Devil appears upon the Sign-poſt. I told him, I kiſs'd his Hand with all imaginable Reſpect; that I would not fail to oblige my ſelf and him with the Interview he propos'd, as ſoon as I had treated my Sun-burnt Friend with a View of ſome Rarities in the *Park*, who I deſign'd with his good Leave, ſhould ſhare in the Entertainment. We immediately parted; the *Canonical Cavalier* to the Tavern; and my *American Pupil*, with his Inſtructor, toward the Canal, where once the Centinels and Gladiators, with equal Concern, guarded her Majeſty's Subjects of the Feather'd Generation.

I was as gay and pleaſant, in Expectation of the promis'd Regalement, as that Reverend Judge *Don Sancho* would have been after a plentiful Collation:

I met

I met with ſeveral *Amuſements*, during three or four Turns I made, that augmented the Pleaſure which poſſeſt me. My Fellow-Traveller demanded, What Officer that might be, who was ſo kind to deſire our Company at Dinner? An Officer, quoth I! not a Jot of an Officer, or a Soldier that I know of: He is indeed a ſort of an *Eccleſiaſtical Drum-Major*, that calls the Military Herd to Battle, Penance or Faſting, when the General thinks convenient to fight, or the Want of Proviſions makes an Humiliation important or neceſſary. Indeed, to do the Man Juſtice, he does not much delight in Faſting; he looks upon that as a Qualification fitter for a Biſhop, ſuch as the Reverend Dr. *K*———*n*, than the Chaplain of a Regiment, who ought in Conſcience to give a good Example to the Soldiers. Turning about to ſee what a Clock 'twas, in order to make good my Aſſignation, I had almoſt tumbl'd over a young Gentlewoman, who was marching off the Parade with a Colonel; the Surgeon of his Battalion follow'd cloſe in the Rear, who was ready to give an Authentick Certificate, *to all whom it might concern*, of her Ladyſhip's being in good Health, and that his Honour had no more Reaſon to apprehend any Danger of Fire from her, than he had formerly from the Combatants of *Steinkirk* or *Landen*; who being a quarrelſom ſort of People, this Gentleman moſt cautiouſly avoided their Converſation, and always had the good Fortune to be Sick, or in Garriſon, at the Critical time of any dangerous Rencounter. But whatever Objections the Malicious might raiſe againſt his Courage, he had the good Fortune of ſhewing his Manhood to the Ladies; and without diſpute, he was infinitely in the right on't, ſince the Work of Generation is much more glorious than that of Privation, extinguiſhing Life, or honourable Murder. My *Indian* Friend ask'd me, Whether this was not another *Exchange?* The Queſtion was to the Purpoſe, and I frankly return'd, The *Parade* might properly be call'd an *Exchange*, or a Market, for every thing here was Veneal; Ready-Money, or a handſom Sifter, were never-

failing

failing Preſents, if a Man had an Intent to purchaſe a Commiſſion; That good Friends, and a large Stock of Aſſurance, ſometimes admitted the Soldier to Preferment; but Courage, long Service, or true Merit, very rarely. The Colonel here ſells his Honour, the Agent his Conſcience, and every thing bears a Price but Virtue. Shou'd the *God of War* ſerve under theſe Gentlemen, I queſtion whether he wou'd arrive to the Dignity of a Serjeant, unleſs his Miſtreſs the *Queen of Love*, or the more prevailing Picture of her Majeſty, introduc'd him. Obſerve that little Gentleman upon the right Hand; his Buſineſs is to ſtate Accounts of the Army; and it turns very well to his own: If a young Widow wants the Arrears of her Husband, and imagines in Reſpect to the Dead, or Compaſſion to the Living, ſhe ſhall be honourably dealt with, ſuch Perſons will find themſelves damnably miſtaken: No, there's another way to go to work; the Lady muſt take a Tour as far as *Knightsbridge* or *Kenſington*, ſtop may be at the *World's-end*, or the *Swan*, offer my Spark a ſmall Treat, when upon examining her Affairs at Night, 'tis a Hundred to one but he does her Buſineſs in the Morning. Tho' my Stomach gave me Warning, I treſpaſs'd upon good Manners, in permitting my Friend to be ſo long alone, or entertain'd with no better Company than what the Miſtreſs of the Hoſpitable Tenement where he reſided could afford him: Yet before I repaired to my Fellow-Collegian, I cou'd not forbear making this Poetical Reflexion;

The Colonels here in ſolemn manner meet,
Not with a full Deſign the French *to beat,*
But to conſult where they may nicely eat;
What Truſting Mortal ſells the nobleſt Wine,
Where free from Duns, they may ſecurely dine.

We walk'd thro' the Horſe-Guards; I call'd to mind the Happineſs of thoſe ſerene times, when the Troops of the Houſhold, inſtead of being tranſported to Foreign Countries, guarded the Royal Poultry with great Care and Application; when theſe generous Knights Errant

Errants preſided over the Converſe of ſighing Lovers, and protected their nocturnal Amours from Violence and Injuries. This was the *Golden Age*, unleſs preceding *Æra's* claim that venerable Title, when even the Guards themſelves were unknown, unthought of; when Majeſty had no other Defence, than the Love and Piety of their Subjects.

Tyrant and Traytor then were Names unknown,
Nor Guards ſecur'd, nor Fears diſturb'd a Throne:
Then Kings enjoy'd a long and happy Reign,
And ſlept as quiet as the meaneſt Swain;
Honour'd and Old, to Death did gently bend,
And without Blood to Proſerpine *deſcend.*

This Martial *Amuſement* did not long detain us, but we paſs'd through, and made our way for the *Abbey of Weſtminſter*; where we taking a ſolitary Walk, my *Indian* ſeem'd pleas'd with the Solemnity of the Place, which ſtruck a ſort of ſacred Horror into us, and inſpir'd an unſought Devotion to the Deity it was erected to.

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

IT being Prayer-time, we *amus'd* our ſelves with viewing the glorious Circumſtances of the Dead; on which my *Indian* Friend made many moral Reflexions, as on the fooliſh Vanity of Men, in extending their Folly beyond this Life. *Pride*, that was their Vice while living, will not forſake them in the Grave, they making that the laſting Monument of it. Flattering Inſcriptions and Marble Monuments they have Refuge to, when they want Soul to recommend themſelves to Poſterity by their good and generous Actions. In the North-Iſle we found a remarkable Inſtance of *Modeſty*, while over the immortal *Ben. Johnſon* there was only on a plain little Stone inſcrib'd, O *rare Ben. Johnſon!* But whether this were the Effect of the Avarice of his Friends, or their Confidence in his admirable Works, or his own Modeſty, I ſhall not determine, overlooking

ing the other Pieces of this Nature on this Side, except that of *Harry Purcell*, the Memory of whose Harmony held us a little, we pass'd on to the other Side, where one thing was remarkable; for on a Woman's Monument we found an Inscription in *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and *Arabick*, as if by the Multiplicity of the Figures they wou'd express the Volubility of that of the Sex in one: And that of *Fairbon* in *English* set up by his pious Wife, in order to get her a second Husband, the Comforts of a second Marriage being the surest to a Widow for the Loss of a first Husband. Casting our Eyes forward, *Tom of ten Thousand* intercepts our Sight, a mournful Instance of a *Martyr in Love*. Tho' we could not but stop at the Tomb of a Judge; his Neighbour, and wonder at his Assurance, in telling us of his Hopes of a Resurrection, when he must pass the fiery Trial of the Judgment upon it, where he'll stand as a *Culprit*, not in *statu quo*: He had certainly forgot how many bad Causes he had defended, before he could come to sleep over the Cause he was to determine; and how many times he had judg'd by his own Passions, or Interest, or Affections, more than by the Law.

The next that drew our Eyes, for the Admirableness of the Work, as well as the Character of the Man, was the famous Dr. *Busby* of *flogging Memory*; his Inscription tells us how many he had bred to the Bench and the Board; but some have been apt to think, he had better have employ'd his Time in teaching them *Honesty* and *Understanding*, than *Latin* and *Greek*; it had been better for the State at least, if not for themselves. His Pupils, when they come by, look as pale as his Marble, in Remembrance of his severe Execution on their Posteriors.

From him we easily pass'd to the *Poets* his Neighbours; and first old *Abraham Cowley* salutes us with an Epitaph and Inscription of equal Truth, truly Poetical indeed, as all *Mat. Clifford*'s Fictions; for he was no more the *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, &c. of *England*, than the Monument was of his Grace of *Buckt*'s erecting, at least paying for.

The venerable *Chaucer* was next, a Poet indeed, and the *Engliſh Homer* truly; at whoſe Feet, without any Name, lyes *John Dryden* his Admirer, and truly the *Engliſh Maro*. *Drayton*, with Half a Noſe comes next, admir'd in his Time, but whoſe Works are forgot before his Monument is worn out. The great *Spencer* keeps the Entry of the Church, in a plain Stone Tomb, but his Works are more glorious than all the Marble and Braſs Monuments within.

To which we, now ventur'd to enter, being firſt encountred by a dapper pert Scoundrel in a crop-ear'd Wig, the Parrot of the Place, but a Piece of a *Weſtminſter* Wit; for he throws in his Jokes as formally, and as much to the Purpoſe, as a Fanatick Holderforth does his Text.

My *Indian* Friend was indeed ſurpriz'd at the firſt Apartment of the Dead that we entered; there was ſomething very magnificent and fine in the Tombs. Here lay a great Miniſter of State in a tatterr'd Braſs Caſe; there the immortal *Talbot*; here a Reverend Biſhop under Foot; there a fine Lady lifted aloft: Here lay the ſhatter'd clumſy Figure of a noble Knight, with his now peaceful Dudgeon at his Side; and there the Lady who had the odd Fate of dying by pricking her Fore-finger with a Needle: Here a topping young Heroe like *Mars*; and there two diminutive Figures of Princes.

But to run over the Particulars of all this *Amuſement* of the Dead, would be too tedious a Repetition: There was a Conqueror without a Head; for they were ſo vile to make that of Silver, and his Body of Braſs, ſo the Thief ſtole the Head, and left the Trunk unattempted.

But we can't leave this venerable Place, without a View of a formidable Sword and Buckler with which he conquer'd the *French*; and they muſt have been Giants indeed, to have reſiſted ſuch formidable Weapons, if his Soldiers fought with the like. Here was the Pillar of old *Jacob*, brought to *Scotland* by *Pharaoh's* Daughter, with this Advantage, that where-ever that Stone

Stone ſhould go, the *Scots* ſhould reign. But whether *Edward* the Firſt brought it out of *Scotland* out of Zeal to *Jacob*, or to take away the Foe's *Palladium*, here it is; and if you won't believe it, you had beſt diſpute it with the Parrots of the Place: But true or falſe, it has been an *Amuſement* Time out of Mind, and ſo will continue for all that I can diſcover to the contrary.

Edward the Confeſſor's Tomb is the chief Piece of Antiquity, who was the firſt Royal Empirick for Scabs and Scrophulous Humours. He was a whimſical Sort of a Gentleman, that not being willing or capable to lye with his Wife, was yet ſo jealous of her, that he caus'd her to paſs the fiery Trial of the *Ordeal*, which ſhe did to the Satisfaction of the Beholders, but not of the King, who could never be brought to give her his Royal Benevolence, for which the Monks make him a Saint, and the Nation was exexpos'd to Invaſion and Ruin in *William* the Baſtard of *Normandy*, whom the Monks call'd in a barbarous Latin, *Conqueſtor*, or *Conqueror*.

From hence we paſs'd to another Apartment, where the noble Earl of *Exeter* lyes cover'd with Marble, with his own Effigies and his firſt Wife's; and to ſhew that he was not behind-hand in Love to his ſecond, he left her a Place to lye by him, when ſhe took her eternal Nap. But ſhe being a Perſon of a very nice Taſte in the Ceremonials of Place, choſe rather to be alone, than to lye on his Left Hand.

Hence we advanc'd into the curious Chapel of *Henry* VII. and by the way ſaw good Queen *Beſs*, and bleſs'd her pious Memory. Here we found that cunning Monarch enſhrin'd in Monumental Braſs, which perhaps he got the Expence of from *Dudley*'s and *Empſon*'s Eſtates, which he had ſqueez'd out of the People.

Having ſome Notice before-hand, I deſir'd my *Indian* Friend to amuſe himſelf with a View of the Stalls of the ancient Monks of this Chapel. Here was inlaid half a Dozen jolly Fellows, ſome drunk and ſpewing, others maudlin, ſome quarrelling. There

were more numerous Sparks in the Act of Fornication; other good Friars, *&c.* engag'd with their *Gampucades*, and in every Place their Maſter old *Lucifer* rejoicing at their Exploits. My *Indian* was extreamly *amuſed* with the Piety of the Repreſentation. But I ſaw with a little Indignation, things too ſcandalous for a Brothel, made free of in the Church. And ſo we paſs'd on to ſee the Ruins of Majeſty in the Women Figures placed there by Authority. As ſoon as we had aſcended Half a Score Stone Steps in a dirty Cobweb Hole, and in old worm-eaten Preſſes, whoſe Doors flew open on our Approach, here ſtood *Edward* III. as they told us, which was a broken Piece of Wax-work, a batter'd Head, and a Straw-ſtuff'd Body, not one Quarter cover'd with Rags. His beautiful Queen ſtood by, not better in Repair; and ſo to the Number of Half a Score Kings and Queens, not near ſo good Figures as the King of the Beggars makes, and the begging Crew would be aſham'd of their Company. Their Rear was brought up with good *Queen Beſs*, with the Remnants of an old dirty Ruff, and nothing to cover her Majeſty's Nakedneſs.

Tir'd with this *Amuſement*, I was enquiring if there were no Charnel-Houſe to compleat the View of the Dead. There is no need of that, ſays my *Indian*, for this Place, I think, gives as melancholy a View of the Dead as that can do; there the Bones and Skulls ſeem to want no Garniture, but here we ſee Kings, after their Death, cloath'd like Vagrants, and all their Pomp and Grandeur confin'd to a Rag and a Cupboard. And this proves that

All mortal things are ſubject to Decay,
And when Fate ſummons, Monarchs muſt obey.

Upon the COMPTERS.

I Slept as heartily as Innocence it ſelf, when my Fellow-Traveller, who ſhar'd in the Adventures I am going to relate, enter'd my Room, and by the Noiſe and

and Pains he took to wake me, disperſed thoſe agreeable Ideas Fancy at that time was entertaining me with. And inſtead of flattering Dreams of Pleaſure, which at that Inſtant obligingly amuſed me, opening my Eyes, and collecting my Senſes, I found my ſelf no richer or wiſer than I was the preceding Morning: The Bells were ringing in all the Steeples of the City, and made a Noiſe as harmonious as the pathetick Harangue of that *Urban* Magiſtrate a *R*———*r*, when he delivers himſelf upon ſome very important Occaſion. Having taken a ſound Nap, by preparing my Perſon with the invincible Opiates of a Glaſs of good Wine, and the Lecture of ſome Pages in Sir *R*——*a B*———*re*'s *Eliza*, I thought I had no incumbent Neceſſity upon me to go to Church to hear Dr. *Y*——*n* preach againſt Avarice, or the Reverend Maſter of the Temple rip open myſterious Points of Divinity, as plain as he did Dr. *Overall*'s Convocation Book; and being as little inclin'd to be merry, or to ſee a *Harlequin* in a Pulpit, I avoided the Theatre in *Ruſſel-Court*, where more Farces have been acted, than ever appeared upon the Stages of *Drury-Lane* or *Dorſet-Garden*. Faith, ſays I to my *Indian*, it ſhall be ſo; I'll e'en go ſhew you the Tombs. Thoſe of *Weſtminſter*, ſays my Friend, I am ſatisfy'd they are very entertaining, the Dead in thoſe Vaults ſleep very magnificently; and there's a certain Air of Greatneſs and Antiquity interſperſed among thoſe venerable Monuments: But, pray, continu'd he, what Tombs, what Monuments do you mean? Said I, with a Smile, you are infinitely miſtaken, if you conclude we have no other remarkable Monuments than thoſe of the *Plantagenets*, ſituate in the tempeſtuous Air of *Weſtminſter*; the Tombs of *Woodſtreet* and the *Poultrey* much more deſerve your Conſideration, and thither 'tis I deſign to conduct you.

At this Period I found my ſelf dreſs'd, and privately thank'd Heaven my humble Equipage had neither brought Ruin or Inconvenience upon any Family; That the Cloaths I had put on had not made me criminate;

nate; That I had hurt no Tradeſman, by obliging him to truſt me; nor increas'd the Injury, by deluding him into an unneceſſary Attendance. Theſe ſerious Reflections put me into a Sort of Melancholy, which ſuggeſted to my Fancy, that the Places I was going to were real, not imaginary Tombs or Monuments; and that as our Church-yards and Burial Places were attended with Eccleſiaſtical Officers, as *Clerk*, *Sexton*, and *Grave-Diggers*; ſo theſe Burial-Places for the Living, are as little deſtitute of their Chiefs and Aſſiſtants, who take the unhappy Wretches in the Limits of their Dominions, with a ſeverer Juſtice than the infernal Judges are fabled by the ancient *Grecians* to have Lorded it in Hell over the dusky Populace of *Styx* and *Acheron*. The Right Worſhipful the *L——d M——r* for the time being ſupplies the Place of *Clerk*, the Worſhipful the *Sheriffs* are the *Sextons*, and the *Serjeants* and *Yeomen* are the *Grave-Diggers*; but in the Houſe your Parochial Pioneer digs up for the Manſions of the mouldering Tenants, that meet with a ſerene Quiet, a long Inſenſibility from Pain, which thoſe that are immur'd in this diſmal Faſtneſs can never pretend to; no ſurly Goaler diſturbs the Dead, they ſleep from Debts, Neceſſities and Cares; no gingling Keys break their ſacred extended Slumbers; nor does the ſaucy Inſolence of villainous Keepers plague them with Oppreſſions and Injuſtice.

Whilſt theſe Images were revolving themſelves in my Mind, we approached the wooden *Portcullis* that guards the melancholy Avenue of a terreſtrial Hell. *Virgil* expreſſes himſelf very beautifully concerning the *Stygian* Palace reſided in by the Son-in-Law of *Ceres*.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.
——facilis eſt deſcenſus Averni;
Sed revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras
Hic labor, hoc opus——
Swift of Acceſs is Ceres *grizly Son,*
His brazen Gates on ready Hinges turn:
But from Avernus *and the Realms of Night,*
Upwards to move, and view th' Ethereal Light,
This is the Task——

But

But we found the Caſe quite alter'd in this Houſe of Torment, and it was almoſt as difficult for us that were without Doors to get in, as it was for them within Doors to get out. His *Cerberusſhip* demanded our Buſineſs, and by the Grimneſs of his Face gave us a dreadful Idea of the Horrors which are inſeparable to the infernal Maſtiff. I told him very civilly, that I was come to ſee a Friend of mine in Confinement; That it being *Sunday*, I concluded a Viſit to Perſons either ſick or in Priſon, was as acceptable to the Divine Goodneſs, as offering up my Devotions at Church. He ſmiled at my Notions of Piety, and turning the Key, not without an inſolent Grin, gave us Admittance to a Scene of Horror, which diſcover'd the Prudence, Chriſtianity and Tenderneſs of the City Government. The Gentleman was call'd down from breathing in the Air upon the Leads, who occaſion'd us that Viſit. After ſome Compliments of Condolance being paſs'd betwixt us, we deſired him to entertain himſelf with a Quart of comfortable Ale; and if that was not potent enough to make him forget his Cares, we engaged him to mingle it with the infallible Preſcription of a Nipperkin of Brandy. Whilſt we amuſed our ſelves with our Curioſity, and the diſmal Diverſion of the ſable Apartments, a Multiplicity of different Figures immediately preſented themſelves of both Sexes, and almoſt of all Ages and Conditions; their Viſages were pale and ghaſtly; their Dreſs ſquallidly neglected; and the Diſorder of their Seats ſufficiently appeared, by the Contempt they had of their Bodies. One walk'd as ſwiftly as a bending Tradeſman from a *Saturday* Dun, when, God knows, he was as near his Journey's End, as a decaying Whore is to a Bawd, or a young giggling Girl to the Loſs of her Maidenhead. Another moſt demurely, with Hat, Cane, and Gloves, and the Phiz of Buſineſs, marches from one Side of the Ward to another, as if he was juſt a going to the *Exchange*, to monopolize the Commodities of both the *Indies*; when alas! the Wretch has never ſeen that buſy Place,

ſince a Brace of ill-looking Officers whiſper'd him in the Ear, a ſort of a ſcurvy Story, and in ſecure and ſafe Cuſtody, brought him to the Ware-houſe which he pays no Rent for; yet nevertheleſs has got but a very indifferent Bargain. A third damns his Attorney, and a fourth curſes as heartily his Wife. *That Rogue of a Lawyer*, ſays one of theſe irreligious Recluſes, raging and almoſt mad with his Misfortunes, *if he had not play'd faſt and looſe with me, I had never been brought to this. Confound that Villain of a Creditor*, continues he, *who brib'd the J—ge and Jury; and the Devil take the Jury that ſold my Cauſe.* Here ſtarts up another, and in an infinite Paſſion demanded, What Reaſon he had to uſe ſo many Execrations? *Pray Sir*, ſays the Party that ask'd the Queſtion, *if you have ſo good a Hand at Curſing, do me the Favour to curſe my Wife: My Wife, a Plague confound her, brought me hither: To my Wife I owe this fantaſtical Miſery, this horrid Air, and this ridiculous Habit. She brought me nothing*, adds he, *before Conſummation, but Pride, Poverty, and Lewdneſs, and that was a Portion with a Vengeance; but ſince the fatal Moment of taking* For Better for Worſe—He would have run on a Brace of Hours upon this Nuptial Panegyrick, but we decently left him to make his Complaint among the liſtning Herd of his Fellow-ſufferers, and turn'd our ſelves about, in order to reflect with Concern upon a Figure lamentably wretched, the very Picture of Sadneſs it ſelf: His Air was dejected; Deſpair and ſolid Melancholy took up their Reſidence upon his Face, and interwove themſelves in all his Diſcourſes and Actions; yet his Misfortunes had not abſolutely robb'd him of every thing that was agreeable: His Judgment remained very penetrating, and his good Manners and Civility render'd him unworthy of the Condition that the Capriciouſneſs of Fortune had reduc'd him to. We addreſs'd our ſelves to him, and begged the Knowledge of thoſe ill Accidents that had brought him to a Station ſo different from what we imagin'd he was once in Poſſeſſion of. Whether to oblige our Enquiries, or to indulge his Grief by the Repetition of his Story, I

am

am uncertain; but he gave us to understand in very pathetick Terms, That he was a Person had made a handsom Appearance in the World; that he had been Master of a very considerable Estate, and tho' he had not comply'd with his Payments so exactly as Sir *F*——*C*——*d*, yet he had more punctually perform'd his Word than *Sweetapple* or *F*——*s*. That he was in very thriving Circumstances, when his Affairs oblig'd him to take a Journey into the Country; where staying, by the means of Sickness that detained him a little longer than was expected, a Sober Religious Common-Council-Man, with whom he had dealt several Years, took out a Statute against him, seiz'd three times the Value of what he ow'd, which was most of it spent at *Pontack*'s or the *Rummer*, upon debating the weighty Points of Contribution and Dividends; then seiz'd upon his Person, threw him into the *Compter*, and took Care his Family should be like the State of the Christian Church, dispers't and distrest over the Face of the whole Earth. We pity'd the Injustice he had met with, and return'd to my Friend, with whom I could not help murmuring against the Imprudence of some Part of our Legal Constitution. We wonder'd, that a Thief should be hang'd for some sort of Felonies, and by that Means find an end of his Torment, and for other Actions of like Nature have the *Benefit of the Clergy*; when neither the Law nor the Gospel found means to discharge an Insolvent Debtor. That according to the unhappy Severity of our Laws, we might at a much easier Rate offend Heaven, than be indebted to Man; and that in all Degrees of Criminal Cases, the Prisoner some Way or other made his *Exit* from a Dungeon: A Debtor is only Prisoner for Life, and his Misfortune is hereditary to his Family; the innocent Children share the Punishment of their Father, who were never accessary to his Guilt; and Vengeance here is extended to the third and fourth Generation. My *American*, tho' he had been a Witness to the several Passages I have related, yet would needs impose upon me so far, as to affirm the Inhabitants of

of theſe Catacombs were Perſons guilty of a Murder, and here expiated their Crimes by the Confinement of their Perſons. I told him indeed, that whoever had brought themſelves thither, were a ſort of Self-Murderers, and ſo (according to the Opinion of the Orthodox) ſuffer'd the Pain and Penalty of Damnation. But truly ſpeaking, theſe Unfortunates rather ſuffer'd than avoided that Crime; and, without Diſpute, of all Perſons whatſoever, are moſt worthy our Compaſſion. For my Part, ſays I, riſing to be gone, after I had put an end to a few Conſolations which I gave my inchanted Friend, This Place is certainly *Purgatory*, and agrees very well with the Character *Virgil* gave us of that infernal Priſon, ſome two Thouſand Years ago; you ſhall ſee the Deſcription when I meet you on the other Side of this Caſtle; mean time, I wiſh you all the Satisfaction ſo uncomfortable a Place can afford you.

The THAMES.

NOW (ſaid I to my *Indian*) I have feaſted your Curioſity with ſuch Variety of *Amuſements* upon *Terra firma*, I'll preſent you upon the *Water* with a ſurpriſing Entertainment, that ſhall ſtartle you much more than all the hair-brain'd Confuſions, or ridiculous Adventures you have ever met with on this Side the Equinoctial. Then your River, ſays he, muſt afford ſomething that is very extraordinary; for I think your Streets and Publick-Houſes abound with ſuch an amazing Medley of all manner of Contrarieties, that if a Man had the Eyes of *Argus*, he might employ them all in this your Chriſtian *Babel* to his continual Satisfaction: However, I ſhall be glad to wait on you, if for no other Reaſon, but the Benefit of a little freſh Air in this ſultry Weather.

Finding my *Antipodian* Companion thus agreeable to my Humour, I ſteer'd him down *Black Friers* towards,

wards the *Thames*-side, 'till coming near the Stairs, where from their lousy Benches up started such a noisy Multitude of old grizly *Tritons*, in sweaty Shirts, and short-skirted Doublets, hallowing and hooting out, *Next Oars* and *Skullers*, shaking their Cuckolds Caps over their bald Noddles, seeming over-joy'd to see us, as if we had been Foreign Princes come out of stark Love and Kindness to redeem them and their Families from cruel Popery and Slavery. Ad's Flesh, says my poor frighted *Indian*, let's not venture any farther, in the Name of *Neptune*; What are this Crowd of *Myrmidons*, who approach us so like *Canibals*, as if they resolv'd to devour us, and were squabbling with one another at the Sight of their Prey, who should have the first Bit? Never fear, said I, with one Word I'll put you out of your Pain; and with that I bawl'd out as loud as a Speaking-Trumpet, *Next Oars*! and away ran Captain *Charon* from the Front of his wrangling Fraternity, with a Badge upon his Arm, that the World might behold whose Slave he was, and hallow'd to his Man *Ben.* to bring the Boat near, whilst the rest withdrew to their Seats, calling one another *Lousy Rogue*, and *Sorry Rascal*, giving us a clear Passage without further Molestation. Upon my Word, says my *Indian* Friend, I am glad we are past them, for this is one of the most ill-looking Rabble, and from whom I had more Apprehensions of Danger, than from any I have yet met with. 'Tis all, said I, but an *Amusement*; step into the Boat; sit down Water-men, and row us up to *Chelsea*. No sooner had we put off into the middle of the Stream, but our *Charon* and his Assistant (being jolly Fellows) began to scatter their verbal Wild-fire on every Side of them, their first Attack being on a couple of fine Ladies, with a Footman in the Stern, as follows, *viz. How now, you two Confederate Brimstones, Where are you swimming with your fine Top-knots, to invite some* Irish *Bully or* Scotch *Highlander to scour your Cloven Furbulows for a Petticoat Pension? I'll warrant your poor Cuckolds are hovering about 'Change to hear what News from* Flanders,

whilst

whilſt you, like a couple of hollow belly'd Wh—s, are ſailing up to Spring-Garden *to cram one end with roaſted Fowls, and the other with raw Sauſages.* One of the Ladies taking Courage, pluck'd up a Female Spirit of Revenge, and facing us with the Gallantry of an *Amazon*, made the following Return, *viz. Get you home, you old Cuckold, look under your Wife's Bed, and ſee what a luſty Gardener has been planting, a Son of a Wh—e in your Parſley-Bed: O how ſond the old Fool will be of the Fruits of another Man's Labour, when the Midwife vouches the Baſtard to be the true Picture of his Daddy: Out you old Rogue, Gray before you're Good, and Bald before you're Mannerly; hold your Bawling, you ruſty old Churl, whoſe dogged Countenance makes you look as if you were begot by a Tanner's Maſtiff; talk not to a Woman, you ſurly Whelp, for you are fit for nothing, but like the Breed you came on, to crawl upon all fours, and cry Bow-wow at a Bear-Garden.*

No ſooner had we ſaluted each other with theſe Water-Compliments as we paſs'd by, but a Weſtern-Boat, ſtow'd with a Mixture of both Sexes, began a freſh Attack upon us in manner following, *viz. How now, Old Dad, whither are your Man and you carrying that King of the Gypſies you have pick'd up for a Fare? Why, he looks as if he had painted his Face with a Child's Surreverence, to make his Countenance ſhine like a Turmerick Pudding. Out, you naſty T—d-coloured Dog, born upon a Dunghil without a Head, that your Mother was forc'd to ſupply the Defect with a yellow Pumpkin.* Which unſavoury Compliment was thus retorted by our foul-mouth'd Prolocutor, *viz. Stop your Smoak-hole, Nincompoop; What, laden for* Puddle-dock *with Taylors, Bailiffs, fat Bawds, and Chamber-Maids? Shoot your Rubbiſh, you Rogue, at the next Lay-ſtall, and carry back Dung to the next Gardener's Houſe, that you may beg a Bunch of Carrots for the Sow your Bed-fellow, to ſtop her Mouth from Scolding. Who was it that caught the Boat-builder's Journey-man kiſſing his Wife, and forgave him for half a dozen of Mother* Shepherd's *Beer, becauſe he ſwore upon the Old Woman's Bible, 'twas the firſt time? O rare* Tom Sanders; *you lye like a Cuckold: Get you gone, you*

old

old Fumbler, to my Dame Tofield's *Daughter, and make a Fool of the poor Wench in the Houſe of Eaſe, and afterwards kiſs the Mother upon* Horn-Fair-Day *for Nuts and Ginger-bread.*

This Dialogue being thus ended, the next that we met was a jolly Parſon, skudding from *Lambeth-Houſe* in a Skuller, ſitting at the upper end of the Boat by himſelf, like a Lady in a Lobſter-ſhell. *Rare Game, Maſter,* cries our Navicular Spokeſman, and thus he accoſted the Man of Scripture, as ſoon as within hearing, *viz. Well met, Holy Father, I'll warrant in your time you have drawn as many Tythe-Pigs in at your Mouth, and out at your Fundament, as would have ſtock'd* Bartholomew-Fair *for a whole Seaſon, or elſe you could never have ſhewn ſuch a fat Gut to your lean Pariſhoners. Ah, Doctor, 'tis a Sign the Church is at a low Ebb, or elſe a long Scarf and a Roſe-Hatband, would never be ſo humble, as to be ſeen lolling in a Skuller, in ſuch a pious Age too, when every* Wapping *Underſtrapper, that has but a Congregation of Old Women to hold himſelf forth to, ſcorns to have leſs than Oars, tho' he croſſes but the Water to adminiſter Comfort to a Holy Siſter.— Thou art a wicked Reprobate, I'll warrant thee,* reply'd the Prieſt; *Prithee deſire the Miniſter of your Pariſh to teach thee the* Lord's Prayer *and the* Ten Commandments, *that thou may'ſt not go out of this World in thy old Age like a Heathen, and be damn'd in the next for the Sin of Wilful Ignorance.——— Thank you, Maſter,* cries old Grizzle, *for your good Advice, but I believe 'tis the firſt that ever you beſtowed ſo generouſly, without being paid for it: Ah, wo is me, that ever the plentiful Age of* Paſſive Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance *ſhould ever be chang'd into the mercenary Times of* Moderation and Vertue.

No ſooner had we ſteer'd clear of Divinity, but we fell foul (in Words I mean) upon a nimble Pair of Oars, freighted with a couple of Scarlet Officers, and between them a Lady furbulo'd with all the Coleours of the Rain-bow: No ſooner were they come up a Broad-ſide of us, but our bold Son of *Neptune*, ſeconded by his Man, began a vigorous Attack upon the Sons

Sons of *Mars*, who ſat hugging their *Venus*, as the two Elders did *Suſanna*, viz. *'Eſaith noble Captain, you lay cloſe Siege; I dare ſwear, at the very firſt Aſſault, Love's Fortreſs will ſurrender upon your own Terms; tho' I can tell you this for your Comfort, as ſoon as your Ammunition is ſpent, and your Guns are diſmounted, you'll be forc'd to quit the Poſſeſſion: But whatever you do, take care before you enter, that the Caſtle is not on Fire; for if it ſhould, you had better break up your Siege, than go on any further. Hold your Tongue, you old Swobber,* replies one of the Heroes, *and pull off my Lord-Mayor's Jacket and louſe your ſelf, or elſe, you Rogue, we will have you whipt in* Bridewel, *for ſuffering his Lordſhip's Livery to be overrun with Vermin, to the Diſhonour of the City. You are miſtaken Captain,* cries Bullface, *a Louſe is a Soldier's Companion, and not a Waterman's; therefore pray look in your own Collar, for a Red-coat and a Creeper are inſeparable Companions, as a Dog and a Flea, Virginity and a C——— blouſe. Out you, naſty Fellow,* cries the Lady, *what an old Man and a Beaſt! Why how now, Madam Rain-bow,* cries our Advocate, *what ſo young a Wench, and ſo notorious a Strumpet, to have two Soldiers at a time to relieve your Concupiſcence, when* Venus *her ſelf, the damnedſt Whore in the Heavens, was contented with but one, tho' ſhe had fifty times your Beauty.*

The next we encounter'd was a Quaker and his Handmaid, with whom our merry Pilot thus began his Drollery, *viz. Well done, Holy ones, I ſee* Aminadab *will have his* Abigal, *as well as the wicked ones their Harlots; in ſpite of the Holy Spirit, G———'s Lambs will play, tho' they ſin after a ſanctified manner; by and by ſnap goes the Cakes, and whiz cries the Bottle-Ale; Then,* O Abigal, *ſince the Light of thy Countenance hath moved the outward Man to uncover thy Nakedneſs, I ſay, ſtretch thou forth one Leg towards* Dan, *the other towards* Berſheba, *and hold up thy fleſhy Idol, that I may raiſe Seed unto thy Husband* Abraham, *who at preſent is a weak Friend, and cannot, as he ought, adminiſter the Comforts of Wedlock unto thee his Wife. Out upon thee,* ſays the Quaker, *for a foul Friend, thou art the Seed of the*

the Serpent, and the Light is not in thee: O Generation of Vipers! that this River Jordan *should be so defil'd in the hearing of the Saints, by thy abominable Utterance. I say unto thee, Repent, Repent, or that wicked Member, thy unruly Tongue, will at last bring thee to be buffeted by Satan.* Thus our Waterman's Language so provok'd the *Quaker*, that the Spirit mov'd him to Hold forth, but meeting each other, and rowing contrary ways, we had but a short Benefit of his pious Exhortations.

Pray, says my *Moletto* Companion (pointing at the *Folly*) what noble Structure is that floating on the Water? I have often heard of Castles in the Air, and this seems to me to be a kind of an Essay towards such a windy Project. That whimsical Piece of Architect, said I, was as a Musical Summer-house for the Entertainment of Quality, where they might meet, and ogle one another into a Fit of those amorous Vapours, that are not to be cured by any other means, than by the secret Administration of a little mutual Familiarity. But the Ladies of the Town, finding it as convenient a Rendezvous for their Purpose, overstock'd the Place with such an Inundation of Harlotry, that dash'd the Female Quality out of Countenance, and made them seek more retir'd Conveniency, where they might carry on their amorous Intrigues with greater Privacy.

For secret Whores, who Sin to ease Love's Pain,
Cry Foh! at those who do the like for Gain.

By these means the Mercenaries of the Town drove away their private Enemies, (who hinder the Trade of the Publick, by dispensing their Favours *gratis* in a Corner) and entirely possess'd themselves of this moveable Mansion, which they have occupy'd ever since, very much to their Advantage. Therefore we'll step on board, where perhaps we may meet with some Novelty or other that may oblige your Curiosity: So accordingly we bid the Waterman row us to the *Folly*, where we no sooner enter'd, but we had as many Ladies,

Ladies ſtaring us in our Faces, as if we had been either handſom to Admiration, or ugly to a Miracle; ſo that we could ſcarce move without crippling the Corns of an old Bawd, or diſobliging the lac'd Shoes of a young Harlot; but with much ado we broke through the leading File of theſe *Amazonian* Strumpets, and thruſt our ſelves into the Body of the Seraglio, where from Fifteen to Fifty we could have fitted our ſelves with Concubines of any Age, Stature, or Complexion; for we were ſo ſurrounded with a Crowd of Courtezans of all ſorts and ſizes, mix'd with thoſe ignominious Vermin their Ruffianly Protectors, that a Man could not ſtir without joſtling a Tunbelly'd Bawd, a Furbulo'd Whore, or a Long-ſworded Bully; ſome dancing as they mov'd, to ſhew the Airyneſs of their Temper; ſome ogling their Gallants, to ſhew their vicious Inclinations; and others crowded into Boxes, like Paſſengers into a Weſtern Wherry, ſat ſmoaking their Noſes, and drinking Burnt-Brandy, to defend their Stomachs from the chill Air upon the Water; the young Whores ſquirting about like Rabbets in a Warren; the old ones mumbling perfum'd Almonds, to diſguiſe the nauſeous Sourneſs of their ſtinking Breaths: Beaus, ſome tattling and cringing to a Pack of Twelve-peny Strumpets, as if they were Ladies of Quality; others humming *Chickens and 'Sparagus*, now and then dancing as they walk'd to their own Muſick. In ſhort, it was ſuch a confuſed Scene of Folly, Madneſs and Debauchery, that we ſtept again into our Boat without Drinking, to avoid the Inconveniences that attend mixing with ſuch a Swarm of Caterpillars, who are always dangerous to the Unwary, and deſtructive to the Innocent. Now proceeding on our intended Voyage,

The next diverting Scene that the River afforded us, was a very warm Engagement between a Weſtern Barge and a Boat full of *Lambeth* Gardeners, by whom *Billingſgate* was much outdone in ſtupendious Obſcenity, tonitrous Verboſity, and malicious Scurrility, as if one Side had been *Daniel*——*f*——'s Party, and the other

other the *Observator*'s: And becauſe the Reader ſhall have a Taſte of their modeſt Dialect; and incomparable Breeding, I have ventur'd to ſtain the Paper with ſome of their ſpiteful Eloquence, *viz. B, a, a, Sheep-ſtealers*, cry'd the Gardeners to the Bargemen, *What Kin are you to* Tim Collet *of* Staines, *that beat his own Father, ſtood Pimp to his Mother, lay with his Siſter, and B——d his Brother, all in one Night. He was a Weſtern Bargeman, you Rogues, he was ſo. Foh, you naſty Dogs*, reply'd the Bargemen, *that get your Bread by the Drippings of other People's Fundaments; well may you pray for the Dunghill, for if that ſhould fail you, no T——d, no Gardener. Who was that, you Rogues, that dung'd in his own Cap at* Stocks-Market, *and carry'd Home the old Gold to enrich his Radiſh Bed? Out upon you, for a Pack of Snail-picking* Adamites! *Who was it that took the old Woman from Weeding, and gave her a Flurt under the Burgamy Pear-Tree, and when he was caught by his Prentice, gave the Boy a Holiday, becauſe he ſhould not tell his Miſtreſs?* With this Sort of *Billingſgate* Facundity were we merrily entertain'd, till we had arriv'd at that Port to which we had conſign'd our ſelves, where we quitted our Boat, and offering old *Charon* three Shillings, he ſwore he would have a Crown; but having the printed Rates in my Pocket, I was forc'd to lug out my Oracle before the freſh-Water Looby would be convinc'd of his Error; and withal told him, had it been in *London*, I would have carry'd him before my Lord Mayor, and have had him puniſh'd, for making, contrary to Law, ſo unreaſonable a Demand. With that he takes the Money, and putting off his Boat, gave us a notable Farewel, after the following Manner, *viz. You're a Couple of niggardly Sons of Whores; I care not a Fart for my Lord M——r; Damn the Rogue that printed that Book; a Pox take you for a Book-learn'd Blockhead; and a P——e confound him that learnt you to read*; and ſo we parted; my Friend and I after a little Refreſhment, returning Home by Land, merrily reflecting on the comical Paſſages we had met with on the Water.

The

The DISPENSARY,

A FARCE:

Written in the Year 1697.

John Galen, Doctor of Phyſick, and Fellow of the Royal College of *Phyſicians, London.*

Tom Gallypot, an Apothecary by Trade, but practiſes Phyſick as a Doctor near ——— *Garden.*

Lancet Peſtle, an Apothecary by Profeſſion, but boldly undertakes to be a Phyſician and Surgeon alſo, to all his Patients that want the Aſſiſtance of either, living in ———*Market.*

Retorto Spatula d' Ulceroſo, an Apothecary in ——— *Lane*, but pretends to be a great Doctor, Surgeon, and Chymiſt, valuing himſelf much upon his foreign Birth and Education.

Jack Comprehenſive, an Apothecary living in ——— *Street*, who profeſſes himſelf only to be a Doctor, Surgeon, Chymiſt, Druggiſt, Diſtiller, Confectioner, and (on Occaſion) Corn-Cutter, *&c.*

Trueman, a Gentleman of honeſt Principles, endeavouring to ſhew each Perſon their Faults, and perſwading them to act in their own Sphere only.

Meſſengers, Clyſter-pipes, Mortars, Saws, Forceps, Boxes, Bolt-heads, Crucibles, &c. *and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *Apothecaries-Hall.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

[*Enter Dr.* Galen *and* Trueman.]

True. DOctor, Good Morrow; what News do you hear about the Plot? Who are taken up? Who are Evidences? Are there any Perſons of Quality concern'd in it, d'ye hear?

Dr. I mind no Plots, not I, but a Plot to get good Store of Patients, if I can; but I think they never were ſo healthy.

True. So,

True. So, what? You ſeem to ſpeak a little concern'd, and look as if ſomething had vex'd you. What's the Matter, Doctor?

Dr. Matter! Let me tell you, Mr. *Trueman*, I have been a Phyſician in *London* almoſt forty Years, and I never knew ſo little Buſineſs to do in all my Life-time. 'Tis a *damnable healthy* Town grown ſince I knew it firſt. I have known the Time ſince I could go out and pick up 10 or 12 *l.* in a Morning, come Home to Dinner and empty, ſo out again after to repleniſh. But I am ſure the Times are now ſo hard, that if my good Father had not conveniently ſtepp'd aſide, I could no more have bragg'd of living by my Wit, as ſome Men do, than the D——s of *N*——— can of her Chaſtity.

True. Pray, Doctor, not too ſevere. Why damnable Healthy?

Dr. I call that damnable Healthy (though I know it bears another Senſe) when the Sickneſs is not great enough to require the Skill of a Phyſician, but every ignorant Apothecary aſſumes the Cure, and pretends to know more than the learneſt Phyſician of us all.

True. What? Then you would not have the Apothecaries recover People's Health, would you?

Dr. Yes, but I would, by all means; only let 'em do their Part in their own Sphere, and within their own Limits or Bounds.

[Tom Gallypot *peeps in, with a Clyſter-Pipe in one Hand, and a Cordial Bolus in t'other.*]

True. Come in, come in; we are no ſooner talking of Rogues, but enters an Apothecary; Prithee, *Tom*, where haſt been, that thou com'ſt with the Accoutrements of thy Profeſſion thus?

Gallyp. Truly, Sir, I have been at your Houſe; your Lady was not very well to Day, and ſhe ſent for me to—to—to—Cannonade her Poſteriors: You know by my Inſtrument what I have been doing; and now I have done that, I have preſcribed a ſpecifick *Bolus* for her to take after it.

True. A

True. A Pox of your ſpecifick *Bolus* and you. My Wife is never well, but when ſhe fancies her ſelf ill, and is taking Phyſick, I think. Prithee, Mr. *Gallypot*, what will be the Charges of this Morning's Work?

Gallyp. O, Sir, but little, you never ſtand upon that, I am ſure, for your Lady's Good: She muſt alſo have a Pearl Julep, and an *Anodyne* Draught, and then I hope ſhe'll be very ſpeedily well again.

True. A Pox had you with your cramp Names. Tell me what all this will coſt? I am ſure I left her well not above an Hour ago.

Gallyp. [*Starting back.*] Good Sir, be not ſo unreaſonably paſſionate, and I'll tell you, Sir; the Pearl Julep will be 6 *s.* and 8 *d.* Pearls being dear ſince our clipt Money was current. The Specifick *Bolus* 4 *s.* and 6 *d.* I never reckon leſs; my Maſter in *Leaden-ſtreet* never ſet down leſs, be what it would. The *Antihyſterick* Clyſter 3 *s.* and 6 *d.* (a common one is but 2 *s.* 6 *d.*) and the *Anodyne* Draught 3 *s.* and 4 *d.* That's all, Sir; a ſmall Matter, an't pleaſe you, Sir, for your Lady. My Fee is what you pleaſe, Sir. All the Bill is but Eighteen Shillings.

True. Very fine, 'Bfaith; d'ye make a *But* at it? I do ſuppoſe, to be genteel, I muſt give you a Crown.

Gallyp. If your Worſhip pleaſe, I take it to be a fair and honeſt Bill.

True. Do you ſo indeed? But I wiſh you had called a Doctor, perhaps he would have adviſ'd her to have forbore taking any thing, as yet at leaſt, and ſo I had ſav'd 13 *s.* in my Pocket.

Gallyp. O Sir, call a Doctor; we never do that, at leaſt very rarely, till we have done all we can with the Patients; and when we can't tell what to do with 'em, then we oblige a Doctor, and call him in.

Dr. Very fairly confeſs'd, Mr. *Gallypot*; I believe you never ſpoke a truer thing in all your Life. I am glad to hear your Confeſſion to Mr. *Trueman*; and am very ſorry the State does not think fit to handle you a little for your unreaſonable Practices. I ſee you have Impudence to demand a Fee too, but wonder you ſhould do it before my Face. *Gallyp.*

Gallyp. Truly Doctor, I did not mind you: However, I hope I may take what Gentlemen pleaſe to give me.

Dr. Pleas'd to give you! Faith, I am aſhamed to ſee Gentlemen ſo impos'd upon by ye Maſters, Doctors.

Gallyp. Troth, Doctor, that was a lucky Thought of yours; we are but Maſters, tho' they commonly call us Doctors. And now you put me in Mind of it, han't you ſeen my Paper ſet out *March* 2. 1695, wherein I make above half the College of Phyſicians Maſters, tho' they are called Doctors among themſelves?

Tr. How! Mr. *Gallypot?* How do you do that? That's a Trick and a half; pray let's know it.

Gallyp. O Lord, Mr. *Trueman*, can't you gueſs how? If the Doctor pleaſes, I'll tell you immediately.

Dr. With all my Heart.

Gallyp. I can infallibly prove more than that if I once undertake it. You muſt know, that I own none to be Doctors, but thoſe who have regularly done their Exerciſe for Phyſick in one of our Univerſities; that's plain: But hold a little, here's my Brother *Peſtle* of *King-ſtreet* coming in; he can be Witneſs of the whole. 'I Gad, I have ſo ferreted and humbled 'em, that I'll ſpoil their Aſſociation againſt the Apothecaries; for they have aſſociated by the Names of Doctors, and I'll prove above half of 'em to be but Maſters at beſt.

[*Enter* Lancet Peſtle, *with a Plaiſter-box in his Hand.*]

Brother *Peſtle*, I am glad you are come in, in this Nick of Time; I was juſt telling Mr. *Trueman* how I have humbled the College of Phyſicians; has'nt thee read my Paper of Queries, I put out *March* 2, 1695? Do'ſt not ſee how ſmartly and finely I jerk 'em? Hey!

Peſtle. Ay, Brother, I muſt needs ſay you have done your Part very handſomely, tho' I don't hear any Body took much Notice of what you ſaid.

Gallyp. True, that may be; and does not that ſhew their want of Underſtanding the more? None but a Blockhead would ſlight ſuch ſmart Reflections.

Peſtle. I am in haſte, and muſt go to bleed an Eminent Citizen in *Tower-ſtreet*: So I am in haſte.

True.

True. Hold a little, Mr. *Peſtle*, one Word with you before you go. Bleed, Mr. *Peſtle*? I thought you had been an Apprentice to an Apothecary.

Peſtle. So I was, Sir; but I thank God, and my own Induſtry, I have by my Diligence perfectly acquir'd the whole Knowledge of Surgery. I Phlebotomize as well as the beſt Surgeon in *London*, tho' I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it. I'll tell you how I came to be ſo dexterous in performing that Operation in particular.

Tr. Well, now am I fairly hope up, between two of ye, one endeavouring to prove all his Doctors to be Maſters, and t'other ſhewing his Dexterity in Phlebotomizing, as he calls it. What a Pox, were not both of ye bred Apothecaries?

Gallyp. and *Peſtle.* Sir, Pray be not ſo paſſionate. Yes, we were both of us bred Apothecaries. But Knowledge———

[*Enter Meſſenger.*]

Meſſ. Is Dr. *Peſtle* here?

Peſtle. Yes, he is. What, d'ye come from Sir *Thomas* in *Tower-ſtreet*? What, does he want to be let Blood immediately?

Meſſ. Yes, Sir, he does, and ſtays for you.

Peſtle. Good Lad. Well, I'll come preſently.

[*Exit Meſſen.*

Now I know he will be blooded by no Body elſe. I have perſwaded him that all the Surgeons are Blunderers, as to Bleeding. Sir *Thomas* is a good-natur'd Gentleman: He believes that no Body underſtands the curing a Diſeaſe, or an Ulcer, or indeed any thing, but an Apothecary. Faith he is one of the honeſteſt Gentlemen in *England*.

Tr. You make him a fine Gentleman indeed. Honeſt, for no other Reaſon, as I ſee, but becauſe he ſuffers himſelf to be made a Fool of by ſuch as you.

Peſtle. But Mr. *Trueman*, aſſure your ſelf he's a Man of very good Senſe; all the Apothecaries in Town ſay ſo, and then I am ſure it muſt be true. He pays well, and takes Phyſick freely; beſides, I particularly know his Conſtitution; after Bleeding, he muſt take

take a Purge or two, then ſome Cordial Powders, Dulcifers of the Blood, and two or three odd Things more. But as I was ſaying, this Sir *Thomas* has a Vein as fine and as ſmall as the fineſt Silk you can imagine.

True. But ſuppoſe this true, does this make you a compleat Surgeon, ſo as to undertake the Cure of any Ulcer or Wound?

Peſtle. Puh! Mr. *Trueman*, I tell you 'tis an eaſy Thing for a Man of Parts to be a Surgeon: Do but buy a Lancet, Forceps, a Saw; talk a little of Contuſions, Fractures, Compreſs and Bandage; you'll preſently, by moſt People, be thought an excellent Surgeon. Eſpecially ——d'ye mind me—— Lord, you Nod, methinks, as if you were ſleepy.

True. O, Sir, I hear you: But I ſat up late laſt Night, and am a little drouſy. But I heard you ſay you were a Man of Parts, I think, and that you had too familiar Acquaintance, Compreſs and Bandage. I grant it, Sir, [*rubbing his Eyes*;] but ſtill how does this make you a Surgeon? You may as well ſay, my keeping Company with a Biſhop, may make me a good Divine.

Peſtle. Alas! poor Gentleman, I find you did not ſleep well laſt Night. Hah! Hah! I can't but laugh at your Miſtake. My two Acquaintance! Hah! Hah! Hah! a pretty Miſtake! —— but true enough: For a Man muſt be acquainted with his Buſineſs indeed. Now Compreſs and Bandage being a Part of it, you may term them my familiar Acquaintance, if you pleaſe, Mr. *Trueman*——. Lord, I think the Devil's in you for Drouſineſs, and Gaping.

True. Pray, Mr. *Peſtle*, ſay ſomething then that may divert me, and keep me awake, for I proteſt, to hear you talk of Skill in Surgery, will never do. For my Part, I am for employing every Man in his own Way; the Doctor for Advice, the Apothecary for Medicines; and the Surgeon for Wounds, *&c.*

Peſtle. Now, how you are miſtaken again! Don't you think that one Man, being an Apothecary, may underſtand perfectly and throughly all three Parts?

True. O,

True. O, Sir, being an Apothecary, indeed, he may underſtand very much, as you ſay, eſpecially if he be a Man of great Learning.

Peſtle. Learning! That ſignifies but little in this Age, nor (I thank our kind Stars) had ever leſs Encouragement. If you do but profeſs your ſelf an Apothecary, and then undertake any thing whatever, (as we dare do) no Body queſtions but that you are an able Doctor, and a good Surgeon, at any time.

True. Very fine, on my Word! And do you think the World ſo blind as to believe it?

Peſtle. Faith, Mr. *Trueman*, they generally are, I my ſelf have turn'd out ſeveral Doctors from ſerving Families, becauſe they would not preſcribe Phyſick *plentifully*, and in large Quantities. I have perſwaded my Patients, that they did not well underſtand their Diſtemper; ſo have brought in another, who has *ſwingingly doſ'd 'em*. I could tell you of a Sir *Harry*, that paid an 100*l.* for Phyſick in ſix Weeks, and I accepted it, being a Friend, without requiring one Penny for my own Fees.——You don't know the Myſtery of Trade.

True. In plain *Engliſh*, I know not what you call Myſtery, but now I know the Roguery of that Doctor and you too. What, an 100*l.* in ſix Weeks? Bleſs me, what did ſhe take? I believe ſhe ſwallow'd Guineas made into Bullets for the Gripes, ſo diſcharg'd 'em again for the Gold-finders: For I hear Guineas are grown ſo cheap, that Ladies begin to think they can take them cheaper than Apothecaries Doſes.

Peſtle. O, abominable! Do'ſt hear, Brother *Gallypot*? I proteſt, Mr. *Trueman*, you ſcan People's Actions too narrowly. Wou'dn't you have us live?

True. The ſame Queſtion may as well be ask'd by an Highway-man, or a Pick-pocket. Live upon honeſt Gains, come do, and then it will *wear* well.

Peſtle. Well, Sir, I'll go to Sir *Thomas*, and wait on you again preſently.

True. Nay, if you muſt be gone, e'en let's all go for the preſent, and diſcourſe the reſt over to Morrow.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Being the Repreſentation of ſeveral Apothecaries, weighing Rich Mens Brains in their Scales by Scruples.

[*Enter Dr.* Galen *and* Trueman.]

Dr. MR. *Trueman*, Methinks 'twas a pretty Diverſion Yeſterday, to hear the Apothecary brag of his Skill in Surgery and Phyſick; I could not imagine what he had to ſet up with, but a large Stock of Impudence. I know all his Medicines in his Shop did not coſt above Fifty Pounds, and in ſix Weeks time has he made an Hundred Pounds of one Part of it? Such Reflexions as theſe would make a Man burn his Books, and curſe the Gentility of his Education. It ſeems indeed a Wonder to me, that ſo many Gentlemen, who ſerve in Parliament, and have oft-times many younger Sons to provide for, do not find out a way to ſuppreſs theſe griping Empiricks and Quacks, that their Children may be the better able to ſupport themſelves in a genteel Profeſſion, anſwerable to the Expence they have been at in their Education. In Troth 'tis a Thing worthy Conſideration.

True. Truly, Doctor, I am of your Opinion; but in ſuch Points our *Engliſh* Gentlemen, of what Sect ſoever, are generally of the ſame Temper with thoſe they call *Church of England Men*, that is, *lazy and ſlow in proſecuting a publick Intereſt, but active enough to promote their own private Advantage.* And this, to give you but one Inſtance, is evident enough in the Choice of a Parliament-Man, where the active Diſſenter generally gets the Day, becauſe the lazy Church-man won't ſtir to manage a publick Cauſe, and chuſe honeſt Repreſentatives, tho' his own private Intereſt may be often promoted by the Aſſiſtance of ſuch a publick Friend.

Dr. We have an *Engliſh* Saying that does a great deal of Miſchief, which is this; *That which is every Body's Buſineſs, is no Body's Buſineſs.* Therefore I wonder that the College of Phyſicians don't Petition the Parliament for a Remedy in this Caſe, and make it their particular Buſineſs.

[*Enter* Tom Gallypot *haſtily.*]

T. Gallyp. College of Phyſicians! What of them? By your Leave, Doctor, I think the Company of Apothecaries very ſubſtantial Men, and are able to buy twice your College. They are Money'd Men, and have an Intereſt almoſt every where. College of Phyſicians! they are learned Men, they ſay, but what's that to Money? Hah! Hah! Hah!

Dr. Look you, Mr. *Trueman,* I ſuppoſe you know this Gentleman is an Apothecary, by his Carriage and rude Behaviour.

True. Know him, Doctor, ay, very well; but I ſuppoſe he has been taking a *large Whet* this Morning.

Gallyp. No, Sir, but I han't; I underſtand the regulating my Health better than ſo. I that have practis'd Phyſick now near thirty Years, know better Things than *Whets,* as you call 'em.

True. Nay, *Tom,* if thee woul't have no Excuſe made for thy Uncivility, I have done. Then for ought I know, Impudence is as neceſſary an Ingredient to an Apothecary, as Sugar of Pearl for your Pearl Cordials, with a Pox.

Gallyp. Sir, you are my Patient, ſo you may ſay what you pleaſe.

Dr. I have no Patience to hear this Fellow's prating.

True. Nay, but prithee, Doctor, ſtay a little longer.

Dr. I beg your Excuſe; I'll wait on you to Morrow. [*Exit.*

Gallyp. Let him go, let him go, Mr. *Trueman*——he's envious of my Parts——for under the Roſe, I can write a Preſcription as well as any Doctor of 'em all; I learn'd that the firſt Thing I did, by reading Doctors Bills in my Shop.

True.

True. So, I am glad you own your Inſtructers. But hold, who is that coming hither ſo gravely? What's his Name?

[*Enter* Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroſo.]

Gallyp. I can't call him readily to my Mind, but I know him very well by Sight. I uſe to meet him at *Apothecaries-Hall.*

True. Sir, your humble Servant. Pray don't you belong to the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador?

Retort. [*Stroking his Whiskers.*] No, Sir, but I am an *Italian* born; my Name is *Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroſo.* I was bred in *Italy* to what you call an Apothecary, by which I attain'd to the Knowledge of Phyſick, both the Theoretick and Practick Part. I alſo exerciſe the Art of Chirurgery, as Scarrifying, Cupping, Stupes, Rollers, and Bandage, *&c.* Beſides, I can by Chymiſtry extract the Quinteſſence of the four Elements, and tame the red Dragon: And in fine, I can make up a Cordial-Bolus, or Pills, *according to the beſt Mode in Foreign Countries,* as you may ſee in my Shop in ——*lane.*

True. Hold, Sir, not too faſt; after all, with your hard Names, I believe you are bred an Outlandiſh Apothecary; and they, forſooth, make up Things far better than our *Engliſh* Apothecaries do theirs.

Retort. O, Sir, infinitely better, in my Shop. I ſhould be aſham'd, if *my Pills* look'd not like true Gold, tho' but gilt: *My Bolus*'s are put up all in gilt Paper, cut in fine Shapes and Figures, a Quire coſts me 5 *s.* the cutting; beſides the Paper is pure *Venice*-Paper. My Cordials are put into *Venice* Vials, *&c.* And all this *Alamodo de Italiano,* to make the Phyſick *taſte* the better, *work* the better, and *look* the better. O fine *Italians!*

True. Now you ſay ſomething, *look the better*; but to taſte the better, or work the better, I don't well underſtand. Will a Vomit work the better for being in a fine *Veniçe* Glaſs? I think a little Naſtineſs for a Vomit makes it work the better. I knew a Doctor that us'd to ſtir it with his Finger, before he gave it, to make it nauſeate the more.

Retort. O, Sir, that be very unhandſom. No *Engliſh* Man can do ſo finely as I can.

True. Then I muſt beg your Pardon, I believe they can all do as well as you pretend; but I ſhould look on it as a needleſs piece of Foppery, if they all ſhould do as you do: And I am ſure the Patient muſt pay more Sawce for his Medicines.

Retort. O, Sir, that's very true; a good Cook will be well pay'd for his Sawce, you know, Sir.

True. A Pox, but this is paying Sawce for the Uſe of Diſhes, like a young *Oxford* Scholar's Treat; if he ſpends 5 *l.* in Meat, 'tis odds but he pays 3 or 4 *l.* for the Uſe of Diſhes and Linnen.

Retort. Sir, notwithſtanding all this, I never reckon for a little *Bolus* above 11 or 12 *s.* made of very good *Diaſcordium*, very good *Gaſcoin* Powder, and a little Pearl.

True. No, on my Word that's mighty kind, to take not above 12 *s.* for all your fine Dreſſing, and a Groat's-worth of Medicines. And do you take any Apprentices?

Retort. Yes, Sir, I do, for about 100 *l.* a Lad.

True. Faith, and very well worth it too, and a great deal of Money ſav'd, if you teach him all your Trades; for the Devil's in't if one don't hit. For the Education of a Son, to be a Regular Doctor, is reputed 1000 *l.* Charge at long Run. Any Surgeon of Note will have 120 *l.* or more, an Apothecary 50 *l.* or more, a Chymiſt perhaps as much. Now, if you will teach my Son all theſe Arts and Sciences, I think I have a very good Bargain.

Retort. I'll certainly do it, Sir, never doubt it.

True. Well, agreed; I'll ſend my eldeſt Son to you, and when he is out of his Time, I'll bind all his younger Brothers to him, ſo each will have four Trades or Callings, won't they, Mr. *Retorto*?

Retort. D'ye doubt it? I thought you had known an Apothecary better, than to disbelieve him in his own Calling. Nay, Sir, to be free with you, I'll teach you how to multiply Medicines ſo faſt upon a Patient, that in a Week's time he ſhall get ten Pounds in ſome Caſes, when the Doctor ſhan't get above 20 *s.*

True.

True. That's a rare Art indeed; then I ſuppoſe you muſt attack your Patient with a Quadripartite Army of Medicines, drawn from all Quarters of your four Sciences.

Retort. I can do it, and will; and if you don't think this enough, here's my Brother *Comprehenſive* a-coming.

[*Enter* Comprehenſive.]

He can, beſides this, teach him to make all Sorts of Sweet-Meats, buy and ſell Drugs, diſtil all ſorts of Strong-Waters; nay, cut Corns, for a Need, to Perſons of Quality.

True. O, Sir, then he is a Corn-cutter only to Perſons of Quality.

Retort. No, not unleſs he pleaſes.

True. Nor any Thing elſe, unleſs he pleaſes. However, I am content my Son ſhall only learn your four Arts, or Sciences, as you call them. I think that's enough for One, eſpecially if he learn throughly the laſt, that is, to multiply Medicines, ſo as to get ten Pounds to the Doctor's twenty Shillings.

Retort. That, aſſure your ſelf, I'll teach him perfectly: For all the Apothecaries in Town, now, underſtand it pretty well; and, I think, I underſtand it *exceeding* well.

True. Well, Sir, I thank you for your Kindneſs; but I'll ſee ye all at the Devil firſt, to learn how to ſwallow *Aſſa fœtida*, before ye ſhall have the Education of my Son. I think, if it be poſſible, ye have leſs Honeſty than a Lawyer that has but one Cauſe in a Year to keep him and his Family out of——

Compreh. Sir, by your Leave, this is not fit Language for a Gentleman Apothecary to bear: He's a Brother of the Quill, and an honeſt Man, I'll juſtify it: He was Maſter of the Company not long ago.

True. That may be, and never the honeſter Man, if he teaches his Apprentices that Cheat. But, by your Leave, I ſuppoſe you are an Apothecary too, by your Talk. Pray what may I call your Name?

Compreh. My Name, Sir, is *Jack Comprehenſive*, originally a North-Country-Man, and Brother Apothecary

so this worthy Gentleman, Mr. *Retorto Spatula & Ulcerofo*, Apothecary, Surgeon, Chymiſt, and Doctor.

True. Ay, Sir, his Titles I knew before; and pray, Sir, how many have you?

Compreh. Sir, I am in ſhort generally call'd Doctor only, but I alſo profeſs my ſelf a Surgeon; an Apothecary, I ſhould have ſaid firſt, then Surgeon, Chymiſt, Druggiſt, Confectioner, Diſtiller, *&c.* and to Perſons of Quality, Corn-Cutter. And——

True. Hold, Sir, pray, a little, till——I'll take out my Table-Book, leſt I ſhould miſcall you, and not give you your right Title.

Compreh. O, Sir, no Matter, Sir, to give your ſelf that Trouble; I anſwer to any one of them.

True. Sir, I am glad you do, for fear of giving Offence. Then pray Mr. *Corn-Cutter* of Quality (that was the laſt Title I heard) tell me, ſince you have ſo many Trades, which of all theſe were you bound to firſt? Or were you bound to 'em all at once?

Compreh. Corn-Cutter of Quality! What, could you pick out none but that; I told you I was uſually call'd Doctor, and nothing elſe. I won't tell you what Trade I was bound to, one would think you had Senſe enough to gueſs I was an Apothecary.

True. Good Sir, pray don't be ſo angry. How ſhould I gueſs ſo many Trades to centre in one Man?

Compreh. Then I ſee you don't know the Town. I thought you had told me you had been in Town above thirty Years.

True. Truly ſo I have, and have known Apothecaries call'd Doctors, which are but two Names; but you are Apothecary, Doctor, Chymiſt, Diſtiller,—— Hold, call my Man to give me my Pocket-Book out of—O! I have it by me in my Pocket. Faith, you muſt excuſe me, I can't remember all your Titles.

Compreh. 'Tis no Matter, Sir; remember but Doctor, that's enough; I'll anſwer to that if you pleaſe.

True. Mr. *Comprehenſive the Apothecary* is a better Name in my Mind; it does not pleaſe me to call you Doctor.

Compreh.

Compreh. Then call me what you pleaſe; I am ſure ſome of the greateſt Men in the Nation honour us with that Title, and value our Skill above a Phyſician's often.

True. I am ſorry they do; and do think it a great Fault in our Government, that Men of liberal and ingenuous Education——

[*Enter* Peſtle *and* Gallypot.]

True. Now, Gentlemen, I ſee you are all four together, I'll leave ye a little, and go and ſee if I can reduce the Doctor to a better Temper.— Your Servant.

[*Retires only behind the Hangings.*

Gallyp. Come Gentlemen, now we are got by our ſelves, let's talk a little about Trade: How ſtand Affairs? Is there any Buſineſs ſtirring? We ought to have a Meeting every now and then, to ſettle what ought to be the Prices of our Medicines. Pray, how do ye at your End of the Town price a Doſe of common Purging Pills?

Retort. Why Brother, about Eighteen Pence, ſometimes Two Shillings, with an *Hauſtus* after them of Three and Six-pence.

Peſtle. And can you live ſo? I believe all the Things coſt you at leaſt a Shilling out of Pocket.

Retort. No, God forbid! How could I live then? Indeed they coſt me about Six-pence, and I take but Five Shillings and Sixpence, ſometimes leſs, and I think that's honeſt Gains: Hey Brother!

Compreh. O very honeſt! Very fair! There's nothing can be fairer in the World! Shall I tell ye, Gentlemen? I not long ago had a Patient, who accidentally had a robuſt heavy Fellow tread upon a Corn that grew on his left Toe, which put him into ſome Pain. I perſwaded him he was a little Feveriſh, ſo blooded him, and apply'd a Cauſtick to his Toe (as I told him) to eat out the Corn; but unluckily eat to the very Bone, and made a pretty handſome Ulcer. Then I bliſter'd him, and diſtill'd ſome *Antifebrifuge* Drops, Specificks for him only, and good for no Body elſe beſides. In ſhort, he lay ill of this but eleven

Weeks; and what do'ſt think he would have paid me for the Cure?

Gallyp. Faith, I can't tell; perhaps 40 *l.* But why didſt not call in a Surgeon at laſt, for a dead Lift?

Compreh. O Pox, Man! I ſaw I could do it my ſelf, tho' but ſlowly. But Faith, I thank my Stars, I have learn'd now to uſe them like the Doctors; never call in either, but when I can't tell what to do my ſelf.

Gallyp. Right, ſo have I: But what hadſt at laſt?

Compreh. What do'ſt talk of Forty Pounds! Indeed, as an Apothecary, not above Thirty Pounds a Month, or ſo, was enough; but as Doctor, (and thereby ſaving many Fees) and Surgeon alſo, I ask'd him but 132 *l.* 12 *s.* and 8 *d.* and he ſcrupl'd to give it me.

True. [*Peeps in from behind the Hangings.*] A Parcel of Canary-Birds; now your Rogueries and Cheats come out.

Retort. Prithee, who was that peep'd in, and talk'd ſo? Was it not Mr. *Trueman?* Well, I like that Man's Company very well, were he not too cenſorious upon a Man for getting an honeſt Livelyhood.

Gallyp. Ay, he is well enough, but he has that diſobliging Humour in him.

True. What o' Pox, if I tell ye that ye are Knaves and Cheats, when ye are ſo, this ye call a diſobliging Humour. Leave off cheating then, and practiſe fair in your own Sphere.

Peſtle. Cheats, and Rogues, and Knaves! That will bear an Action, I'm ſure. Let's at him at Law, and maul him. Have none of ye a Lawyer Clapt, or (to ſpeak more modeſtly) has the High Scurvy? Let us employ him. As we take his Money, let him take ours, I warrant ye, we'll out-do him in making a Bill of Coſts.

Compreh. That, Brother, I don't queſtion: Beſides, you know, if a Man be a Knave, 'tis a hard Matter to prove him ſo. Let's put him upon the Proof of any one Apothecary in Town. If he ſhould at laſt prove it, why it is but one mangy Hound in the whole Pack.

Retort.

Retort. Soft and fair, Brother: For ſuppoſe he ſhould prove you or me, Brother, to be that very Knave ye talk'd of? Don't venture Proofs. Come let's threaten him with it, and he'll hold his Tongue a-courſe.

Gallyp. Gad, I won't venture it, not I.

Peſtle. Nor I neither. Come, let's talk of ſomething elſe.

Retort. Ay, prithee, Brother *Comprehenſive*, tell me, didſt abate him any thing of the Bill?

Compreh. Yes, Faith, I did; being an old Cuſtomer I abated the odd 32 *l.* 12 *s.* and 8 *d.* and took a Goldſmith's Note for the other.

Retort. On my Word, pretty well pay'd to. I ſuppoſe he had a good Eſtate, and was a Knight at leaſt. But prithee deal ingenuouſly with me; what did it coſt thee out of Pocket?

Compreh. Somebody will hear me, or elſe I would: I caſt it up to a Peny, to ſatisfy my ſelf what really I gain'd by my Medicines.

Gallyp. No, no, here are none but Friends; prithee tell us; I know you deal with Lords, Ladies, and Knights, who ſometimes pay, and ſometimes not; but when they do pay, be ſure you mount 'em.

Compreh. To tell you the Truth, they coſt——Hold, look if no Body be near us——

Peſtle. No; I'll look my ſelf. [*Looks.*] There's no Body.

Compreh. Then to be plain, the prime Coſt was 61 *l.* 17 *s.* 6 *d.* 1 *q.* or near that: So I got in the 11 Weeks, clear Gains, not above 93 *l.* of one Patient: That's all.

Gallyp. Would I had Half a Score ſuch. I cannot for the Life of me make above ſixteen Pounds in twenty clear Gains. I mean, not reckoning in my By-Fees of Ten Shillings and Five Shillings, or ſo.

Compreh. No! Come, that's pretty well too, conſidering you are only Doctor and Apothecary. But I am Surgeon and Chymiſt, *&c.* you know.

[*Enter* Trueman *from behind the Curtain.*]

True. Is the Doctor here?

All. Yes, yes; and all run to him to know what's the Matter.

True. Hey! I find ye are all Doctors, O, *Tom Gallypot*, go call Dr. *Galen*, and bid him go to my Wife, she's fall'n ill again.

Gallyp. Sir, he i'n't at Home. Can't I do it? Sir, 'twill ſave your Fees.

True. How do you know he i'n't at Home? Go, I ſay. I ſend for him, becauſe I would ſave Money. I know laſt time how I ſav'd Money by you indeed.

Gallyp. Well, if you will have the Doctor, I'll wait on him to your Lady. [*Offers to go out.*

True. Stay a little; now ye are all here together, I muſt tell you, with the reſt, before you go, that there was ſomebody behind the Curtain, when you ſaid the Medicines coſt but ſix Pounds ſeventeen Shillings and ſix Pence, and an Hundred Pounds was paid for them.

All. O the Devil; What, are we betray'd?

True. Betray'd, d'ye call it? No, but ye have told your Rogueries and Cheats in private, and I'll publiſh 'em to the World, with my own Sentiments about the Practice of Phyſick.

Gallyp. Ay, pray do, ſo you don't reflect on us; you uſe to do things very fair ſometimes.

True. Well, *Tom*, my Advice to a Patient is, as ſoon as he is ill, to ſend for ſome Doctor of the lower Rank, of whoſe Learning and Skill in Phyſick he has an Opinion; and in Caſe he grew worſe, to ſend for one of greater Fame, Reputation and Vogue in the World, to join in Conſult: For the Diligence of the one, who has leſs Fame and Vogue in the World, (tho' perhaps equal in Learning and Skill really, tho' not thought ſo in the Eye of the World), may, and often does make amends for the ſuppos'd greater Skill of the other Phyſician, by which Means the Patient may more reaſonably, and upon juſter Grounds, expect a Cure. Theſe, Gentlemen, are my real Sentiments.

Gallyp.

Gallyp. Now, Maſter, I like your Diſcourſe very well, ſeeing you make no Remarks on Apothecaries. Beſides, perhaps it may open People's Eyes to employ me the ſooner; for tho' I am an old Apothecary, I am but a young Doctor: For I viſit in either Capacity, either as an old Apothecary, which is as good as a young Doctor, or as a young Doctor, and that's as good as t'other again.

True. But I thought you had left off Shop, and ſtuck only to your Doctorſhip.

Gallyp. So I do *openly*, but *privately I keep a Shop*, and ſide in all things with the Apothecaries againſt the Doctors. I am, and will be to ſuch Families as yours, an Apothecary ſtill, that pay well.

True. Ay, *Tom*, 16 *l.* in 20 *l.* is good Gains. Your Apothecaryſhip, I believe, out-does your Doctorſhip.

Gallyp. What, Sir? I believe you heard me jeſt a little among the reſt. But pray no more Reflections, I beſeech you.

True. Well, I'll ſay nothing to you about your Degree; for to me you are an Apothecary ſtill, and no other; to you as ſuch, and to ye all I direct my Speech, 'tis my Opinion that ye all ought to be forc'd to take moderate Prices, and be content with honeſt Gains.

Peſtle. So we are. What would you propoſe?

True. In Troth, Mr. *Peſtle*, my Propoſal will ſignify but little, I know; but were I to adviſe the Law-Makers, they ſhould make a Law, that no Apothecaries Bills ſhould be paid, till firſt tax'd by two or more Doctors, appointed in every Diſtrict or Diviſion in and about the City of *London*.

Peſtle. That's very fine indeed! How is that practicable?

True. Why not, as well as the Attornies Bills by the Prothonotaries?

Peſtle. That's only when the Client thinks himſelf over-rated.

True. So ſhould this be, when the Patient thinks himſelf over-rated in Medicines.

Peſtle,

Peſtle. Very fine again! You, and your Politicks. You would make the Doctors our Governours, wou'd you? Good Mr. *Trueman*, we beg your Excuſe, we are his Majeſty's free-born Subjects. And after all, pray Mr. *Trueman*, how do the Doctors underſtand to make Medicines? How do they underſtand the Prices of Drugs? Puh! you talk you know not what. Come, let's leave him.

True Mr. *Peſtle*, by your Leave a little. How did all the Apothecaries learn to make Medicines at firſt? The Gentility of their Profeſſion, I confeſs, has been a great Hindrance to them in reaping thoſe Advantages as they might (and with more Honeſty than any of ye) otherwiſe have done.

Peſtle. E'en let 'em be genteel ſtill; I don't think them indeed ſuch Fools, as that they cannot make Medicines if they will; but why can't they keep their Learning and Gentility to themſelves, and let us alone?

True. O Sir, I am glad you allow 'em to be capable of Learning to make Medicines, if they pleaſe. Now, Mr. *Peſtle*, to tell you the plain Truth, I hear they have actually made ſeveral good Medicines at the College, and continue ſo to do. Thus they can make Medicines, and Price 'em too.

Peſtle. How can they tell tho' when a Medicine is good?

True. Very eaſily, Mr. *Peſtle*: they have Taſte and Sight to judge by as well as ye.

Peſtle. Suppoſe all this true, tho' I am reſolv'd I won't believe it true; who, after all, ſhall give Attendance to obſerve the Operations of Medicines?

True. Who ſhould but the Doctors themſelves? They are paid for attending their Patients.

Peſtle Hah! Hah! Hah! Attending. I mean Adminiſtring Phyſick. How I ſhould laugh to ſee a Doctor giving a Clyſter, and the Bladder break and beſpatter his Velvet Jacket: Hah! Hah! Hah!

True. I find you would be merry at ſuch a Miſchance as that; but that's but idle to object, becauſe

every

every Nurſe does that Office a-Courſe, and all that ye pretend to about ſick Perſons, or elſe they are but ſorry Nurſes. As for Bleeding, the Surgeon ought to be employ'd. As for Chymical Medicines, the Chymiſt is at Hand; and ſo for all others.

Peſtle. Methinks your Head is full of Projects; can't you find out one to ſerve them in?

True. I don't pretend to be a Projector; but I think the College would do very well to make all Sorts of Medicines themſelves, and ſell 'em out at eaſy Rates. What they deſign by forming a Fund by Subſcription, I profeſs I at preſent know not; but one of 'em told me t'other Day, that they deſign to make that a Fund for buying in Drugs: and making of all Sorts of compound Medicines neceſſary for the Sick, ſelling 'em out again for ſmall Profit, ſufficient only to pay about a Dozen Servants, and the prime Coſt of the Medicines, with a Penny in the Shilling overplus to the College; by which Means the Doctors will be ſure to have ſuch good Medicines, and ſo well prepar'd, as to rely on them not to be ſophiſticated; or, for want of any one preſcrib'd, to be ſupply'd by another in the room of it, as you Apothecaries oft do: If you han't one thing, you in your mighty Wiſdom will put in another in the room of it; ſo that the Phyſician may preſcribe till Dooms-day, and the Patient will be never the better, if ye ſubſtitute what Medicines ye pleaſe, and after that put what Prices ye pleaſe.

Peſtle. Prices, Sir? I ſell as cheap as any Apothecary in Town; I never had above 6 *s.* and 8 *d.* for a Pint of Pearl Cordial in my Life, an' you go to that.

True. Not ſo paſſionate, good Mr. *Peſtle*; I believe you ſell as cheap as your Brethren, but all damn'd dear, and much to the Oppreſſion of the Poor. To remedy which, they propoſe to ſell a Pint of good Pearl-Cordial for 1 *s.* and 6 *d.* or thereabouts; a Cordial *Bolus* for a Groat, which ye reckon ſometimes 1 *s.* 6 *d.* and ſometimes 2 *s.* a Quart of bitter Drink for

for 1 *s.* for which I my ſelf have paid 5 *s.* 8 *d.* and ſo proportionably for all other Medicines.

Peſtle. Puh. What if they do? Our old Cuſtomers won't leave us.

True. What if they do? Why then the poorer Sort of People will buy them, becauſe they are ſure of good and cheap Medicines. The better Sort will think it Prudence to ſave 5 *s.* in 6 *s.* and 8 *d.* if they can, to help pay Taxes, and not have a Bill after a great Sickneſs brought in, enough to renew their Sickneſs again. Even the richeſt of all will be apt to be influenc'd by their Phyſicians, when they tell 'em, they are the only Medicines prepar'd which they can rely on. In ſhort, every body will be willing in their Illneſs, to go to ſuch a Place, where they can with great Probability be aſſur'd of good and cheap Medicines.

Peſtle. Good Mr. *Trueman*, you may e'en prate about ſtifling the Practice of Phyſick till you are weary; I warrant ye, let 'em do what they can, we'll eaſily perſwade People that we are all very honeſt Men.—We always ſaid you was a very prying, buſy, inquiſitive Man, pretending to underſtand things I am ſure you don't underſtand. You have a mighty Opinion of your ſelf. Come, let's leave him.

All. Ay, come, come, let's leave him.

[*Exeunt four Appothecaries whiſtling with Clyſter-Pipes.*

True. 'Tis an old Saying, *St Populus vult decipi, decipiatur*; if People will be cheated, e'en let 'em be ſo. I have done what lies in my Power to open their Eyes; and by telling the Truth, have gain'd other Mens Hatred: But,

I ne'er to Flatt'ry was, or will b' a Slave.
He that loves Truth is generous and brave,
And ſcorns the wealthy and the thriving Knave.

[Exit.

Directi-

Directions to make the Fanaticks Diaſcordium.

TAKE of the Herb of Hypocriſy and Ambition, of each one Handful; of the Spirit of Pride, two Grains; of the Seed of Diſſention, Diſcord, and Sedition, of each one Ounce; of the Root of Obſtinacy, Stubbornneſs, and Covetouſneſs, of each one Quarter of a Pound. Bruiſe the Herbs, break the Seed, ſlice the Roots, and pound them all together in the Mortar of Vain-glory, with the Peſtle of Contradiction; put in a Pint of the Water of Strife; to be infus'd over the Fire of feign'd Zeal, adding thereto four Ounces of Syrup of Self-Conceit.

The Uſe of this Cordial is,

When 'tis warm, let the Diſſenting-Brother take one Spoonful of it Morning and Evening, before Exerciſe; and when his Mouth is full, let him wink with his Eyes, make wry Mouths, and ſhed ſome few diſſembling Tears, and then let him ſpeak as the Spirit of Giddineſs gives him Utterance.

The Effect of the Cordial is,

It will make the Schiſmatick maintain the Alchoran, aſſiſt the Pope to foment Rebellion, and call it by the Name of *Subjects Liberty*.

This *Diaſcordium* is to be had at every Conventicle in *England*.

THE

THE
London and *Lacedemonian Oracles*.

Written by Mr. *THO. BROWN*.

In which he undertakes to Anſwer all Witty and Ingenious Queſtions, for the Diverſion as well as the Satisfaction of the Curious.

The INTRODUCTION.

LAST Night, being very reſtleſs in my Bed, I thought fit to divert the Time with ſporting an Author, remembring that of Perſius, Nocturnis juvat impalleſcere Chartis. *The firſt Book I laid my Hand on, proved ſome ſelect Comedies of* Ariſtophanes; *turning them over, my Eye ſtaid on that Place in his Comedy of* Clouds, *where he brings in* Socrates *and* Chærephon *meaſuring the Leap of a Flea from one's Beard to the other's: I laught ſo heartily at the Fancy, that I ſoon forgot the Inquietude of the paſt Hours, and reſolv'd to ſpend thoſe to come with more Satisfaction, by reading the whole Comedy over; which by that time I had done, it grew towards Morning, and that made me think of taking a refreſhing Nap, to keep my Body in its due Temper. But the Wit of* Ariſtophanes *had baniſhed Sleep from my Eyes, filling my Head with a Thouſand pleaſant Fancies; till Fortune that took Care of my Health, had, by I know not what Means, laid one of thoſe Papers called,* The Athenian Mercury *by me, being deſtitute either of* Opium

or

or Poppy-water. *I had ſcarce run over one Paragraph, when I found a Heavineſs deſcend on my Eyes, the welcome Harbinger of approaching Slumbers, which ſoon follow'd after. The* Mercury *had no ſooner perform'd its Office, but I found my ſelf entertain'd with this Dream or Viſion: Who ſhould come to me but* Ariſtophanes *in his own proper Perſon, I having methought that Comedy in my Hand which I had juſt before perus'd; he ſhew'd me a Thouſand Beauties I had paſs'd over unregarded: From this he paſs'd to enquire of me the News of the Town: I mean not as to Affairs of State, or any of the unpleaſant Movements of the Body Politick, but as to what related to the* Beaux Eſprites, *the Men of Thought and Over-Thought, the Brothers of the Quill, and the like: Whether the Soul of the Virtuoſo's of our Age, were agreeable to that of his* Socrates, *&c. I aſſur'd him the very ſame extravagant Whims were ſtill in Being, and every Day reviv'd:* Anaxagoras's *Mountains, Valleys, and Dwellings in the Moon, were now form'd into regular and diſtinct Countries; and we were as well acquainted with that Planet, as* Diogenes *with his Tub: That we had not only made large Diſcoveries there, but had alſo many a laborious Trifle, to exalt the Earth among the Planets too: That if the ſame* Anaxagoras *held the Sun to be a Piece of burning Iron no bigger than the* Morea, *we had ſome not long ago that were of Opinion, that it was fallen I know not how many Thouſand Miles nearer the Earth than it was in his Time. You were not the only People* (ſaid I to him) *that were ſo happy as to be admitted to the Knowledge of the Plurality of Worlds by* Democritus; *we have ſince divided them into their ſeveral diſtinct Claſſes and Turbilions: Nay, if your Poets borrowed from your Philoſophers, ſome of their Syſtems to adorn their Works, our modern Philoſophers have found out Secrets of Nature in your Fables, worth the reducing to Practice; as that of* Medea's *renewing the Youth of* Æſon. *I confeſs we were not ſo ſucceſsful; but the Reaſon was, becauſe we rather follow'd her Preſcriptions to the Daughters of* Pelias, *than what ſhe practis'd her ſelf. Here methought the Poet could not forbear laughing heartily. We have had* (continu'd I) *Pumps, Looms, and Machines, which you never dreamt*

dreamt of in your darker Days; and the Virtuoſo's of the Athenian Society *have found out, that a Tunnel revers'd is full as good for the Eyes as Spectacles.* Athenian Society (interrupted he) *ſay you! Why is there any of that Nation yet in Being, whoſe Noddles are caſt in the ſame projecting Mould they were in my Days? I find, that our Correſpondence was falſe then, that gave an Account, that the Kingdom of Philoſophy which made ſuch a Splutter there in my Time, was dwindl'd down to the honeſt Mechanick; and none aſpir'd higher than his Trade, or the Knowledge of a Country Pedant. Or have the ancient Race tranſmigrated to theſe happy Iſles, to make all run mad with Whims and Nonſenſe, with a grave Magiſterial Face? No, no, my jovial Poet* (return'd I) *theſe are only a Company of unknown, nameleſs Undertakers, who pretend to anſwer all Queries which are ſent them from all Degrees and Qualities; from the Prince to the Peaſant; but particularly ſuch as are ſent by the* Fair Sex; *for whom they have a moſt profound Veneration; that is, from the Lady in her cock'd Commode, to the Oyſter-wench in her lawful Occupation at the Tavern-Door. But why* (interrupted he) *do they call themſelves* Athenians? *I know not* (return'd I) *unleſs it be by the Reſemblance they have to a certain Bird, for which that City was famous of Yore; tho' by the Vigour and Force of their Reaſon, the modeſt Gentlemen aim'd not ſo high, as to equal themſelves to the Birds of* Minerva, *but only emulated the modern* Athenians, *ſelecting the ſilly and trifling Queries of the Blue and Green-Apron Men, and caſting aſide all the ingenious and witty, as alien from their Deſign and Purpoſe; for which, when they are reprimanded, they think it ſufficient wiſely to anſwer,* That they who ſent thoſe Queries thought them as wiſe as any: *As if, becauſe every Fool thinks his own Product fair, that therefore there is no real Diſtinction betwixt* Wit *and* Dulneſs, *but the fond Opinion of the Perſon concerned. Thus, when the ingenious Mr.* de la Croſs *diſcovered in one Supplement, about fourty or fifty groſs Faults in both Words and Sentences, this grave Aſſembly ſay for Anſwer, That a Daſh of a Pen will mend them. So many Daſhes* (interrupted he) *would but diſfigure the Paper; and therefore I am of*

Opini-

Opinion, that the Fire would do it more to the Purpose. These are the wretched Answers they give, (pursu'd I) *and pretending to gratify the learned World, weakly busy the Press with impertinent Questions of Apprentices and Chamber-maids; and instead of enquiring into the Solution of witty and judicious Points, relating to History and Philosophy, which have been sent them, they have everlastingly stuff'd their Papers with Receipts for Fleas,* &c. *and such-like wise Lectures. There was, a little after my Time* (said *Aristophanes*) *when the Itch of Scribbling grew more common and diffus'd, a damned Block-head of a Poetaster in* Athens, *nam'd* Chœrilus, *who writ the* Athenians *Victory over* Xerxes, *and the noble Acts of* Alexander *the Great: But out of all his voluminous Gramboʼs, there were but seven Verses that would stand the Test of Reading, and for them he received seven Pieces of Gold; but for every one beside, a Buffet on the Face; which amounted to so plaguy a Number that he could not see out of his Eyes for a Twelvemonth after; and forswore the horned Hill of* Parnassus, *as a more inhospitable Place than the Mountains of* Caucasus. *It is pity, that you that pretend to improve all that mat good among us, should want some such Punishment for these Scoundrels that presume to scribble in spite of their Stars; and I desire in the Name of all the Old, that these New* Athenians *may be regulated according to that laudable Custom of our Days. I perswaded him this Punishment would be too severe, since for all their Buffets they would not have one Piece of Gold. But to find out a Punishment more agreeable to our Times, I thought the Setting up a* Query-Office *in Opposition theirs, would mortify them as much as the Office of Insurance from Fire by the* Friendly Society *did that of* Bareboне. *He was satisfy'd of the Equity, as well as Reasonableness of my Resolve, and desired me to insert these following Queries to his self-adopted Countrymen, that he might imploy 'em as well as he had his* Socrates *and* Chærephon.

Query. *WHat was the Opinion of the Ancients about about the Soul?*

Ans. Their Opinions were almost as various as their Persons, and many of them as absurd as others are wonder-

wonderful. Some thought that the Soul periſhed with the Body; ſome, that tho' it a great while outliv'd the Body, yet it had its Period, and once ſhould be no more; others, arriv'd, by the Force of Reaſon, to a preſumptive Knowledge of its Immortality; ſome took the Soul to be nothing elſe but the Heart. *Empedocles* held, that the Soul was only the Blood that inircl'd the Heart; ſome would place it in the Brain, or at leaſt would have the Brain its chief Seat or Throne. Theſe Opinions found Oppoſers of ſuch as held only that all this was falſe, without eſtabliſhing any Truth in the Place of theſe ſuppoſed Errors they pretended to remove. *Zeno*, the Founder of the *Stoicks*, held, that the Soul was a Fire; perhaps borrowing his Opinion from that Fable of the old Poets of *Greece*, who made *Prometheus* ſteal celeſtial Fire from the Chariot of the Sun, to give Life and Motion to that Image he called Man; for it was no better than an Image; when *Pallas* was ſo taken with his Ingenuity of forming it, as to profer him any thing in Heaven for the perfecting his Work. But methinks there is nothing more pleaſant than the Fancy of *Ariſtoxenus*, who, being a Muſician as well as a Philoſopher, would needs have the Soul nothing elſe but a certain Harmony proceeding from the well-diſpoſed Motions of the Body, like the proportion'd Notes in Singing and inſtrumental Muſick; tho' perhaps one would imagine that *Ariſtoxenus* had a Mind to put a Compliment upon his Diverſion, and make the Philoſopher truckle to the Muſician; yet he only reviv'd that Opinion which was long before delivered by *Plato*. *Xenocrates*, tho' he denied that the Soul had any Form of Body, yet contended that it was *Number*; the Force of which he thought to be very great in *Nature*, as *Pythagoras* had maintain'd before him. His Maſter *Plato* ſuppoſed a three-fold Soul; the principal Part of which, as the moſt honourable, he plac'd in the Head, that is, *Reaſon*; from which he ſeparated two other Parts, *Anger* and *Deſire*; *Anger* he plac'd in the Boſom, and *Deſire* beneath the *Midriff*, betwixt

betwixt the Heart and the Lungs. *Dicearchus* will needs have it, that the Soul is nothing at all but an idle empty Name; and that the World is much in an Error, to use this Distinction of Animal and Inanimate Beings, since neither Man nor Beast, nor any thing which comes within the Notion of a living Creature, has any Soul; and that the *Power* by which we move, think, or do any thing, was equally diffus'd through every living Body; nor by any Means separable from it, since it was nothing but one indivisible Essence with the Body so made, as by the Benefit of Nature it should live and think. *Aristotle*, the greatest of the ancient Philosophers, (tho' *Cicero* always prefers *Plato* to him) after he had considered those other four Kinds, from whence he derived all other *Beings*, supposes a fifth Nature, the *Origine* of the *Soul* or *Mind*; for to *think*, to *provide for Events*, to *learn*, to *teach*, to *invent* some things, and *remember* many more, to *love*, to *hate*, to *covet*, to *fear*, to to be *troubled*, to *rejoice*, and things of this Nature, he cannot conceive to be in any of those four *Kinds*. So that he advances a fifth Kind without a Name; and therefore calls the Mind or Soul by the new Name of Ὑντελέχειαν, as it were a continual or perpetual Motion. I think I have enumerated all the Opinions of the Soul, except that of *Democritus*, who makes the Soul, as well as all things else, to be composed of the fortuitous Concourse of Atoms.

Plutarch and *Stobeus* say, that *Thales* first affirm'd the Soul to be ἀ.τεκεντὸν, a *Self-moving Nature*. *Aristotle de Anima lib. cap.* 2. calls it κινετικὸν, in respect to the Motion it gives to other things; in which are included both Parts of the *Platonists*: *A Substance having within it self a Power to move it self and other Things*. This Opinion first raised by *Thales*, was entertain'd in the Schools by *Pythagoras*, *Anaxagoras*, *Socrates*, &c. till excluded by *Aristotle*. *Thales* held, that the *Loadstone* and *Amber* had Souls: The first, because it draws Iron, the second Straw. He farther asserted those things we count *Inanimate* to have Souls. He was the first,

firſt, according to *Cherilus*, that held the Immortality of the Soul of Man, learning it from the *Ægyptians*.

Some ſay *Pherecydides* firſt aſſerted the Immortality of the Soul. *Anaximines* held, that our *Souls*, by which we live, are *Air*: *Anaxagoras* held, that the Soul is *that which moveth*, that it it is *Aerial*, and has a Body of the Nature of the Air; and that it dies as well as the Body.

Socrates held the Soul to be immortal, proving it with this Reaſon, what is always moveable is immortal; but that which moveth another, or is moved by another, hath a Ceſſation of Motion and Life; that the Soul is pre-exiſtent to the Body, endu'd with Knowledge of eternal Ideas, which in her Union to the Body ſhe loſes, as ſtupify'd, or in a Dream, till awaken'd by Diſcourſe from ſome ſenſible Objects: Thus is all her Learning only Reminiſcence, or a calling to Mind her firſt Knowledge. The Body being compounded is diſſolv'd by Death; the Soul being ſimple, paſſeth into another Life incapable of Corruption. The Souls of Men are divine; to whom, when they go out of their Bodies, the Way of their Return to Heaven is open, which to the beſt and the moſt juſt, is moſt expedite. The Souls of the Good, after Death, are in a happy State united to God, in a bleſſed inacceſſible Place; the Bad, in a convenient Receptacle ſuffer condign Puniſhment.

Heraclitus ſays, That the Nature of the Soul is ſo profound, that it cannot be found out by any Means; he only aſſerted, that it is as all other things are, *an Exhalation*; that which is within, and that which is without, being all of one Nature; it is incorporeal, and always in Fluxion; that its being mov'd, is ſelf-evident of Souls, that the dry are the wiſeſt and beſt.

Xenophanes held, that the Soul is a Spirit, and that there were many things beneath the Mind. *Protagoras* held the Soul to be nothing more than the Senſes.

Epicurus conceives the Soul to be corporeal, ſome more tenuious or ſubtile Body, made up of moſt ſubtile Particles; he was of Opinion that thoſe that held it incorporeal abus'd the World, and play'd the Fool

excee-

exceedingly; for except it were such, it could neither act nor suffer, and not be touch'd by any thing, but would be as a mere Vacuity, which is such, that it can neither act nor suffer any thing, but only affords a free Motion to Bodies passing through it.

Now, that the Soul acts, and suffers something, is manifestly declar'd by its Senses and Affections, as also by the Motions by which it impels the Members, and from within governs the whole *Animal*, turns it about, transports it into Dreams, and in general, by its Union and Consent, mix in one Compound with the grosser Matter, which usually, upon this Occasion, is more particularly term'd *Body*. He calls it a most tenuious Body, for that it is made up of the most tenuious and most subtle little Bodies, which, as they are for the most Part exceeding smooth, so are they very round; that the Sense is the Soul of the Soul.

Diogenes held the Soul to be Air; and *Hippo*, that it was Water. What other Opinions of the Ancients there may be of the Soul, they are reducible to some of these.

Query. *A certain Querist of the fair Sex, being in great Doubt what to do in this following Case, desires the Answer of her humble Servants the* Athenians.

Answ. She having by Nature a Constitution that is so abundantly stock'd with LOVE, that she cannot contain, but a Face and Person that scares all Men from making any Address to her, is extreamly troubl'd in Mind, how she shall comply with God's first Commandment, *Increase and Multiply*; unless some of of the Members of that Society will cast a charitable Eye of Regard on her; if so, we shall take Care to give them exact Directions to find her out.

Query. *What is* Scepticism?

Answer. 'Tis thus defin'd: A Faculty opposing *Phænomena*'s (or Appearances) and Intelligibles all manner of ways, whereby we proceed through the Equivalence of contrary things and Speeches first, and Suspension, then to Disturbance; we call it a Faculty, from the Power thereof. By *Phænomena's* we understand

ſtand Senſibles, which we oppoſe to Intelligibles. Theſe Words all Manner of Ways may be referred to Faculty or Power ſimply; it may likewiſe be applied to Opinion betwixt *Phænomena's* and Intelligibles, ſince we oppoſe them ſeveral Ways, *Phænomena's* to *Phænomena's*, Intelligibles to Intelligibles, or one to another. Wherefore, to conclude all Oppoſitions, we ſay all *Manner of Ways*, or all Manner of Ways of *Phænomena's* and Intelligibles, not inquiring how *Phænomena's* ſeem, or how Intelligibles are underſtood, as taking them ſimply. By *contrary Speeches*, we mean not only Affirmation and Negation, but ſimply thoſe which are repugnant. *Equivalence* we call an Equality, as to Belief and Unbelief, ſo as neither of the repugnant Speeches is preferr'd as more credible than the other. *Suſpenſion* is a Settlement of the Intellect, whereby we neither affirm nor deny any thing. *Indiſturbance* is a Compoſure and *Tranquillity of Mind*.

Query. *What Nation invented Painting?*

Anſwer. I am not of their Opinions, who not being able to wave their bigotted Veneration for that Nation which gave Birth to the divine Author of our Religion, in Enquiries of this Nature, will needs perſwade the World, that we owe the Invention of this noble Art to the Offspring of *Abraham*, as well as the other Arts and Sciences; and that from them the *Egyptians*, from the *Egyptians* the *Grecians* ſucceſſively improv'd them, and arrogantly challeng'd them as their own Productions. I muſt confeſs I cannot ſee any ſuch mighty Reaſon for their Opinion, but that I may, without Impiety, or the leaſt Irreverence for the Chriſtian Faith, declare my ſelf of a contrary Opinion: For by the Account of all Hiſtory, ſacred and profane, that Nation has a much different Character than what is agreeable to a Mother of rare Arts and Sciences, being always more devoted to their Gain, than to employ their Time on fruitleſs Obſervation. And I am ſure the *Egyptians* had too mean a Value for them, to admit them as Teachers in any thing.

For

For at their first coming into *Egypt*, all the Interest of *Joseph* was not sufficient to gain his Brethren any greater Favour than a Frontier Province, remote enough from the Court, to live in, where their greatest Study was to look after their Flocks. And from the *Ægyptians Aaron* learnt to make the golden Calf; and *Bezaleel* and *Aholiab* were beholden to an extraordinary Inspiration, not to the Use of any Arts among them. But of all the Arts, none certainly can be less in Reason deduc'd from the Children of *Israel*, than this of Painting, since so little Advantage could accrue to those that first busy'd themselves about it. And if we may add, as a supernumerary Reason, the Inclinations of their Posterity, we cannot suppose them so ingeniously given, as to mind any Art that contributed not immediately to their Interest. I must therefore conclude, that some more easy and contented Nation were the first Designers in that Gentleman-like Profession. To pronounce magisterially in this Case, and decide it to any, would be more than the most judicious of the Ancients durst do, who were by many Hundreds of Years nearer its Birth than we: Yet I am apt to believe, the *Ægyptians* were the first Painters or Staturies, as well as Philosophers; tho' I cannot allow their vain-glorious Brag, that *Picture* flourish'd 6000 Years with them before it pass'd into *Greece*. Tho' the Original of this Art is obscure, yet this I may say, that whatever People may in Justice pretend to the Invention, *Greece* alone brought it to Perfection, and therefore may the better be allow'd to arrogate it wholly to her self, tho' it be controverted what Part of *Greece* gave Rise to it, some attributing it to *Sicyones*, an Island in the *Ægean* Sea; others to *Corinth*, where by drawing Lines round the Extremities of the Shadow of a Man, was rudely made the first Step to Picture. The next Advance was into one Colour, call'd by the *Greeks*, *Monochroma*, that is, *of one Colour*. But in a little time it became more stately, and arrived to that Beauty in which it was in the Days of *Apelles*; nor lost it much of its Lustre in its Transmi-

gration from *Greece* to *Rome*, till the Diſſoluteneſs of ſome Emperors, and the Weakneſs of others, ſuffer'd the Empire to be over-run, firſt with Ignorance, then with Barbarity; for the Inundation of the *Hunnes*, *Vandals*, *Goths*, and *Lumbards*, deſtroy'd all that was fine in this Art, till by *Titian*, *Raphael Urbin*, *Angelo*, and the reſt, it was reviv'd almoſt to as great an Excellence as in the Age of *Apelles*, whom, with the reſt of his Contemporaries, I cannot help preferring before any of our modern Artiſts in Painting, as well as Statues, if we may believe the Account which ſome of the Ancients give us of thoſe admirable Pieces they themſelves had ſeen.

Query. *Is there any ſuch thing as the* Philoſopher's Stone?

Anſw. If we believe the Chymiſts, they will tell us many fine Stories about it: That as the Seed of any Vegetable tranſmutes that Humidity of the Earth proper to it ſelf, into its own Form and Nature; and thus from a little Seed becomes a great Tree: So if the Seed of Gold or Silver be caſt into any baſer Metal, it will convert it into its own Nature. But then for this one ſeeming Reaſon, they provide Abundance of Obſcurities, and Enigmatick Subterfuges for you to loſe your ſelf in, if you attempt to purſue the imaginary Treaſure; as the *flying Dragon*, the *Spirit* of *Tellus*, the Marriages and Conjunctions of *Sol*, *Venus*, *Jupiter*, &c. with *Amalgama's*, *Hermetical Feelings*, and an infinite Number of ſuch ſtrange kind of Whims, as if they writ with a Deſign not to be underſtood. Thus *Faber* has deliver'd 112 *Arcanums* to do Wonders, if you believe the Title of each Secret; tho' I never heard of that Man, tho' a profeſs'd Chymiſt, that durſt pretend to underſtand one of them: So fearful they are of having their Minds diſcover'd by any but the *true Sons of the Art*, that they make every thing a Myſtery even to themſelves. They'll tell you indeed of one *Antiſius* that liv'd a Thouſand Years; and of a *French* Scrivener that built I know not how many Hoſpitals and Churches; one by the *Aurum Potabile*

rabile, and the other by the *Powder of Projection*. Happy Men! that out of so many Thousands whom the Witchery of the Golden Hopes has betray'd to this vain Attempt, and only arise to this more than Miracle: Nay, the Scrivener cannot be suppos'd to have had either Time or Money enough to have pass'd thro' all the tedious Experiments required to its Perfection. The great Duke of *Florence* has, among his choice Collection of Rarities, a Nail that is half Gold and half Iron, which, as they would have you believe, was chang'd from that baser Metal, by only the Touch of the Philosopher's Stone, which it seems had not Force enough to transmute the whole. But this is a Trifle fit for the *Athenian Mercury* to pause upon, and give you a tedious Account of *Lullius*, *Bacon*, *Repley*, and the rest of that mad Tribe of canting Scriblers.

And now for Variety, and to comply as near as I can, with your delicate Gust in Poetry, I will propose a few *Queries in* Metre.

Quest. *Self-nam'd* Athenians, *let it pray be shewn,*
(For sure 'tis obvious to your mighty Wits)
Why Farts burn blue when thro' a Candle blown,
And yet that's yellow which the same A—se sh—ts?

For a rhiming Answer to this difficult Question, I must doubtless be referr'd (for that's your Method) to something that you have already printed. Well then, let's see; what says the Oracle?

Vol. 5. N. 11.

Hail Bard divine! unknown we must adore,
Thy Eagle Pitch out-soars our haggard Flight:
Our glimm'ring Lamp within will flame no more,
Quench'd by too unsupportable a Light, &c.

Your Servant, Gentlemen, I thank ye, and confess this is most incomparable Fustian, and superfine *Stuff*, but nothing to the Purpose of my Question, no more than it was to that with which it was first printed. Once more——

Quest. *Tell me ye Men of doughty Quill,*
And shew in Heraldry your Skill,

Which Order's beſt and valu'd moſt,
Knights of the Stocks, or of the Poſt?
Miſtake me not, for I'm ſincere,
I mean no Sham-Athenians *here,*
Altho' their Manſion of chief Fame
Sounds by a Market of that Name:
Yet muſt I needs confeſs their Writing
Deſerves no other Sort of Knighting;
Nor to a Sir *can make Pretence,*
Unleſs 'twere join'd with Reverence.

Queſt. *Tell me, in fine, what Scorn is due to thoſe*
Who bid us all our Doubts to them propoſe,
Yet anſwer none where difficult and hard,
But call them Riddles, and not worth Regard?
When OEdipus, *if we may credit* Fame,
Clearing a Riddle, got a Heroe's Name.
Excuſe th'unequal Inſtance that I bring;
For what Compariſon is in the Thing?
Athenian Rubbiſh, *and a* Theban King.

Query. *Whence have we our* Opium? *Whether is it Hot or Cold? If Hot, why Narcotick? If Cold, why Sudorifick? Let it be what it will, how comes it to have that Deference for thoſe Animal Spirits that are required for the Motion of the Heart, and for Reſpiration; as very often to ſpare them, while it ſeizes the others that communicate with the Organs of the external Senſes?*

Anſw. Here is a Chain of intricate Queſtions indeed deſign'd, I believe, to puzzle or daunt the new Undertakers; but I aſſure the Queriſt he will find himſelf miſtaken, eſpecially as to the laſt Part: For who, tho' never ſo mean-ſpirited, could deſpond in ſuch a Matter as this, when he has ſuch a fair Promiſe from ſuch a famous and learned Society as the *Athenian Mercury*, that they will take the Pains to view his Endeavours, and correct his Failings. This Encouragement, with the Deſire of Self-Inſtruction, will make us continue and give our Thoughts of ſuch Queſtions as thoſe acute Men have been unwilling to anſwer; tho' they muſt of Neceſſity examine 'em now, ſince they have openly paſs'd their Word to the Booksellers, and eſpecially to their

their intimate Friends the Coffee-houſes, that they would declare themſelves upon the Queſtions of the *London Mercury*. I muſt confeſs, this Conſequence of their Promiſe will prove troubleſome to them; yet am ſatisfy'd they are generous, and will ſtand to their Word. So to the Queſtion;

1. We have our *Opium*, ſome from *Greece*, ſome from the Kingdom of *Cabaia* in the *Eaſt-Indies*, and ſome from the Territories of the *Grand Cairo* in *Egypt*; for it is a Tear that diſtils from *Poppies* that grow in them Countries, when, at certain Times of the Year, Inciſions are made in the Heads of thoſe Plants. What is had this way, is the pureſt and beſt, and therefore kept by the People for their own Uſe, who ſend us that which they preſs out of the ſaid Heads, and call *Meconium*.

2. Notwithſtanding that *Opium* diſables the Spirits for a Time from the Performance of their Duty, and ſtupifies, as Narcoticks do that are granted to be cold; yet I hold it hot, by Reaſon of its bitter Taſte, peircing Smell, and ſudorifick Effects; but chiefly, becauſe it is altogether ſulphureous, which none can doubt of, that knows how inflamable it is, and how eaſily diſſolv'd in the Spirit of Wine. Now, how ſuch a Subſtance can be Narcotick, is not as hard to ſolve, as it may ſeem ſtrange at firſt Sight; for it is clear, that any thing can be Narcotick, which can for ſome time obſtruct the Commerce of the internal and external Senſes: And it is as plain, that any thing can effect this, which can either fix the animal Spirits, ſtop the ſmall Paſſages of the Brain where they are form'd, or hinder their Influx into the Nerves; a Subſtance that is ſulphureous, and conſequently of ramous and pliable Parts, can do either, or all three. And conſequently *Opium* can be together Narcotick and Hot.

Finally, the Reaſon why *Opium* does ſtop the Influx of the Spirits into the Organs of the external Senſes, whilſt Reſpiration and the Motion of the Heart go their ordinary Train, is, I believe, becauſe the Inſertion of the *Carotids* into the Brain is nigher the Origin of the Nerves that convey Animal Spirits in-

to the firſt, than them that ſupply the latter; whence it may very well happen, that the little Quantity of *Opium* that is ordinarily preſcrib'd, is altogether taken up in obſtructing the firſt ſmall Paſſages it meets with; and that none, or at leaſt a very inconſiderable Part of it, reaches the *Cerebellum*, where the *Par octavum* has its Origin. Add to this, that it is very probable that theſe Nerves are wider, and the ſmall Channels of the Brain that lead towards them, more open, by reaſon of the uninterrupted Motion of the Animal Spirits in them Parts, than others are where this Motion is oft diſcontinu'd; ſo that they cannot be ſo eaſily obſtructed as the latter.

There is a Plant that grows on Mount *Libanus* in *Syria*, which the *Arabians* call the *Golden Herb*; it begins to appear in the Month of *May*, after the Snow is thawn; in the Twilight it appears all in a Flame, and continues like a Torch until Morning, without Diminution of its Subſtance. Moreover, the People of that Country think, the Tranſmutation of Metals might be compaſs'd, but they dare not dig it up, becauſe ſuch as have attempted it, dy'd on the ſudden, and in the Undertaking. Pray your Thoughts upon theſe ſurprizing *Phænomenons?*

Anſw. Suppoſing the Relation true, all the Parts of it may be ſolv'd with one very ſimple Conjecture: Only ſuppoſing that this Plant grows in a bituminous and ſulphureous Soil, which is always exhaling Steams in great Quantities, which being condenſed by the Cold of the Night, kindle into a Flame; which is no greater Wonder, than to ſee the fat Exhalations of Churchyards burn like Flame in the Air. Now when the Sun is riſen, he rarifies them Vapours, and that ſo thin, that they mix with, and loſe themſelves in the ambient Air. As to the Tranſmutation of Metals, it is a groundleſs Thought of the Vulgar; but as to the ſudden Death of thoſe that attempt the digging up of this Plant, it may be true, for ought we know; for it's like enough that a great Quantity of them Steams, which probably being groſs, are Narcotick, may either ſtill the Motion

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of the Blood, or fix the Animal Spirits; and so of Necessity bring sudden Death.

Query. *Whether* The Young Student's Library, *proposed by the* Athenians, *be not the cast Common-Place-Book of some antiquated Pedagogue?*

Answ. 'Tis very probable; for the Authors selected seem to be such as were most likely to fall within the Acquaintance of a Pedant, whose whole Life had been destin'd to the teaching of Boys to decline *Amo*, and to tell their Fingers; and instructing of ignorant Peasants in the Knowledge of their Christian Names and the Church Catechism. This Medley of Authors seems to be well sorted; *Virgil's Æneids* and the Works of St. *Austin*; *Lucian's Dialogues* and Dr. *Hammond's Practical Catechism*; the Works of *Aristotle* and *Culpepper's Midwife*; *Horace* and *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*; *Ovid's Metamorphosis* and Dr. *Sherlock* on *Death*; the *Call to the Unconverted* and *Martial's Epigrams*. In short, the Man who made this Collection, was a very necessary Man in his Generation: For here one may learn to cap Verses, and turn a Pancake; save Souls, and cure Corns and kib'd Heels, steal a Flourish to adorn a Country Sermon; and set forth a Breaking-up Declamation: So that the Improvements the first Design may receive from so learned and judicious a Society as that of the *Athenians*, will render this Miscellany as useful as a Pacing-Saddle, or the late famous Engine to part Cream Cheese; very necessary to be read by *Yorkshire* V—rs, and their pious Dairy-Maids, School-Boys, Fidlers, Fencers, Midwives, and *Athenians*.

Query. *Whether it is not the real Interest of the* Athenian Society, *rather to endeavour the keeping up of the* London Mercury, *than its Discontinuance?*

Answ. The *Roman* Historians tell us, that it was once very hotly debated in the Senate, what they should do with their Rival Republick *Carthage*; some were for utterly demolishing it; but others were as earnest to have it still preserv'd out of a prudent Consideration, that if that City were once destroy'd, the

Romans would prove reiſty and effeminate. And now let the *Athenians*, if they pleaſe (ſince they have a Predicator amongſt them) make the Application.

Query. *What is the Reaſon why a Chequer is plac'd at Ale-houſe Doors?*

Anſw. This Queſtion was ſome Months ago ſent to the *Athenians*, by the ſame Token, that they were pleas'd to ſay, That without Doubt a Reaſon might be found for this Cuſtom ſomewhere or other in Hiſtory; but that for their Part, having other more material Queſtions upon their Hands, they would not give themſelves any farther Trouble about it. Now, there is no great Myſtery in the Matter, nor is a Man oblig'd to turn over his *Selden* or *Spelman* to find it out: For all that need to be ſaid on this Occaſion, is That Ale-houſes in the Days of *Yore* were Places of Gaming, where our ſober Anceſtors us'd to paſs away an Afternoon, or ſo at Cheſs; and therefore, for Diſtinction ſake they plac'd a Chequer over the Door, juſt as now where a Billiard-Table, or a Green and two Bowls are painted on the Sign, any Perſon may be confident he is not far from a Billiard-houſe or a Bowling-Green.

Query. *Of what Antiquity is Dancing upon the Rope? And what may be ſuppoſed to give the firſt Riſe to that Sport?*

Anſw. Tho' the latter End of *Auguſt* be the fitteſt time to anſwer this Queſtion; yet ſince the Queriſt has been ſo importunate of late, we can tell the Antiquity of it is unqueſtionably very great: For (not to mention any more) *Terence*, who liv'd a conſiderable Time before the Birth of our Saviour, mentions it in his Prologue to the *Hecyra*; where, taking Occaſion to complain of the Thinneſs of his Audience, and the ill Succeſs of his Play, he aſcribes it to the People's being ſo mightily taken up at that time with a Rope-Dancer: *Ita populus ſtudio ſtupitus in Funambulo animum occuparat.*

'Tis ſomewhat difficult to aſſign the Time preciſely when this ſort of Recreation firſt appeared in the World; but

but it is no ill-grounded Opinion, that it commenc'd a little after the Invention of the Theatrical Sports. which derive their Original from the merry Meetings of the old *Pagans* in Vintage-time, where they first offer'd Sacrifice, and then fell to good Eating and Drinking, and at last, when they were in their Cups, those that were the Top-Wits of their respective Villages, pelted one another with Doggrel, and Country Raillery; which prov'd the first Occasion of Comedy; and others, who valu'd themselves upon Feats of Activity, would divert the Company by dancing and leaping upon Leathern Bottles that were well greas'd and anointed; and so this Exercise, perhaps, gave the first Hint to our active Sport, which now makes up so much of the Entertainment at *Bartholomew-Fair*. And as the *Romans* borrow'd their Comedy from the *Grecians*; so it is not improbable, that to them likewise they owe their Rope-dancing.

Gentlemen,

In your last London Mercury, *you very clearly stated the Controversy about that famous Passage in* Josephus, lib. 18, cap. 4. *concerning our Saviour*, viz. *Whether it were really genuine or not, or whether interpolated by the pious Frauds of the Primitive Christians. It appears very odd to me, that* Josephus, *who was so exact an Historian of the Affairs of* Judea, *should be so highly silent, and say nothing of our Saviour. For, tho' the Place where this Testimony of his concerning Christ, appears altogether so proper for it; yet if this is not really the Testimony of* Josephus, *he no where else takes notice of him. But Gentlemen, granting this Passage to be spurious and forg'd, yet would it not be better, and more for the Promotion and Propagation of Christianity, to have the Common People believe itto be true? I my self have heard it urg'd by a Reverend Divine, as a collateral Proof of the Miracles our Saviour wrought; nay, he did not stick to quote even* Seneca *too, tho' that Philosopher no where takes notice of him, except his Epistle to St.* Paul, *and St.* Paul's *to him, be of any Weight. However, after all, I believe the Design*

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of that Reverend Gentleman was good, and purely to poſſeſs his Auditors with a greater Regard and Reſpect for the Truth of our Religion. 'Tis very neceſſary that your next Mercury *ſhould anſwer this, and ſo put an End to the Diſpute. I am,*

Your humble Servant.

Anſw. Since there has already, in our laſt, been ſo much ſaid of this Matter, a few Lines will diſpatch an Anſwer to this ingenious Gentleman's *Queries*. His firſt Objection carries but little Weight with it, which is this: Becauſe *Joſephus* does no where elſe make mention of our Saviour, than in this place, that therefore he muſt do it there. Now, *Joſephus* does no where in his Work take notice of the *Infanticidium* by *Herod*, which an exact Hiſtorian, one would think, ought to have done: But the moſt accurate Hiſtorians that have come to our Hands, have doubtleſs omitted ſeveral Things done in their own Times, and left them for others to relate. *Euſebius, lib.* 1 *cap.* 8. *Eccleſiaſt. Hiſt.* indeed quotes *Joſephus Antiqu. lib.* 17. as diſingenuouſly as he does ſeveral others, where he makes him relate the Puniſhment with which God afflicted *Herod* for the Murther of the young Children, leaving out the Names of *Juda* the Son of *Sariphæus*, and *Matthias* the Son of *Margalothus*, who were ſlain by the Command of *Herod*, long after the Murther of the young Children, which *Joſephus* mentions not at all. But if this Paſſage were genuine, how could it poſſibly have eſcap'd the Notice of *Juſtin Martyr* in his Dialogues with *Trypho*? Or how ſhould *Tertullian* and *Clemens Alexandrinus* ſo ſtrangely forget to urge its Authority againſt the *Jews* they diſputed with, and combated? And laſtly, Is it not a Miracle, that none ſhould ever take notice of it 'till *Euſebius*'s Time, who, 'tis very probable, was the firſt Starter of it? St. *Hierom* tranſlating that Part of the Teſtimony. ὅτι ἦν ὁ Χριστὸς, does not ſay, *Hic erit Chriſtus*, but *Credebatur eſſe Chriſtus*. St *Hierom* was very well acquainted with the Frauds of thoſe Times,

and

and believ'd it very improper for a *Jew* to say those Words. Cardinal *Baronius* says, That in an *Hebrew* Manuscript he found those Words scratch'd out; and 'tis very likely (if it be true what *Baronius* says) that he that did it, had detected the Forgery.

To the latter Part of this Gentleman's Letter, we have no more to say, but that we think Christianity has no need of the Supports of Artifice, Forgery, or Contrivance. At this Rate, the *Sybils Verses*, and *Agbaras*'s *Epistle*, are to be esteem'd authoritative and useful; whereas they rather serve to expose our Holy Religion to the Insults of *Spinoza*'s Gang. At this Rate, the Learned Men of this late Age have trifled away their Time; Monsieur *Baluze*, and our learned Protestant Divine *Blondel*, might have spar'd the Trouble to the World and themselves. The Fables of the *Donum Constantini*, King *Lucius*, and the *Thebean Legion*, shall be cry'd up; and for our Protestant Interest, that of Pope *Joan*. Our blessed Saviour call'd himself Truth; let it be therefore our Business to find it out and adore it. *Lactantius* says well in his Institutions, *Summum sapientiæ gradum attigisti quando falsa intellexeris.*

Quest. *Whether the Herb which we commonly call* Fern, *bears, or produces any Seed? And how or which Way it is to be sav'd?*

Answ. There is a considerable Number of Plants reckon'd among the *Imperfectæ*, or such as have neither Seed nor Flower, which by late Discoveries are found to be by far the most fruitful of any in producing of Seed: So the *Fern*, *Polypody*, *Maidenhair*, *Spleenwort*; and the rest of the *Capillary* Plants, were call'd *Aspermæ*, and never known to bear any Seed, until the Invention of Microspopes, by which it was discover'd; that these little Heaps of Dust that appear'd on the backside of the Leaves of these Plants, were so many Heaps of Seed; but so small, that one single Grain was not visible to the naked Eye. Hence such Plants are call'd *Epiphyllospermæ*, because they bear their Seed on the Leaf. And the best way certainly to gather or preserve the Seed of them, is to pluck one of the

Leaves

Leaves with the ripe Seed upon it. So the *Fucus*, or *Alga marina*, in Engliſh *Seawreck*, was reckon'd among the more imperfect barren Plants, until that learned Naturaliſt Dr. *Tancred Robinſon* firſt diſcover'd, That theſe Bladders, ſo conſpicuous in the Leaves of the *Wreck*, were the Seed Veſſels of that Plant, and that they contain perfect Seed within them. Neither do I in the leaſt doubt, that all kinds of *Moſs*, *Coral*, *Sponge*, &c. and even *Muſhrooms* themſelves, have Seed, or that it ſhall lie long undiſcover'd in them, tho' as yet we have no Certainty of it.

Qu. *Quid* Baccho *Nymphas adhibes temeriarie Caupo, Cùm quo ſit natus debeat igne mori?*

Reſp. Diſpare Dii ſexu vincuntur, Amice, domamus Sic *Bacchum* Nymphis, ſic *Venerem* maribus.

Quary. *By what means was it, that the Sepulchral Lamps of the Ancients did ſome of them burn* 1000, *other* 3500 *Years.*

Anſw. The *Queriſt* tells us, That he believes himſelf able to make ſuch; but I hope he'll pardon us that we do not believe him; for we are ſo far from that, that we believe there never was any Lamp made to endure ſo long. It's true, Monſieur *Des Cartes* has taken much Pains to adapt his Philoſophy to this *Phænomenon*; but we may, without Injury to that great Man's Memory, ſay, That ſeveral more Inſtances may be given for his being concern'd for the Explication of Appearances which never were.

We have receiv'd a Letter from the Gentleman, whoſe *Query* about the Explanation of the 17th Verſe in *Juvenal*, Sat. XI.

Qui Lacedæmonium *pytiſmate lubricat orbem.*

we anſwer'd before. This Gentleman is, it ſeems, not pleas'd with the Conjecture we make how it is to be underſtood, but tells us, That *Iſ. Voſſius* (who, he ſays, underſtood Bawdy very well) interprets that Paſſage

to

to a very obſcene Senſe, *&c.* We are not ignorant how *Voſſius* would have that place to be underſtood; but we think we have but little reaſon (notwithſtanding what *Voſſius* has ſaid of the matter) to depart from believing the other Interpretation we before gave of it to be true. *Pityſma* is no more than the Wine either ſquirted from between the Teeth, (as we generally try that way whether the Wine be good or not) or elſe ſome little left in the Glaſs, and flung upon the Ground. In this Senſe *Chremes* in *Terence's Heautontimorumenos* ſpeaks: *Pitiſſando modo mihi quid vini abſumpſit? Sic*, hoc, *dicens*, Aſperum pater, hoc eſt: aliud levius ſedes vide *Relevi dolia omnia*, &c. We think this a very fair Inſtance of its Signification. *Voſſius* (of whom the *Queriſt* knows the Epigram,

Quod ſi non placeat ſalex Catullus
Eſſ'eti cape nequiora Voſſii)

is mighty willing that this Paſſage ſhould be thought Bawdy; and indeed that Satyr of *Juvenal* gives great Countenance to his Conjecture, which treats of a Vice not fit to be named. As to the Paſſage in *Apuleius*, we like not the reading either of *Lipſius*, or our *Price*. It may be read either *deterrimæ fortunæ* in the *Gen. Caſe ſing.* and underſtand *mancipia*, or ſome ſuch Word; or *diſcrimina fortunæ*: or, if that don't pleaſe him *retrimenta fortunæ*. *Apuleius* is not ſtrict to *Latinity*, (for ſo much he confeſſes himſelf) and no-body ought to be accountable for his Negligence.

We have not yet had Leiſure to conſult our Books about the Receipt to make *Lacedemonian* Porridge for the *Queriſt*, who ſays he was old and would willingly leave off eating Fleſh, if he could find the way to make that Broth. We adviſe him rather to find out the Duke of *Buckingham's* famous Receipt for making of Porridge, with which the Taylor's Wife would have the whole Bill paid.

Qu. *When*

Qu. *When was the* Surplice *first instituted, and by whom.*

A. I doubt not but many Habits, Rites and Customs, both of the *Jewish* and *Heathen* Temples, were admitted into the Christian Church in its very Infancy; and among those I reckon the *Surplice*. The Jewish Priests had peculiar Vestments, which they put on when they officiated, and so had the Heathen; their sacred Garments were of Linen, and for Colour White; and in the like Habit did the ancient Ministers of God incompass the Altar, as one of the Fathers expresses it, in imitation of the Angels (by whose name Bishops and Priests are sometimes called) standing about the Throne of God, of which the Altar was look'd on as a Representative. Now of Angels we read, That whenever they made their Appearances on Earth, their Garments were white and shining.

Gentlemen,

We are two Husbandless young Creatures; a Gentleman is now in Love with one of us; but dispenseth his Pretensions so equally, we could never yet make a reasonable Conjecture which it was, tho' each of us has Vanity enough to decide in her own Favour. One Night this Gentleman past'd a Compliment on us to this Purpose: if he were a Monarch he could marry the one: and could be satisfied to beg his Bread with the other. Query, *Which of these was the greatest Compliment? Kind Gentlemen, pray resolve this in your next* Mercury, *and you'll mightily oblige, at least, one of*

Your humble Servants.

Ans. Why truly, Ladies we are absolutely of Opinion, that the last was the greater Compliment; for if the Gentleman design'd any Favour at all in his Expression, it must certainly fall on Her Side, by how much the more probable it is, that he will sooner be a *Beggar* than a *Monarch*. Though for the first Husbandless young Creature's Comfort, we assure her, that we have a young

young Gentleman for her in our Society, upon Con-
tion, she bring Food with her as well as Appetite;
r he will by no means be satisfied to beg his Bread
ith her. So we take our Leaves for this time of the
adies, advising them friendly, to be as speedy as they
an in getting Husbands; for if the War lasts long
s 'tis likely it will) they must expect the Commodity
be scarcer, and advance at least 20 *l. per Cent.*

Qu. *What was the* Jus Nigrum *made of, that* Plutarch
lls us was eaten by the Lacedemonians?

Answ. 'Tis a hard Matter positively to say of what
t was made, there is indeed so little Room even for
Conjecture. The *Lacedemonians* were of all People the
most temperate in their Diet, as *Plutarch* in *Vita Ly-
hurgi*, witnesses; and this σιτοδεία, or sparing Diet
of theirs, was for these Reasons. (of which *Xenophon*
and *Plutarth* in his *Laconick Institutes*) that they might
be the better able to endure Hunger when oppress'd
by War; and besides, they imagin'd it both healthful,
and to cause a greater Agility of Body. But this μέλας
ζωμὸς was a sort of a Broth that was design'd chief-
ly for their Old Men, the Young being all allow'd
Flesh; and that this Porridge was in the greatest E-
steem among them, beyond any other Dainties, *Plu-
tarch* testifies in *Laconicis*, and in *Lycurgo*: Τῶν δὲ ὀψων
εὐδοκίμει μαλίστω παρ' αὐτοῖς μελας ζωμὸ ὥστε μήτε
κρεαδίου δεῖσθαι τοὺς πρεσβυτέρους, &c. That the Compo-
sition of it was Pieces of Flesh and Blood boil'd with
Salt and Vinegar, we conjecture from *Plutarch de tu-
enda Valetudine*, where he says, That the *Lacedemonians*
used to give their Cooks Salt and Vinegar, and bid
them procure the rest from the Victims. If this will
not satisfie the learned Gentleman that sent the *Query*,
if he will have a little Patience, he may doubtless
expect a better a better Account from the most lear-
ned Society of *Athenians*.

Query. *Whether the reformed Churches beyond Sea do
not all make use of a Form of Prayer, or which of them does
not? And whether they do not approve of the Liturgy of the
Church of* England, *or which of them declares against it?*

Answ.

Anſ. Dr. *Durel* hath fully evinc'd to the World, that the *Reformed Churches* do uſe Forms of Prayer; the *Lutherans* throughout all *Europe*, and *Calvin*'s Liturgy is moſt commonly bound up with the *French Bibles*; and *John Knox* himſelf penn'd a Liturgy for the *Scotch Presbyterians*: The way of *extempore* Praying was borrow'd by the *Diſſenters* from the Emiſſaries of the *Romiſh Church*, who by the Pretences of purer Devotion, ſought to bring the Common-Prayer into Diſrepute. In the ſame Book is proved, That the Reformed Churches do approve of our Liturgy; and it is plain they do, becauſe in the *Harmony of Confeſſions*, ſo often printed at *Geneva*, &c. the XXXIX Articles of our Church (in which it is well known, that both our Diſcipline and Service are aſſerted, as conſonant to God's Word) always find a chief Place. And whatſoever ſome private hot-headed Men may have ſaid to the contrary, in their Letters to their private Friends, I know of no Church that hath expreſs'd her open Diſlike, either of Liturgies in general, or in particular of our excellent Service.

The End of the THIRD VOLUME.